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WHAT I SAW IN NEW-YORK;

OR A

Bird's Eye View of City Life.

BY JOEL H. ROSS, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "HINTS & HELPS TO HEALTH & HAPPINESS," &c

AUBURN, N. Y.:

DERBY & MILLER,

1851.

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LIBRARY

PREFACE.

The author, in holding up to view a brief outline of "City Sights" and scenes, would acknowledge his indebtedness to those individuals who have so kindly contributed to the accomplishment of his object; while he would not forget the *Press*, that ever prolific source of sights and sounds from whence many appropriate and useful hints have been derived for the present occasion.

The reader is doubtless aware that it often requires much more labor, to present facts than fiction. And, that it is not unfrequently more difficult still, to make the former so acceptable as the latter. This may be emphatically true, in regard to the following volume; as a less flattering account of civic advantages, than some may naturally expect, must be given, if the dark side of the picture is not to be altogether concealed.

In presenting a variety of topics which must necessarily embrace objects more or less attractive and repulsive, new and old, good and bad; the author does not aim or care to observe any very nice arrangement of subjects, while he is well aware that he has left altogether unnoticed many interesting appendages of New-York.

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Perhaps some may be little interested in the *statistics* herein embraced, while it is presumed that to others such information will be the most welcome.

Moreover, the author has possibly *moralized* a little too much to harmonize with the taste of some; but the reader will be reminded that the writer begs to be excused from asking when to obey the injunction, "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be *well* with him," or "Woe to the wicked, it shall be *ill* with him." For each and all, however, he has endeavored to collect a variety of matter, and to the majority it is hoped that it will be acceptable.

But, whether too grave or too humorous, too brief or too diffuse, too checkered or too plain—whether too much or too little method has been observed—in short, whatever may be its faults or its merits; to give a bird's eye view of city life (though to a limited extent) as it exists in New-York, is the design of the work, without intending to encumber the reader with the rubbish of *fancy*, presuming that plain, unvarnished *facts*, if any thing, are wanted, and especially by those who reside out of town. These, to say the least, have been obtained at no inconsiderable pains, and no little satisfaction; and the pleasure which the writer has experienced in their collation, it is hoped may be correspondingly enjoyed by the reader.

32 Amity-street,
NEW-YORK, 1851.

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WHAT I SAW IN NEW-YORK.

EXTREMES, in success and defeat, health and disease, wealth and poverty, comfort and misery, plenty and beggary, every day and every where abound.

But in many respects the contrast is greater in *civic* than in rural districts. Hence it is proper, and may not be unprofitable to look at some of the lines which daily events are drawing upon the canvass and holding up to view in the *checkered scene of city life.*

It is often said, that, "One half of the world don't know how the other half live." A true saying indeed. But it is truth half told. The sentiment of this maxim may with the utmost propriety be applied to the smallest town, and frequently to a single household.

With this fact in mind, we sometimes feel inclined to turn aside to take a lesson from those whose fortune has been better or worse than our own, that we may learn to pity the unfortunate—imitate the wise and good, and shun the doom of the foolish and miserable.

This inclination, and a discharge of professional duties, have led me hither and thither, through parks

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and mansions, through streets and lanes, through courts and alleys, through huts and hovels—by request and leave, by day and night, by moon-light and star-light, by lamp-light and gas-light, and by little or no light at all, to take a glimpse at men and things, as opportunity allowed, or necessity compelled.

In presenting a brief history of "What I saw in New-York," I shall not be expected to embrace in one small volume everything of interest that may be seen in so great a city, even in a single day.

Neither is it to be presumed that all will be alike interested in the matter herein presented; for every reader will naturally expect, or, at least, desire information on such subjects as harmonize with his own particular taste, and interest.

Hoping however to gratify some, and offend none, the writer ventures to present a few gleanings of the city, and in doing so he will be obliged to trouble the reader with many things which he *heard*, as well as those which he saw, and some which he neither heard nor saw.

THE TOWN.

The city is situated on Manhattan, or New-York Island, which is bounded on the West by the Hudson or North River; on the South by the capacious and beautiful Harbor; on the East by the East River; and on the North by Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvel Creek. The Island, in its longest diameter,

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is about thirteen miles, with an average breadth of nearly two miles.

It is said, that, as early as 1614, four houses were erected on this Island by the Dutch, who carried on a successful trade in furs with the natives. The southern portion of the Island was settled first, and still remains the central point of business.

From the southern extremity, the city has extended up the Island four or five miles, with a pretty dense population. The remaining portion is more or less improved and settled. The population of the city in 1656, was 1,000. In 1850, about 520,000, and in 1860 will probably be, including Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, at least 1,000,000, as the whole population of these places now amounts to about 700,000.

Probably the day will come when New-York will have outstripped all the cities of the old, as she has already those of the new world. The vast increase of 149,000 during the last quinquennial period, may fill some with surprise. But it will be remembered that 212,796 aliens arrived at this port in 1850, many of whom prefer to submit to poor fare in town, than to live on the fat of the land in rural districts.

The number of buildings erected during the past year, though not as great as in some previous years, is between two and three thousand, and probably of better quality than any preceding year has exhibited, with some few exceptions.

The last year was also a year of comparative health; the deaths being about 17,000, while the

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preceding year presented "ghastly bills of mortality," amounting to nearly 24,000.

STREETS.

The lower part of the city has a few narrow zig-zag cow-path streets, imitating somewhat our sister city at the East. But they are less crooked, and fewer of them. The upper part of the town is well laid out, all the streets being straight, running in parallel lines, and at right angles to those they cross.

There are fifteen noble Avenues, running parallel to each other through a good portion of the upper part of the city, most of which extend to the northern extremity of the Island; and these avenues are 100 feet wide and 800 feet apart.

Below 34th-street, we have 200 miles of paved streets, and this district embraces the most of the *paved* streets in town. The whole number of streets laid out, many of which are unopened, amount to 400, the aggregate length of which is about 500 miles. The streets are generally paved with round cobble stone, at an expense of about fifty cents per square yard.

Wooden pavements have been tried, by setting blocks, about ten inches square, on the ends. But they soon wear out and rot, and are laid aside. Any man who can invent such a method of paving as to preserve a smooth, unbroken, durable surface, at a *low price*, will be sure of reaping a rich reward. By a *smooth* pavement, we don't mean smooth enough for skating. This is the great objection to a certain

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form of pavement recently introduced, of which we will speak in a moment. There is too much skating on it, and the greatest fault found with it is, that the horses can't stand on their skates.

Neither would we have our pavements rough enough to lead the traveller to suppose, as he rides along in his sulky, that by some means or other he has got one wheel on the top of the "Blue Ridge," and the other wheel on the crest of the "Alleghany Mountains."

But as cobble stone pavements are always getting out of repair, and especially in great thoroughfares; and are withal a little too rough, I must speak of a new form which is called the "Russ Pavement," named after Horace P. Russ, Esq., who first introduced it, and which seems to be the best that we have yet hit upon. But its great expense renders its introduction rather tardy, and it has hitherto been so smooth as to render it unsafe for horses under certain circumstances. A new feature however has just been introduced to prevent the evil spoken of.

As this pavement is somewhat rare, at least in this country, a brief description of its construction may interest some of my readers.

The ground is first excavated to the depth of about eighteen inches, after which a layer of broken stone is rammed down. The street is then divided off into sections, about six feet wide, by placing strips of yellow pine boards that distance apart, running parallel with the street. These boards are six inches wide, and are set up on the edge. The object of the sections is, to increase the facilities for taking

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up a portion of the pavement without disturbing the rest, in case the bursting of a Croton water or gas pipe should render it necessary.

When this part is completed, these spaces are filled level with the top edges of said boards, with what they call "*concrete.*" It consists of broken stone, sand, gravel, and hydraulic cement. This constitutes the principal foundation, the top of which is made as level as possible, and to perfect this, a thin layer of sand is spread over its surface. Upon this foundation are then placed the paving stones, which are square blocks of *Trap*, a species of rock resembling granite, though much harder. These blocks are all 10 inches deep, 5 to 10 inches wide, and 10 to 18 inches long, and are laid diagonally across the street to prevent carriage wheels from wearing ruts between them.

After these blocks are thus placed upon this foundation and pounded down, they are "grouted," which is simply to pour over the top a mixture of hydraulic cement and sand, so thin as to run down and fill up the cracks. But as it has been found, after giving about half a mile of it a fair trial, to be too smooth, a new feature has recently been introduced to obviate this difficulty, which consists of grooves cut in the top of the stones a few inches apart, about one inch and a half wide, and half or three-fourths of an inch deep. For paving in this manner the proprietors now charge, including the grooving, six dollars and fifty cents per square yard.

Now, although this pavement for durability would seem to be next to the "everlasting hills"—that is,

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setting aside the grooving, for we think that some of the horses now trotting over it will live long enough to see the stones minus this anti-slipping improvement—yet it is a question in the mind of the writer, whether the old cobble stones, the good old things which wear like iron, may not yet be used to the best advantage, all things considered. *Pavers* tell us that when the stones are thoroughly rammed down, they stand twice as long as when they are not.

Very well, then have them *more* than well rammed down. First bring some power to bear upon the soil that shall force it right down at least a foot. Then lay the stones, and force them down till no ordinary carriage wheel can make them wink, and we are inclined to think that they will not want relaying every quarter nor every year. We only make the suggestion, while we confess our disapprobation of the break-necks in the streets.

THOROUGHFARES.

The most important thoroughfares in the city are Broadway, Bowery and Fulton-street; but these are by no means all the streets which are thronged with teeming multitudes. The principal street for the sale of merchandize has heretofore been Pearl-street; but Broadway seems destined to work a great revolution in this respect, as merchant princes are almost daily opening magnificent stores in this fashionable street.

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PUBLIC LAMPS.

The streets, parks, &c., are lighted during the night—that is, when the moon hides her face behind an earthen vail—by 5,570 gas-lamps, and 6,732 oil-lamps, making in all 12,302, at an annual expense of $184,808 41.

STREET CLEANING.

There are many men, horses, carts, shovels, hoes and brooms constantly employed in cleaning the streets; and a greater number still daily contribute their ratio to make them as uncleanly as possible. The result of all this is, that the collections for the past year, ending Dec. 31, 1850, have been as follow:—

Loads of Manure	163,203
" Dirt	108,851
" Ashes and Garbage	187,492
Total number of Loads	459,546

To remove this, it has cost the sum of	$158,637
Amount received from sale of Manure, &c.	34,655
Net expense	$123,982

The expenses of the Street Paving Department amount to	$595,550
The total amount for Lighting, Cleaning and Paving the Streets is	904,340

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PARKS.

The principal Parks in the City are the Battery, City Hall Park, Washington Square, Tompkins Square, St. John's Park, Union Park, Stuyvesant Park, and Gramercy Park. There are also several other smaller Parks, but still there are too few. The first four of the above named parks contain about forty acres; while we have one on a grand scale in prospect, which is to contain about 160 acres. We think this will contribute not a little vitalizing power to the pulmonary apparatus of Gotham. The estimated value of the ground embraced in the present number of parks in the city is $8,986,000. The value of the personal and real estate of the Metropolis is $286,085,416 74. The amount of taxes assessed for 1850 was $3,230,345 96.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Several of our public buildings will be briefly noticed hereafter, in connection with other subjects. For many interesting statistics in relation to public edifices, &c., we are greatly indebted to "New-York Past, Present, and Future, by E. Porter Belden, M. A., Projector of the Model of New-York."

The "*City Hall*" is an imposing edifice, occupying the centre of the Park. Its corner stone was laid September 26, 1803. It was completed in 1812, at an expense of $538,734. The front and ends were built of white marble, and its rear of brown free stone. This was thought good enough for the "days

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of moderate expectations." But at the present day it hardly has any rear.

The building consists of two stories, of the Ionic and Corinthian orders. Its length is 216 feet, its width 105 feet, and its height 65 feet. A cupola of the composite order, surmounted by a colossal figure of Justice, rises from the centre of the roof. In the rear of this, is a smaller cupola, containing a bell which weighs 9,800 pounds, and probably the largest in the United States. This is for sounding alarms.

The edifice contains the Council Chambers of the different boards of the City Government, the Governor's Room, the apartments of most of the Courts of Law, and various public offices. The Governor's Room, and the rooms of the Common Council, are furnished in an elegant manner, and decorated with the portraits of characters eminent in the annals of the city and country.

A few rods from this edifice, in the rear, stands a plain building 260 feet long and 49 feet wide, which was formerly the "Alms House," and now goes by the name of "*New City Hall*," which contains the rooms of the United States District and Marine Courts, together with various offices.

At a little distance from the City Hall on the east, stands the "*Hall of Records*," which was formerly the "Debtor's Prison," and while the cholera raged in 1832, it was used as a Hospital. It has been remodelled, and stuccoed in imitation of white marble, and had its appearance greatly improved since the days of yore. It is constructed after the model of the Temple at Ephesus. Its length is 104 feet, and its

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width 62 feet. It is not only the depository of the archives of the city, but it also contains many public offices.

The "*Custom House*" fronts on Wall and Pine streets, though it presents its principal front to the former, a street famous for Bankers, Brokers, Stock Jobbers, Speculators, and Gamblers. On the same site once stood the old Federal Hall, in which the inaguration of Washington as President of the United States, took place. No other government building in our country is the scene of so varied and extensive monetary operations. Here is collected more than two-thirds of the entire revenue of the Union.

The edifice was commenced in 1834 and finished in 1842. Its model was, with some variations, the Parthenon at Athens. Its length is 192 feet, and its breadth 90 feet. The colonnade at each end of the building consists of eight columns. The principal apartment is circular and surmounted by a splendid dome. A peristyle of sixteen Corinthian columns encloses the apartments, and supports the dome. The remainder of the building is divided into offices appropriated to the various branches of the department.

The Custom House, though a splendid structure, is too contracted for the immense business within its walls; a business constantly increasing, and which will doubtless require more spacious accomodations, long before the present building has lost its reputation as one of the most admired edifices in the country. The cost of the land, building, and appendages, was $1,175,000.

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The "*Merchants' Exchange*" occupies an irregular block, bounded by Wall, William, Exchange and Hanover streets. It was erected by the Merchants' Exchange Company, which was incorporated by the Legislature in 1823, with a capital of a million of dollars. The present edifice was commenced in 1836 and completed in 1842 on the site of the former Exchange, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1835.

This noble building "is justly admired as one of the most splendid specimens of architecture in the country. It is built of beautiful syenite from Quincy, Mass., to which the quarriers have given the name of "Quincy Granite," and is entirely fire proof.

"It consists of two main stories, with a high basement and an attic. Its principal front on Wall street, 196 feet in length, is adorned by a colonnade of twelve Ionic columns. Within these, is a range of six similar columns, supporting the ceiling of a recess for the main entrance to the building. The shafts of these columns, thirty feet in height, are single blocks, weighing thirty-three tons.

"The Rotunda, the name applied to the Exchange Hall, occupies the centre of the edifice, and is surmounted by a magnificent dome, eighty feet in diameter, resting in part on eight splendid Corinthian columns of Italian marble. A large hall, in the western portion of the building, is devoted to the purposes of a Reading Room, containing files of papers from almost every country of the world. The other apartments are chiefly occupied by the offices of insurance companies, bankers and brokers. The

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cost of this noble edifice, including the ground on which it stands, which was purchased for $768,000, was about $1,800,000."

The Rotunda, during the business hours, "when merchants congregate, presents a scene of the liveliest interest. On every face may be depicted the excitement that reigns within; and as the busy groups, closely dotting the area of this *Temple of Commerce*, exchange their views on the topics of the day, and the magnificent vault above them reverberates the hum of a hundred voices, the beholder is forcibly reminded of the glory of ancient Tyre, when 'her merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth.'"

At the hour of half-past ten, A. M. daily, the *New York Stock and Exchange Board* meet at their Hall in the Exchange. The objects of this association are, the buying and selling of stocks, specie, &c. No amount less than five hundred dollars is permitted to be sold at this board. The fee for admission, or membership, is four hundred dollars.

There are also meetings of similar institutions, for similar purposes, and governed by much the same regulations, though a much less fee is required for admission. There is an immense amount of business done at this modern lottery office in the course of a year. Here multitudes try their luck daily, on a much larger scale than they or others do in lottery tickets. They bid and buy, and beg and borrow, and sell and swap, and shift and shave; and many neither know themselves, nor can others tell whether

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they will be worth *one cent* in six days, or be a fortune worse than nothing in half the time.

Many congregate around the doors of these sales-rooms, and do business through the key-hole, as they listen to ascertain the most favorable bid; or whether they are likely to draw a blank or a prize. These are called "*Outsiders.*" With a little more money they might be *insiders.*

Visiting the Exchange, a short time since, for my own curiosity, and being of course an outsider, I was quite amused to notice the effect of bids *within*, upon those *without.* When some of the Reading Rail Road Stock was struck off at a slight advance, not more than three-eights per cent. a half way loafer-like-looking chap, struck off into a smart trot, or half way between a pace and double shuffle on the granite walk, singing, "hity, tity," as though the scale of fortune had turned wonderfully in his favor, and I fancied that his face would compare very favorably with some of the gold diggers when they hit upon a "*pocket.*"

But there were others as much depressed. Possibly some of my readers may not understand how an improvement in prices can produce such a result.

Well, suppose that A had previously sold to B, five thousand dollars worth of R. R. stock to be delivered in thirty days at a given price. During this period A buys and sells, hoping to be able to make a little fortune during one short month, and also obtain stock enough to fulfil his engagement before the time for delivering it shall have arrived, and at a lower rate than he sold it.

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But, alas! the price rises, and rises, and rises; and he waits, and waits, and watches, hoping to see the Stock go down, that he may buy, at least at a *saving* price. But he can't get it down, and when the day arrives that the Stock is demanded, the price has so advanced, that to make the contract good will make a bankrupt of the speculator. And so, whether Stocks in market rise or fall, a man's fortune may rise when they fall, and fall when they rise.

POST OFFICE.

This immense and important establishment well deserves a notice. The department occupies the building which has long been known as the "Middle Dutch Church," which was erected in 1729, the steeple and certain other parts having been brought from Holland, and which during the War of the Revolution was desecrated by British soldiery. To our very worthy and efficient Postmaster, Wm. V. Brady, Esq. the writer is indebted for some interesting statistics.

The number of men employed as Clerks, Assistants, Carriers, &c., is about 140. Average daily service, eleven hours. Time for delivery of letters, papers &c, from 7¾, A. M. to 6½, P. M.; and on Sunday, from 9 to 10, A. M. and from 12½ to 1½, P. M. Mails for Steam Ships are closed one hour and a-half before the time of sailing. Letters uncalled for, after lying in the office a week, are advertised once. The number of such as are still uncalled for, or the "dead letters," which are sent to the General Post Office, amounts to about 140,000 annually. The number of letters,

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domestic and foreign, which passed through the New York Post Office during the quarter ending March 31, 1851, was 6,409,171. This being, as I was informed, about an average proportion for the year, presents the enormous annual aggregate of 25,636,684. In addition to Letters, the number of Newspapers may be compared to the leaves of the forest.

The number of persons who daily visit the P. O. hoping to receive from, or communicate to, their friends and others, messages of importance, is altogether unknown. Probably not less than ten or twelve thousand.

It is often an interesting sight to see the eager eyes of the outsiders, glancing over some weighty communication, while the fondest hopes, or worst fears are realized.

Some read to their heart's content—others to their great disappointment and unutterable sorrow. Many tears have been poured out around the venerable Old Dutch Church, as mournful tidings have come from afar.

It is, moreover, sometimes amusing to see the anxiety of the bearer of important dispatches, after he has dropped his letter into the box. He lingers as though fearful that he has not performed his part, or that the Post Master will fail to perform his. But when he reflects that he has made "*care and speed*" very conspicuous, and that Ex-Mayor Brady knows full well what that means, he goes away contented; and well he may, while such a Post Master is there —others do the same thing. May it please the Post Master General to keep him there. Every thing

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moves on harmoniously within; and all without are satisfied, or will be, with *cheap postage and good news.*

CITY FUNCTIONARIES.

The City is at present divided into nineteen Wards, each of which elects one Alderman and an Assistant Alderman, who, together with the Mayor and various other officers I need not mention, are chosen annually.

The *Police Department* is under the supervision of the Mayor and Common Council or Aldermen, and numbered, the past year, 940 men, at an expense to the City of $487,435,09. I deem it proper to remark, that many items of expense are charged to this department, with about as little propriety as to charge it for cleaning the streets. Such, for example, as for carting off drunken men and drunken women to prison. Better charge it at once to that department which licences men to fill the streets with public nuisances. It ought to foot the bill. The time will probably come when this department will be dispensed with. Let all in favor of it say, *aye!*

Each Ward has a Police Station House, which the rogues generally shun when it is convenient: but when they cannot operate as well, a little more remotely, they are not very scrupulous about plundering premises so near said stations as to share in the fragrance of the M. P.'s best Havana segars. To this I can testify, inasmuch as a store was robbed in my own immediate neighborhood, some three or four years since, and not a dream was any the shorter

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for it, though the said store and Station House were hardly separated the breadth of a whisper. We hope and trust that there are few such adroit rogues in the fifteenth Ward, and regret to confess there ever has been any. The "Chief of Police" has his office at the City Hall.

This important and efficient organization, for it is important and efficient, though some are always ready to find fault, as though a Policeman ought to be and is expected to be more perfect than a deacon or a judge—these city watchmen trip up many a sly, slippery villain, and cut short the expectations of reckless rascals, and send to their own place cut-throats and desperadoes.

But they would be still more efficient if they did not congregate quite so much under some good shelter, to tell long stories for their own amusement at an hour when rogues are on the alert.

Perhaps I ought to explain how it is, and why it is that there is such a demand for Police officers in the City. I have already thrown out a hint on this subject; but I have *four thousand five hundred and twenty eight* more, which I may as well present here as any where.

There were 4,528 men licensed during the past year. To do what? to disturb the peace and safety of community, shall I say, by sending into our midst legions of devils incarnate, fitted and prepared to do their master's work? Now, is it difficult to perceive that so many licensed toddy-houses will require more than 940 Police officers to correct all the evil and

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prevent all the crime to which these pernicious establishments lead?

But this is not all. From the returns recently made to the Chief of Police, we perceive that *three thousand eight hundred and ninety six houses are kept open for the sale of rum on the Sabbath!* "Tell it not in Gath." Shame on the drinker! Shame on the vender!! and shame on the city authorities!!!

Stop! Is this the nineteenth century? Is this a civilized land? Is this the age of reform, and do we live in a christian city? Alas! how dismal the picture!

From the same returns we learn that 750 establishments sell intoxicating drink through the week without any *license.* Well, what if they do? Not one of the 3,896 rum holes are licensed to traffic in strong drink on the *Sabbath*, and if so many have a right to hand out the accursed cup to all who are susceptible of being ensnared, one day in seven without a permit, and the day of all others when the most mischief can be done; surely it ought not to be very criminal for the 750 to sell the article during the other six days, even though the Mayor has not given them leave to do so. No matter whether he has given consent or not. Everybody knows that he would if they applied for it.

Now, if the deed is unquestionably a good one, never mind about obtaining consent to do *right.* If it is, beyond all controversy, the cause of more wo and desolation than any other traffic on the face of the earth, then the sanction of the Mayor will only

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make it so much the worse, and rather than do it, we think he had better cut off his right hand.

But we may here, and elsewhere, be condemned for *moralizing*, in giving a bird's eye view of the city. Nevertheless, whenever we happen to see a man knock down and rob his fellow, we claim the right, and acknowledge the duty to condemn the principle as well as to expose the act. This will be our aim in future: resolving, that no obstruction shall frustrate our plan, by getting between our inkstand and foolscap.

At any rate with the above agents at work in spreading poverty, crime, and desolation through the community, no wonder that it costs $380,534 31 to support the Alms House for twelve months. No wonder that our prisons are full and need enlarging. No wonder that it costs the city half a million of dollars to watch rogues, and prevent crime. If our city authorities should take it into their heads never to rest until they shall have shut up every gambling house and rummery in town, we hesitate not to say, that property, life and limb, will be safer with 300 Police, than they are now with all we can raise. We want a little more common sense and moral courage to effect such an important achievement.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This department is of acknowledged, and undoubted importance to the city. The essential service which its faithful members render daily, can never be fully known; and although the introduction of the all-quenching Croton, which must be noticed

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hereafter, greatly promotes the security of the city from destruction by fire, yet our worthy and devoted firemen are still indispensable to our safety and prosperity.

The Fire department has at its head, Alfred Carson, Esq., Chief Engineer. It has also in each Ward an assistant engineer, fire companies, engines, hose, hooks, ladders, and engine-houses. The department contains thirty-four engine companies, forty-seven hose companies, nine hook and ladder companies, three hydrant companies, five thousand feet of hose, and about two thousand men. The members are free from jury and military duty, and after serving five years, they are exempt for life.

The city is divided into eight fire-districts, and in case of fire in the first district, the signal is one stroke from the alarm-bells, with a sufficient interval, before repeating the single stroke. For the second district, two strokes; for the third, three strokes, and so on. The number of fires during the year ending August 1, 1850, was 289.

One of the most frightful, though often truly sublime sights to be witnessed in the city, is a large fire; and especially in the night. How rapidly does the devouring element, on certain occasions blast the hopes of multitudes, and turn a glittering, flourishing town into a melancholy mass of smouldering ruins. It is an awful spectacle to behold agitated thousands making every possible effort for the general good. Behold some trying to arrest the flames—some to save their property—some to save their friends, and others to save themselves.

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Pestilence, may make greater havoc among flesh and blood, but it is an invisible agent. It goeth where it listeth, but we cannot hear the sound thereof, nor tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.

Not so with *fire*. We see the glowing, flashing flame; hear the dismal roar; feel the scorching heat; smell the fetid gas; breathe the smothering smoke, and with instinctive horror shun its dread approach.

To hear in the dead of night, the long, loud, deep, and solemn cry of "fire—fire—fire," mingling with rattling engines, shouting firemen, flashing lightning roaring thunder, and tolling bells; to see the fearful flame burst through the imperiled habitation, and light up the firmament, darkened by volumes of soot and smoke, and blast the hopes of the terror-stricken, semi-naked, half-insane household who are driven into the street, is truly enough to strike the spectator with an indescribable feeling of pity and awe.

In great haste, with short notice, and in much confusion, men, women, and children are hurried into the streets; also beds, bureaus, and boxes; hats, coats, carpets, and crockery; chairs, sofas, settees and side-boards; portraits, paintings, portfolios, and pianos; books, birds, and baskets; teapots, tables, and tapestry.

These and such other articles of value as can be snatched away from the merciless flames and hurried into the streets, are piled up at a little distance from the fire, to await the decision of owners and others.

It is now evident that the bell has not spoken in vain, for, with surprising agility, the ready, faithful firemen are on the spot to make the first move, and

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the essential agent which has come fifty miles to render important assistance, rushes into the thickest of the fire and smoke, and then the two contending elements pour and roar, and dash and flash, and spatter and shatter, in the awful and momentous strife.

But with all the combined forces of the Fire Department, and all the virtues of the Croton, combustion marches on at a fearful rate, and with disastrous results.

At length it is discovered that the enemy cannot so well be drowned out as *starved* out, and hence the efficacy of gun-powder is put to the test—a tremendous concussion is felt—one or more buildings instantaneously demolished—combustibles enough to feed the flames for hours are at once removed, and the undaunted firemen resume their usual mode of obtaining the victory, without a murmur or a doubt.

This is the harvest time for the light-fingered, and black-hearted. Why should not the guilty wretches be on the alert while the night lasts and the fire burns, lest they should find out a little too late that they had applied the torch in vain? Hence they work fast, sleep little, toil hard, keep a good look-out, fill their pockets and baskets, steal all they can, keep all they get and care not who suffers.

But what sometimes makes the sudden occurrence of fire in the night, more terrible than any thing else, is, the fearful prospect that some precious immortal will perish in the flames. About two years since, a case of this kind occurred in my own street. In the dead of night, a fire broke out in the lower part of a dwelling-house, the first story of which was occupied

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as a store, and in the upper part of which the family were asleep. When the alarm was given, there was no retreat but through the windows. The mother jumped out, and fell upon a stoop, somewhat injured, though not seriously.

In the mean time the father went into the adjoining rooms to save his children, a son and daughter—the former about twelve, the latter about sixteen years of age. In entering the apartments he found that they had left their beds, but he soon came in contact with his son, and took him to the window and raised it, and told the boy to stand perfectly still until he found his daughter.

But for her he searched in vain, and when he found that he was likely to suffocate himself, he rushed for the window, and then, alas! he could not find his son! How, or why he had disappeared, he knew not. He felt that he could do no more, and crawled out and hung by his hands until a ladder was raised for his escape, which was quickly done; and almost as quick as thought, a noble fireman entered the windows, and soon returned with the two stupified, and almost lifeless children.

Now, it will be much easier for the reader to imagine than for the writer to describe the state of mind to which these distracted parents were subjected during their awful suspense. And what must have been the feelings of those children in such awful peril? I saw them the next day, and the young lady told me that the last that she remembered was, that she gave up all hope of escape, and laid down on the floor to die.

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But the worthy fireman is not always so successful, as regards saving others, or even himself. He enters a house which is in flames, with his life in his hand, and as he enters, his fellow-laborers pour upon him a flood of Croton, to render him somewhat fireproof. He disappears amid volumes of vapor, fire, and smoke. With intense anxiety all watch and wait his return. But, alas! he does not appear, and all that is again seen of the noble fellow is a few whitened calcined bones in the bottom of the cellar, after the work of devastation is finished. His mother, or his companion mourns and weeps, and for months and years can hardly hear the tolling bell without painful recollections of the sad and trying event.

But not only does this agent remind surviving friends, from time to time, of some mournful catastrophe, but the engine houses, which are so often dressed in black (and if they are not at the present moment, it is because they have recently thrown off the mournful badge), proclaim in solemn silence to the passing spectator, that one or more have fallen, while in the discharge of perilous duties.

Now we perceive no reason why the widows and children of such unfortunate men should not be as much entitled to a pension as if the victim had fallen in battle. And as the firemen discharge their arduous, perilous duties, without any remuneration, we think that all will admit that Jenny Lind turned her benevolence in the right direction, when, among numerous other donations, she contributed to the "Firemen's Fund," for the relief of the disabled and needy, the liberal sum of *three thousand dollars!*

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Such nightingales are rare, in more respects than one.

It may be said that firemen have some advantages. Some advantages! Who has not? Their exemption from jury and military duty is not worthy to be named, compared with the essential service which they render to the city. We hardly know of another equal number of men, as devoted to the prosperity of the metropolis. True, it is a volunteer service, and so much the better. It is also true that none are compelled to go where it is known to be positively unsafe. But who does not see that there must often be much danger where little or none is anticipated.

But this is not all. After the fireman enters the ranks, no ordinary plea can excuse him from duty. No urgency of business—no inclemency of weather—no unseasonable hour—no love of social enjoyments, or obligations to friends—no sanctity of the Sabbath, or solemnity of the sanctuary can excuse the fireman when the alarm bell rings. Nay, he must *go*, and go at once; go instanter. And not only go, but *hurry;* and not only hurry, but *run;* and not only run, but drag an engine, mount a ladder, scale the walls, and quench the flames, if he can; and it is not his profession to say, "I can't."

But there is one source of danger to which I have not alluded—namely, the shameful, nay, criminal manner in which dwellings are sometimes erected. One example will suffice.

On the 15th of January, 1851, at a quarter past one o'clock, P. M., six brick buildings, in the upper part of the city, fell, with a tremendous crash, while thirty-

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two workmen were upon them, killing five, and maiming others. Said buildings were four stories high, and the fifth was about to be added. Such a scene of desolation I have rarely witnessed. It seemed almost a miracle that any came out of the ruins alive.

There were heaps upon heaps of timber, brick, and mortar, and so completely was every thing crushed, that for a long time I could not find a solitary stick of timber unbroken. It was literally ground to oven-wood. One of the principal deficiences of said buildings, appeared to be in the miserable, worthless quality of the mortar, which was little better than dry loam. From its appearance, one could hardly be very positive that it contained any lime at all, and the bricks were not cemented together in the least degree.

Now, suppose the workmen had escaped, that they had been fortunate enough to tie the walls together by means of timbers and the roof, so as to leave them not only standing, but apparently safe, and then let one or more take fire and burn out the ties; and it would not be very difficult to perceive that every fireman within the reach of a falling brick, would be in peril, for the walls would be almost certain to fall.

At the last great fire in New York, that is, the fire of 1845, the number of buildings consumed and demolished was 240. The amount of property destroyed was estimated at $5,000,000, and far worse than all, nine precious lives were sacrificed.

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At that time, goods, wares, and merchandise were piled up in the streets in every direction around the burnt district, and the military and the police guarded them day and night. And what may seem almost incredible, *the fire remained in some of the smouldering ruins more than a year!*

CROTON WATER DEPARTMENT.

We have been favored with some interesting statistics, in relation to this department, from its worthy and able President, Nicholas Dean, Esq., which we are happy to lay before our readers.

The introduction of the pure Croton into New-York, was an event worthy of being chronicled. So our inhabitants thought, and hence they set apart the 14th of October, 1842, and with hearty good will, celebrated the grand achievement, with demonstrations of joy.

The day was delightful, and every man, woman and child, felt at liberty to enjoy it, and came out to exhibit their clean faces, as a proof of the virtue of Croton water.

In its favor, the roaring cannon, and chiming bells caused the inhabitants of "Manhattan" to hear their testimony at sunrise. Legions of urchins were ready to respond with their fire-crackers and pop-guns. Old people and little children, rich men and beggars, were all on a par, for all were alike interested and benefited.

At ten o'clock a military and civic procession seven miles in length, composed of all classes, with flying banners and stirring music, and beautiful, co-

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mical, and fantastical exhibitions, started from the Battery, and occupied about seven hours in passing through the principal streets, and received one continued roar of cheering congratulations from thousands of shouting voices, while the fountains sparkled, kerchiefs waved, ladies smiled, friends exulted, and foes blushed for shame, when they thought of their former hostility.

This invaluable fluid is brought to the city from the Croton River in an aqueduct of superior masonry. Its greatest interior width is about 7½ feet, its greatest interior height, about 8½ feet. Through this aqueduct, at its completion, the commissioners and engineers performed a journey on foot; and when the river was turned into its new channel to be introduced to a host of admirers, I might almost say semi-idolators, it conducted to New-York, the "Croton Maid," with four men on board, giving them a very prosperous voyage and novel excursion.

At the starting point of this aqueduct, a dam is thrown across the Croton River, forty feet high, and which forms the Croton Lake, or quite an important reservoir at head quarters. The water at this point stands at an elevation of 166 feet above mean tide. The declivity of the aqueduct is about thirteen inches per mile. It crosses the Harlem River on a magnificent bridge of stone, which is usually called the "High Bridge," and is indeed somewhat lofty, being 114 feet above the level of high water, and is 1,450 feet long.

After discharging the important fluid into the receiving reservoir, which is about six miles from the

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City Hall, the masonry gives place to large cast iron pipes, through which the water is conveyed to the "Distributing Reservoir," a distance of about two miles. Thence it proceeds through various distributing pipes to different parts of the city, finding its way into gorgeous palaces, and humble cabins.

The length of the aqueduct, including the reservoir at the head, and the main pipes which conduct the water to the southermost portion of the city, is about fifty miles.

The Croton Lake, contains 500,000,000 gallons. The receiving reservoir 150,000,000, and the distributing reservoir contains 20,000,000. The distributing iron pipes which are laid under ground through the streets, are from 4 to 36 inches in diameter, and the aggregate length of which is already more than two hundred miles; an average of nearly twenty-five miles per year, since the first pipe was laid. The length of the service pipes which conduct the water from the mains in the streets, to and through our houses, is probably three times as great, making in all about one-fourth the distance from New-York to London; and the time may come when the Croton will travel farther in the aggregate to serve its patrons, than to go to London and back again.

The expense of conducting the water from the street-pipes, varies according to the extent in which it is carried through each building, the nature of the fixtures, &c. It can be carried into the basement in a plain substantial manner for less than $20. Whereas to carry it through a large house, even a private house, in the best manner, with every convenience

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for bathing, washing, &c. some pay as much as $2000.

The water tax varies according to the size of the building in which the water is used, and not according to the number of rooms through which it is conducted, or the number of individuals benefited by its use. The highest water-tax ever paid by any individual in the city, was paid the past year by the proprietor of a carpet manufactory, namely, $1500. First class hotels pay $1000. An ordinary two-story house is taxed $8.

The total income from water the past year ending April 30, 1851, was $557,000. The annual interest on the water debt, is $702,000. Total expenditure up to Jan. 1, 1851, $13,626,695.

This important, invaluable fluid is not *chemically* pure, but is sufficiently so for all ordinary purposes. Its introduction is one of the greatest blessings which ever has, or ever will be conferred on our goodly town, by art. I need not speak of the sanitary influence of such a pure, refreshing, cleansing current, flowing through our streets by day and night. Its untold value in this respect must be appreciated to a very large extent.

Neither will it be necessary to advert to the vast importance of an unfailing supply of this anti-inflammatory material in every street, to quench the devouring flame, whenever necessity demands it. This will also be seen and felt.

But I may advert to one of its chief glories, and for which there is probably more gratitude due, than is received. The poor, no matter how poor, without

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money, and without credit, can have this element, as sweet and as pure as can the millionaire. There are fountains of health and life, in the streets, called "*public hydrants*," and to these the poor can, and do resort and draw for themselves to their heart's and mouth's content. And when Mr. Paine shall have instructed them how to make a portion of it into gas, to give them light; and *fuel*, to give them heat; and *soap*, to give them suds, we think there will be little or no excuse for uncleanliness.

MONIED INSTITUTIONS.

To give momentum to all the wheels of this great emporium to the best advantage, we bring into requisition a very considerable auriferous motive power, as the reader will perceive. And to produce as little friction as possible, we sometimes find it necessary to take advantage of the lubricating influence of the oil of argentum. In other words, we find gold and silver and good paper, quite convenient, to say the least.

The present number of *Banks* in the city, exclusive of "Savings' Banks," is 38. These banks have an aggregate capital of $35,037,700. They are considered sound, and all do a profitable business, we suppose. But many are not willing to trust to banks or bolts, or drugs, or doctors, and hence the formation of Fire, Marine, Life, and Health *Insurance Companies*. Of these we have *one hundred*, though many of them are nominally established in the country, and some of them in the *old world*. Of these,

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however, only seventy-two are now in successful operation, and they have a reputed capital of $46,584,000. The most of these, together with the above mentioned Banks, are located in Wall-street.

There is also a very large capital employed in the *Exchange* business, which business is mainly done in this street, which has long been famous for monetary operations. Many of the proprietors of these establishments do a profitable and honorable business; while some of these shops are regular *traps*, and they catch not a few.

Many interesting facts might be presented in relation to a great variety of commercial transactions and advantages; many details concerning the past and present condition of our metropolis; much might be said about the great and good things yet in reserve, which would doubtless interest the reader, of which we can hardly take a glimpse in so small a volume. Moreover, the reader is already aware that we do not intend this as a history of New-York, or a geography of Manhattan Island.

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FIRST LESSON.

The reader will now permit me to carry him back, a decennial period, to take a glimpse of my beginning in town, although not very auspicious.

Well, the first object which I saw to annoy me, and the first human being of a particular class which I shall honor with a brief notice, was a *colored female beggar;* and, to the credit of "*colored ladies*," is the first and the last of the daughters of Ham, that I ever saw engaged in such a pursuit; at least the only one that I can now call to mind.

Although we are prone to entertain not the most favorable opinion of beggars as a class, yet even here we find almost as great a diversity of character, as in any other branch of the human family. We frequently see those of talent, refinement, and moral worth, whom we willingly acknowledge to be worthy of our sympathy and aid, and to whom, with pleasure, we extend such comforts as we know to be indispensable to their well being.

Again, we see others, whom we instinctively dislike. The subject of this notice, at least in the writer's estimation, belonged to this class.

She took her station in Broadway, as near to the corner of "St. Thomas' Church" as she could well get. But we do not pretend that her object in so doing was to improve her *morals*. Neither would we like to affirm that there was no need of a reformation.

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There she sat, day after day, through a good part of my first winter in the city, and how long she had thus previously occupied the spot I know not.

There she sat through wind and hail, through snow and rain, through dust and mud, through thick and thin, with an old brown camblet cloak so drawn around her as to give her the appearance of an old hen brooding her chickens, though I believe she had nothing under her but the side-walk. With the patience of Job she kept her hand always lying on her lap, naked and open to receive alms, no matter how cold the day, the gift, the giver. It so happened that I passed her every day except the Sabbath, when she was absent; perhaps from fear of hearing from the eloquent pastor of said church, or from some one else, a sermon on street-begging.

The more I saw her the more was I satisfied that she was not worthy of alms. The more I saw her the more I disliked her face, without any regard to color or physical conformation. The more I witnessed her silent appeal for aid, the more was I annoyed. And as she never spoke a word in my hearing, the reader will readily perceive that I was affected by "what I *saw*."

Having been accustomed to see every one earn his own bread and butter, I hardly knew how to put up with such an exhibition—with what I regarded as an imposition; for, said I to myself, as I passed along, This woman looks as stout, and as able to endure hardship, as a Mississippi raftsman, and is probably better able to work than half the women in town; and to sit here in this way, is a disgrace to herself,

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and a disgrace to the city. Why do the people wink at such an insult? Every body admits the impropriety of such a life, and yet no body seems to lift a finger to drive the beggar to the wash-tub.

But what could a "greenhorn," right from the land of woodchucks, do, under such circumstances? I will tell you what he did do, if you will pardon the egotism, though you know that it is every author's privilege to tell of some marvelous thing that he has done or seen.

Well, in due time I became acquainted with an honest, intelligent colored man, and I said to him one day, "Do you know a colored woman who sits daily in Broadway on the corner of Houston-street?"

"Know her?" said he. "Don't you give her anything; no, not a red cent. She is as bad as Satan himself. Indeed, I know her too well, and all the money you give her, will do her and others more harm than good."

I informed him that I was very much obliged for the frank information; and I at once resolved to turn it to some good account, if possible.

It so happened that the very next time that I passed that way, as I drew near, I saw a lady walking up toward the beggar, and knowing what it meant when I saw her take out her purse, I quickened my step and cried out, "Stop, Madam."

No quicker said than done. "Do you know anything about this woman, sir?" said she.

I replied, that I had taken a little pains to know something about her, and had reason to believe that she was not worthy of charity.

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"I am glad," said she, "to get this information, and you will please accept my thanks for this timely hint," and back went the money into her purse, quicker than it came out, as she tripped along with a heart doubtless full of benevolence, but wise enough to desire to give her money the right direction.

The beggar heard our conversation, and as soon as the lady turned her back, I gave her to understand that she might change her occupation as soon as convenient. "I have found out your character," said I, "and I am determined that you shall impose upon the charitable no longer. So now recollect that if I find you here to-morrow I will give an officer a hint to give you the benefit of another station."

But she was so much of a philosopher that she said not a word. In sullen silence she exhibited such a countenance as pens fail to describe; at least mine will. If the spirit of seven *Cains* had drawn every line, and shaped every expression of her face, she could not have looked worse.

But neither had the officer nor the writer anything more to do in removing that unsightly appendage of St. Thomas' Church; for, as I passed the next day, behold, the seat was vacant, and was thereafter occupied by an apple-pedlar until the present season, when the devouring element drove the congregation from their seats, and the pedlar from his stand.

What had become of the woman, for a long time was more than I could tell. Some two or three years after her abrupt exit, while passing through a certain street, whom should I see but this very wo-

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man, as she came out of a house to empty a pail of suds. I recognized her at once, although the wash-tub had greatly improved her *countenance*, and I presume that she recognized me, although my success had probably put a little different shade upon *mine*.

BLIND BEGGAR.

It so happened that the next beggar who attracted my attention was a colored blind man, whose name is Anthony Riley. This person, it was evident at a glance, had claims to the sympathy and aid of those who have eyes to see, though it is equally clear to the writer that he took an improper way to obtain help. He generally had a particular spot where he stood the live-long day. He said nothing and did nothing but hold his open hand supinely before him, to receive whatever was dropped therein.

I have passed him day after day from that time to this, and do not know that I ever saw him move the distance of one foot. I never saw him come, or go, though of course he did come and go. There, like a statue, he stood, and there he stands yet; though I think his reputation for punctuality is a little on the wane, for I have observed of late that he is occasionally absent from his post, and sometimes for several days in succession.

I said that he was ever silent, and yet he speaks incessantly. Three significant words—no more, no less—in large capitals, painted on a strip of tin tied across his breast, always constitute his solemn appeal to the public for help, namely, "I AM BLIND."

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I recently called upon the poor man, who is no imposter, and asked him a few questions, and the following is the substance of the interview.

"Well, friend," said I to him, "how long have you been blind?"

"About thirteen years, sir," said he.

"How did you lose your sight?"

"By having inflammation of the brain."

"Have you a family?"

"A wife and two children, sir."

"Can you get enough in this way to support them and yourself, too?"

"It helps, and they help."

"How much, and how little, do you ever get in a day?"

"Some days I do not get a shilling. At other times I get half a dollar, or even a dollar. Occasionally some gentleman gives me five dollars; but this is very seldom my good luck. Take it through the year, I average less than half a dollar a day."

"Well, in this dependent state, are you happy?"

"Far more so than I ever was before I lost my sight."

"How can that be?"

"Why, sir, a man never knows that he is a man, until he begins to serve the Lord. Before I lost my eyes, I never knew what true happiness was. But now I understand it, and although I should be very, very glad to have the use of my eyes, yet I can now see many things without my eyes, that I never saw when they were good."

"I am glad to hear you say this, for it establishes

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an interesting fact which is not generally laid to heart. It is an old saying that none are so blind as those who *will not see.* Perhaps this sore affliction has removed that kind of blindness which is here alluded to."

"It has, sir. I believe it. I *know* it. My eyes are opened, and I see how miserable and helpless I am, without help from above. I now trust in the Lord, and find peace and comfort."

"Well, thank him for what he has done for you, although he has used the rod, and trust in him for the future; and in a little while you will have eyes to see, and your vision shall forever remain unclouded."

I left the poor man, thinking of those who were groping their way through this wilderness world in far more deplorable darkness than had settled upon the pathway of the colored blind man, because their eyes had never been opened to see how blind they were.

THE IMPOSTER.

Some six or eight years since, while walking through Nassau-street, I discovered a man standing in front of the Tract House, who had hung out a sign similar to the one last described, but under circumstances much more suspicious. His *pasteboard* which certified that he was *blind,* had taken the place of an ordinary *shade* for sore eyes, so that his letters of introduction to the people perfectly hid his eyes behind the curtain.

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Around him stood a circle of spectators, apparently hesitating what to think of him. As he had taken so much pains to hide his visual apparatus, I was as skeptical as the rest, and accordingly walked up to him and said, "Friend, let me see your eyes," and without waiting for permission, raised the vail.

"Ah! yes, that eye is *bad* enough, entirely gone. But open and let me see the other," said I, as I raised the lids. "Ah! yes, *good* enough—too good to be here. That eye, sir, is as good as mine—perhaps better."

By this time the boys began to be pretty restless, and as I had seen enough of the imposter, to desire to see something else, I concluded to leave them to finish the investigation, which I believe they did, pretty effectually.

But I suppose the man thought that he could afford to be a little annoyed by the urchins, for I heard the same day, that the lazy rascal had seven hundred dollars in some Savings-Bank. Since then, I have seen nothing of him.

BLIND SAILOR.

I have seen no blind man in the city who has interested me more than Henry Franklin, the "*Blind Sailor.*" He may be seen quietly sitting on the steps of the "Sailors' Home," City Hall, Tabernacle, in front of the City Hospital, or in other parts of the city. He is quite a pedestrian, and very unlike every imposter.

On his lap lies a box, to receive through its small aperture on the top, such sums as earth's benevolent

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sons and daughters esteem it a privilege to drop in. Said box has also an apartment for cigars, to accommodate those who are determined to go through the world by smoke, no matter whose eyes suffer, nor whose respiratory organs are paralyzed.

But, if anywhere, here seems to be an apology for smoking, and we therefore recommend all those who indulge in the foolish and insalubrious habit, to buy their cigars of Henry Franklin. No matter how long it takes to find him. The longer the better.

Henry Franklin has a peculiar, sedate, sickly countenance. Every line of his face bespeaks simple honesty. And although I shall hereafter have occasion to condemn the habit of street-begging, and offer reasons why it should not be tolerated, yet let me say to the reader, if it is ever your lot to come in contact with this unfortunate, but worthy man, be not in a hurry to pass him, for it will do you no harm to exchange a few words with him, and if you lighten your pockets a little, take my word for it, it will lighten your heart as much.

By his side lies his faithful, trusty spaniel, "*Jack*." He is *always* there, and seems to take more notice of the mischievous boys than of the liberal-hearted who halt to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. The dog is nearly as peculiar as his master, and neither looks, nor acts like any other dog, and seems to have become almost a part of the Blind Sailor himself.

I have been greatly amused to see Jack lead his master across Broadway. Every one who is familiar with this street, is aware that it requires

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a pretty good pilot to safely conduct many across this thronged thoroughfare.

The spaniel seems to understand very well how long it will take to make the voyage, and whether any carriage which may be coming from either direction will be likely to overtake them before they reach the side walk. Hence, the dog stands still, looks up street and down, this way and that, and at the proper time he pulls a-head, while his master, with all the confidence that ever a soldier exercised in his commander, follows on, holding fast to the strap which is tied around the dog's neck, and which he keeps on the stretch as long as it is fair sailing. Whenever it becomes slack, the blind sailor knows that it is a signal to stop; for he understands canine, as well as Jack does human calculations. In the month of October last, the man informed me that although Jack had served him seven years, yet he had never led him astray.

Well, Jack, you are entitled to a silver pitcher, or a gold medal. At any rate, one would think that you ought to have something better than an old muzzle to prevent your correcting saucy boys.

Yes, Jack, if you are in the habit of conducting your old friend from Williamsburgh to New York and back again daily, as he confesses, a distance of six miles, and if you are so upright and trustful that you have never led him astray, surely you deserve a monument to perpetuate the memory of your good deeds.

But, where is the man who can say as much for his fellow?

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Many pedestrians walk our streets—some led by dogs, some by men, and some by ladies; and all but the blind sailor are probably more or less led astray. But let not this seeming advantage so lead us out of the way as to forget Henry Franklin and others who need the assistance of dogs and men.

I visited this needy man at the time spoken of above, to learn something about his history. "Well, neighbor," said I, "how does the world use you, these days?"

"Well, most of the world treat me very kindly," said he.

"But you meet with some gales on *shore*, I suppose, and rocks, and shoals, and undercurrents."

"Indeed I do, and *barren lands*."

"How long have you been blind?"

"About ten years."

"How did you lose your sight?"

"By a flash of lightning, while I was close-reefing the main top-sail, on board the ship "West Chester."

"Have you ever been ship-wrecked?"

"O yes, on the Island of Flora, near the mouth of the river La Platte, where we lost our captain and cook, and I lost about eighteen hundred dollars, and every thing that I had except the clothes on my back."

"Have you ever been ship-wrecked on *shore?*"

"Well, it is pretty much like sailing everywhere else," said he, smiling, which was rather rare. "I sometimes have wind and tide against me. Sometimes I have fair weather, and sometimes foul. But

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I am willing to take it as it comes, and run my chance with the rest of the world."

"How old are you?"

"A little more than forty."

"Have you sailed the ship *Charity* ever since you lost your eyes?"

"Yes, I could sail no other."

"Do you make good trips?"

"Well, the most that I ever made in a day was fifteen dollars, and that was a present from an old shipmate. The least that I generally get, is about eighteen or twenty cents. I average through the year, about seventy-five cents a day, which enables me to keep about square with the world, which is all I expect. People are not as liberal as they were eight years ago."

"I suppose there are more objects of pity now. The channels of charity have become more numerous?"

"Perhaps so; but I don't think they are so liberal now as they were eight years ago."

"How many passengers have you now on board the ship Charity?"

"A wife and three children."

"Do they all bear a hand in a storm?"

"Well, my wife is cook on board, and does something at washing and sewing, and the little children go to school. We just make out to keep from sinking, and that is about all that we can expect. But some people think that I am rich. I often hear them say as they are passing along, 'O, that fellow is well enough off: I wish I had his purse,' &c. But we

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just make out to keep square with the world, and this we think better than nothing."

"O yes, for many a man with sharp eyes, hardly does that, and when he fails to pay his way, he is unhappy, for, do what he will, conscience will accuse him of eating another man's bread, and of sleeping on another man's feathers. But, as it is, are *you* happy?"

"Yes, except that my health is poor."

"Well, your countenance does indicate that something is not right. What seems to be the matter?"

"The doctors tell me that I have an aneurism of the aorta. Put your hand on my chest and see how it beats."

"Indeed it does, and your life hangs upon a brittle thread."

"I know it. I am aware that I am liable to die in an instant, without a moment's warning."

"Yes, you are, and in view of this, how do you feel?"

"I am ready to go."

"It is a voyage of great moment, and through dark waters. Who is your Pilot?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ."

"Very well, with him on board, a shipwreck is utterly impossible."

"I believe in him; he is all my trust," said he; and the tears stole down the honest sailor's cheek; and I parted with him as he sat upon the steps in front of the City Hospital, feeling that many who were rolling past him in wealth and finery, might exchange places with him to infinite advantage; and

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I said to myself, may the good Spirit bless the poor *blind sailor.*

Although the blind, as a class, are generally far more happy than one would at first suppose; yet it is a serious calamity for any one to lose the use of so important an organ as the eye.

Indeed one shudders at the prospect of such an event, and a fortune would often freely be given to prevent it, if money could avert such a doom. Hence if any are entitled to sympathy, surely the blind can claim a double portion. Let us remove even a straw, if it lies in the way of him who is trying to feel his way through the world as well as he can.

As it is presumed that every one feels a deep interest in the prosperity of that noble institution, the "*New-York Blind Asylum*," the reader will doubtless expect me to tell what I saw there, if any where. But this I beg leave to reserve for another page, as it will be more appropriately noticed in connection with other benevolent institutions. Moreover, we have not yet dismissed the subject of street-begging.

In passing through Broadway, a few weeks since, I observed that a new beggar had taken his stand—of course on the fashionable side of the street. He looked like a man in ordinary health, blessed with useful limbs, and a good measure of strength. Some, perhaps, would have called him a *polite beggar*, for either to show proper respect for such as might be moved to pity, or because he thought that nothing smaller than his hat would hold the deposits of the day, he stood bare-headed, holding his chapeau before him, bottom side up, to catch the falling chink, while

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to the passing throng he bowed himself almost out of breath and out of shape.

"Well, friend," said I, as I drew near to see how it was with my neighbor, "can you get your hat full every day?"

"Ah! indeed, I get very little, sir," said he.

"You don't work it rightly."

"What shall I do, sir," said he, with a laudable degree of animation.

"Why, sir, to humbug the people to good advantage or on a grand scale," said I, "you must get a very gray wig and put it on your head: let your nails grow out very long, and get some colodion* and rub it on your face to draw it up into wrinkles, or you 'won't take' these twenty years." This advice was of course mixed with as much gravity as circumstances would permit.

"O, I don't wish to practice any deception; I mean to be an honest man, sir," said he.

"Well, then you must not break the laws of our country. Do you not know that you are liable to be taken up at any moment and sent to Blackwell's Island?"

"Yes, I suppose I am; but the people are very kind."

Yes, the people were more to blame than the man; and this is the very reason why I give this subject the more prominence. There is a principle involved in this street-benevolence which is practically and radically wrong. Suppose that in going through Broadway, we meet ten beggars, and give each of

*A liquid solution of gun cotton.

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them a shilling. And suppose that one out of ten (and this is a liberal allowance) is truly worthy of the gift. The other nine are vagabonds, liars, and imposters. What do we do?

Why truly we benefit the one and injure the *nine*, for if they are not worthy of charity, they are doubtless injured by it, sooner or later. Perhaps by peeping into some *Porter House*, a few minutes after emptying our pockets, we should hear the beggar saying to his comrades, and comrogues, "What will you drink?"

But this is not all. We should indirectly injure nine others who are worthy, and who are suffering for the want of bread, and who can very easily be found, but not on the corners of the streets sounding a trumpet. It would undoubtedly be one of the best things that ever happened, to those who are truly deserving a helping hand, to have this system of street-begging, and street-giving thoroughly broken up. And, if possible, it would be a greater blessing still to those who are not worthy. Instead of encouraging them to lie, and cheat, and deceive, it would drive them to some honest employment.

The influence of the various systems of street-begging upon many children and youth, is truly lamentable. Of course I witness but a very small part of it myself; but I see enough every day to sicken me. It was only yesterday that I had a brief interview with one of the junior members of the fraternity now under consideration. And although not very interesting or profitable, I will venture to report it.

Well, I found my pen a little dozy, as its noddings

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have long since doubtless found the reader, so I concluded to take a short walk in Broadway, and had hardly got into the street, before a mouth brimful of "Will you give me two or three pennies, sir?" was thrust into my ears.

"For what?" said I.

"Me mother is sick, sir, and there is four of us."

"Four of what, or whom?"

"Four of *us*, sir."

"What do you mean? Four sick ones, or four beggars, or four what?"

"No, sir, *four* of us."

"O, I suppose you mean four children. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I mean. There is four of us."

"But hasn't your mother got well, yet?"

"No, sir, she is very sick in bed."

"Why she has been a long time sick, it seems to me."

"Yes, sir, she has," said he, with a look of suspicion.

"You are deceiving me, my lad," said I. "You have got no mother sick at home."

Perhaps I ought to inform the inexperienced reader, that during this interview, the little rascal, who was about ten years old, and as dirty as he was ragged, earned three pennies in trying to *cry*, if such an effort had been worth anything. It is hard work to cry when there is a prospect of good luck. Moreover, this is the very time when they have to cry the harder. But crying beggars are somewhat like a

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thunderstorm, in which there is more noise than rain.

But I determined to put the boy's veracity to the test, though not my first determination of the kind, and as he solemnly affirmed that his mother was sick and needy, and lived in West Washington Place, where I could see her for myself, and began to step around as though very willing to accompany me to her bedside, I said, "Very well, I will go right there with you this moment; and if I find her as you represent, something shall be done for her. But if I do not, something shall be done for *you*. Come along."

He solemnly declared that he had told me the truth, and to try my sincerity and faith, started at a quick step; and to try his honesty, I started at a quicker, in the direction of the said street; and as we turned out of Broadway down Fourth-street, he at once fell behind, and I immediately hurried him up, keeping my eye upon him, lest he should give me the slip.

It will be remembered that by this time, he had altogether stopped crying, as he had something else to think of, and enough else to do. But in crossing a street, I turned my eye from him, and didn't he *run?* I doubt whether any boy ever ran from Mercer-street to Broadway, quicker, or whether he could have increased his speed to save his life. He never turned his head one way or the other until just as he was turning around the drug store on the corner, he looked back to see if I was after him.

When he returned home with the proceeds of that

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day's lying, to rehearse the perils and the prosperities of his undertaking, his mother probably congratulated him for having a pair of good *legs* to serve him, when his tongue failed; and if he "brings down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," she will probably find that it is her own fault.

It is often hard for strangers and the inexperienced, who have a spark of benevolence, to resist the appeal of many a shrewd, professional beggar; and especially the plea of a child. The poor things, many of them do indeed have a hard time of it, for they have been trying for years to raise money enough to pay for burying their mothers, who are in the habit of dying every day, and whipping their children every night that they fail to bring home money enough to pay for burying the *living*. I had almost said that it is a pity that they could not *be* buried, for their children would be better off, or could not well be worse; and the community can afford to bury them *once*, to get rid of such an influence.

These beggars understand human nature quite as well as do many whom they meet. They never ask for money to help them buy a horse, or build a house. It is easy to dispense with such a plea. But a starving child, a dying mother, a lifeless corpse are arguments not so easily resisted. This they understand; and of this they take advantage. Hence, they are all but starved, with more food than they can eat—their mothers are dangerously ill, while driving about town to watch the success of their lying children, and their fathers are dead, and their mothers can't bury them, because their husbands won't let them.

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But for the present we must let the beggars keep on begging, and the givers keep on giving, and the living refuse to be buried—it's a free country.

Perhaps I ought to say a word about *Beggar-Boarding-Houses.* These establishments send out children to beg "*cold victuals*" for some poor wretch as above described, and in this way their tables are actually furnished to a very considerable extent if not in full. The fact cannot be disputed. Moreover, the proprietor doubtless makes this a very profitable operation, for whether his agents beg for cold victuals or *swill,* it is all the same. The best of course goes to the table, and the rest to the pig-pen. All very well. And why should any man complain, so long as he is treated better than a *hog ?* Some do not, even when hogs, dogs, and men, all eat out of the same *trough.*

But, lest the reader should come to the conclusion that our citizens are all beggars, and to some extent they are, we must let the unpleasant topic pass. We have somewhat enlarged upon this subject, because the inhabitants of this and every other town, are too much imposed upon, and because it is too much their own fault.

True, to excite sympathy there is every stratagem contrivable, resorted to, from the professed gentleman, down to the little rogue of a match-pedlar, who has been trying his luck in deception for the last twelve months; and who, whenever a favorable opportunity occurs, cries loudly, and sobs lustily; and to the question most naturally put to him by the tender-hearted spectator, he always has a stereotype

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answer, namely, "Mother will lick me if I go home without selling my matches. Boo-hoo." Yet the people ought to be as wise to keep out of the trap, as the rogues are to get them in.

But I often pity the poor little homeless outcasts who frequently stand shivering and gazing into the shop windows of our thoroughfares, longing in vain for things which they cannot obtain. They can almost taste through the plated glass, the tempting roundheart, or smoking doughnut. At another window they stop to admire a little hat or coat which they cannot buy, and finally run home without being warmed or filled.

At a different stage of life, we see others also standing before the glittering display in the merchant's window, and as their haggard faces, and shabby garments are reflected from the burnished teapots or gilded mirrors, they are reminded of better days, of health departed, time abused, money wasted, hints despised, and hope destroyed, and they turn away with bitter regret, and find little sympathy.

JUVENILE STREET-SWEEPERS.

The eloquence of those little misses, who, with their brooms, ferry the good people of Gotham over the rivers of mud in Broadway and other thoroughfares, on a cold, rainy, snowy day, demands a hearing ear—who with their bare feet, and thin garments, busy bodies, and modest faces, are quite a spectacle, as they expose their lives and limbs to stupid drivers, and careless horses, so long as their feet

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do not freeze fast in the mud, which perhaps would be less deplored than the loss of their *brooms*.

"Please give me a penny for sweeping off the walk for you, sir," said one of these broomsters, on a certain occasion, when I would not have had the mud swept back again, before crossing, for double the money. This request was made with a soft and modest tone, and a face—we do sometimes see a sweet face under an old ragged bonnet, and a sprinkling of dirt—yes, a face that many a one in *silk* would give more than a penny to possess. I simply noticed her, but said nothing, preferring to get out of the way of rattling wheels.

But when any one condescends to even look at them—the majority look straight a-head when they hear the word *penny*—they take it for granted that it will do to urge their requests, and so she conducted me safely to the shore, and then I felt inclined to consider her claim. Hence I entered into conversation with her by asking if she followed that business for a living.

"Yes, sir," said she, "in bad weather."

"Don't it make your feet cold?"

"No, sir."

"What keeps them warm?"

"I don't know, sir. I only know they aint cold."

"What do you do with the money which you get in this way?"

"Buy bread with it, sir."

"What does your mother do at home?"

"She cuts carpet rags, sir."

"Where does she live?"

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"In Orange-street, sir."

"How much do you make in a day?"

"Sometimes eighteen pence, and sometimes two shillings, sir."

"What is the *most* that you ever received in one day?"

"About three shillings, sir."

After congratulating her, and expressing a hope that she would make more still, that day, and giving her all that she asked for, which was too little, considering that I kept her so long from her legitimate business, she said, "Thank you, sir," and at it she went, and the broom, and the mud, and the broth, peculiar to Broadway, flew this way and that, as fast as the busy wheels and horses' feet made a deposit. And it was sweep, sweep, "Please to give me a penny, sir," sweep, sweep—"Please to give me a penny for sweeping off the walk for you, sir?" Sweep, sweep, sweep.

CHIMNEY SWEEP.

I must call the attention of the reader, for a moment, to another class of sweepers, quite as important and useful as those just noticed above. They live on their honest earnings and with all their smoke, and dirt, and soot, and rags, are entitled to more respect than any man of whiter skin who wears finer cloth which he refuses to pay for.

And what is still more—these chimney sweeps are not only useful members of community, giving us sweet houses, and clean puddings, but they are as happy apparently as any class with which I am acquainted.

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Some of them sing, as they go through the streets announcing their calling, with a voice clear enough and musical enough to be admired; and it is sometimes quite amusing to hear them, though they are often as difficultly understood as the *bobalink*. But I must give the reader a specimen of such songs as can be understood and appreciated.

"Here goes old sweep what's got no money—
Here goes old sweep as sweet as honey."

I know not but the old "sweep" who fortunately hit upon this song, the music of which I regret that I am unable to give, has made enough from his concerts, to retire, for I have not heard his ditty for several years.

Early in the morning they commence singing and travelling from street to street, carrying on their backs their tools. And since they have either become so fat, or chimnies have become so lank that the sweeper cannot ascend them, as formerly, he is under the necessity of increasing his soot-gatherers, which consist of an old blanket, or its equivalent, a bundle of rods, brushes, scrapers, and a rope.

They enter the apartment where the chimney is to be swept, and first hang up their blanket before the fire-place to prevent the escape of as much dust as possible. Then the brush and scrapers are sent on an exploring expedition. These are so attached to a stick as to operate on all sides. But as the handle is only about four feet long, it must be spliced or never reach the top of the chimney. Accordingly the bundle of rods, of which I have spoken, are brought into requisition, each of which has a socket

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on one end, to receive the end of the next rod, and so in a little time, even sooner than the reader will find the end of the story, the brush finds the top of the chimney, and the sweeping commences.

The rope to which I alluded, is fast at one end to the brush, and as the operator sends up his many-jointed broom-handle, he holds fast to said rope, occasionally winding it around the rods to hold them together, and thus the chimney is soon swept. The "Sweep" then gathers up the soot, carries it out, and receives for each flue, two or three York shillings, and leaves the house "as sweet as honey."

Presuming that my country readers understand all other kinds of sweeping better than I can tell them, I will pass to notice another class of characters, though I might speak of an army of "street-sweepers, the result of whose labors is given on another page. These individuals occupy a very important position, for they can deal out to us health or pestilence, according to the manner in which they do their work; and not unfrequently do they give us more than a supply of the latter.

RAG-PICKERS.

Quite a large number of citizens support themselves by gathering rags and bones out of the gutters. Some of them, I understand, make more than a living by the operation.

The lady-rag-pickers quite attracted my attention when I first came to the city. But I soon discovered that all, both male and female, had one advantage over others of almost every craft. They could take

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their meals not only while digging for gold, but *free of expense*, for the bones they gathered were not always well picked. Hence, I was not so much surprised when I was informed that some of those dirty, smoky, shabby, greasy looking women would be out before night in their silks, and that they had plenty of money at interest.

This industrious class who blush not for trifles, and care not for mud, may be seen with a bag slung across their shoulders, or a basket on their arms, into which they cast their treasure. They can see as good money in an old worn-out dish-cloth under a hogs's foot in the gutter, or in a chicken's bone in the mud, as the merchant can in silks and satins, and probably prosper about as well, and quite as seldom *fail*.

In one hand they carry a small iron rod, with a handle on one end, and a hook on the other, and with this they search for hidden treasure, and when they find it, bag it, and search again, and through and through every street, nook and corner they go, very much as a young turkey goes through a field searching for grasshoppers, and sees nothing else.

The bone-boilers and bone-grinders, dog-killers and horse-skinners, hot-corners and ice-creamers, street-singers and bell-ringers, and many other important personages will pardon us for not giving them a special notice on the present occasion. These are all good in their place. But for some of them, we think their proper place is a good way out of town. Moreover, we have those of other callings,

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and many of them who can very well be spared, if our country friends would like their services.

A city life, in many respects, is a life of more privation and peril, than is a residence in rural districts. In some it is less. Those who reside in the city are generally subjected to the morbific influence of sedentary habits, insalubrious air, and frequently unhealthful food, especially as respects vegetable edibles. Moreover, they are more exposed to a pernicious *moral* influence, especially children and youth.

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GAMBLING.

There is hardly a greater moral pestilence in the city than the fearful and wide-spread spirit of gambling, in its multifarious forms and phases. It leads to poverty, misery, disgrace, crime, and death. It begins at the present day, almost in the cradle, and the gambler is found in high life and low, among the rich and the poor, in the circles of the young and the aged, the honorable and the despised. The influence of this practice is very much the same in every place and under all circumstances, whether money or property is at stake; and whether the winner gains little or much.

Gambling is very much like intemperance, in many important particulars. The habit is seldom acquired at once; and when acquired, is almost as seldom attended with a reformation. It poisons the mind, perverts the judgment, stifles the conscience, and sends to the bottomless abyss its deluded votaries. And as we can hardly expect to reclaim those who are far gone in this vice, we intend the few hints which we have to offer, mainly to warn the innocent to beware of the first step. And especially with *parents* we would plead with tears, in behalf of their sons, for the fairest hopes and brightest prospects of many a mother have been sadly blasted by the utter ruin of a darling son, or bosom companion, in the dens of death to which the unwary resort.

I rejoice to see some well directed efforts made for

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the suppression of this monster vice. But as yet, all that has been done hardly amounts to a beginning. It is not a drop in the bucket.

The heart-rending effects of gambling upon all classes—the extent to which it is carried—the frightful number and ruin of its victims, and the means and arts used every day, and every night to draw into its dark and bottomless gulph, new recruits of such as can be easily led on step by step, as unsuspectingly as the lamb is led to the slaughter, presents an array of startling facts quite sufficient to demand united and determined action, and ought at once to enlist such a mighty anti-gambling association as shall move forward with redeeming power.

The germ of gambling in our city may every day be seen in the streets. The beginning is on a small scale. The players are the boys, and the gambling-table is the side-walk. These uncared-for boys manage to get a few pennies by begging, stealing, or by some little service, they care not what, and then they are ready to commence operations, and are eager to get a chance at a game. The excitement commences, and they gradually draw around them boys who are more respectable. Their favorite games are pitching coppers, throwing them up for heads, betting on marbles, &c.

Now, "coppers change hands rapidly, and on a small scale, you can see developed all the passions of the veteran gambler."

"But young ambition soon takes a higher flight," and the aspiring youngster soon lands at the bowling-saloon, takes a few lessons there, and mounts a step

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higher, and is found at the billiard-table where his expertness is marvelously developed, and his scruples of conscience pretty effectually muzzled.

He is soon ready for the faro-table—he has chosen his profession, finished his apprenticeship, embarked in his trade, his career becomes desperate and his destiny fixed.

During all this time, his parents perhaps never suspect any danger, and when the fearful truth is revealed, a father's remonstrance, or mother's tears will not avail to break up the confirmed habit, and reclaim their ruined son.

A very extensive gambling operation is carried on, to the disgrace of our city, and in violation of the laws of our State, in the traffic of lottery tickets. "A few weeks since," says a writer, "we were standing near the door of one of the most fashionable lottery offices in Ann-street.

"A woman meanly clad, with an infant in her arms, approached the office. The babe was screaming to the top of its voice, but the mother appeared wholly unconscious of its cries. Her face was flushed with the hope that she should hear of the success of her favorite numbers. But she was doomed to disappointment. On entering the office, she was told that the figures she had bet upon were unsuccessful. We never saw such a change of expression in so short a time.

"As she escaped the threshold of the office, her countenance was pallid, her whole aspect bore the marks of deepest anguish. The cries of her child now first seemed to attract her notice. But every

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other emotion was swallowed up in her keen sense of the loss of her adventure.

"We were anxious to know her condition, and followed her home. It was in the basement of a miserable tenement in Pearl-street. She had four other children, the eldest of whom was not more than eight years of age. They were almost naked. They had nothing to sleep on but one wretched straw-bed and a few old rags. Not a spark of fire was in the room. There was no food but a scant supply of cold fragments, furnished by a family that lived in the next room, and which they were devouring with the voracity of starving pigs.

"The mother, we found on inquiry, to be a hard working woman, of temperate habits, and addicted to no vice but her fatal propensity for lottery gambling. The father was intemperate and spent all his earnings for rum."

What a wretched picture! What a gloomy prospect for these poor, helpless, innocent children, and what a sad example. This destitution, leads not only to present distress, but to disease and premature death in generations to come. Want of sufficient food, and clothing, and pure air, too often produces a scrofulous constitution, which frequently leads to consumption, and this terrible disease, when once acquired, (no matter how,) *becomes hereditary and sweeps off generation after generation!*

To parents, we would here give one hint, a *practical* hint. We need not say, keep your sons out of the society of blacklegs. We do not suppose that one father or mother, in ten thousand, has the least sus-

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picion that he or she needs any such advice. But we do say, *make your own fireside as attractive as possible.* Remember that amusement is essential, nay, indispensable to health and happiness—that it must, and should, and will be had, and if that which is *harmless* cannot readily be obtained, that which is *hurtful* will almost certainly be substituted. Therefore make it a matter not only of expediency, but of duty, to provide amusements at home.

The mother always *begins* just right, but she frequently *stops* a little too soon. She gives the baby in the cradle, a "rattle box." This is an admirable beginning. Please to carry out that principle. But don't think for a moment, that because the baby has got too old to be longer amused with the toy, it therefore needs nothing else. The child, the youth, the man just wants a *substitute for the rattle-box!* But let them have a safe one, and have it at home.

This is a subject of much importance, and we should like to dwell longer upon the salutary influence of suitable and healthful amusement at the fireside, so as to make home the most attractive spot in this vale of tears. But we presume it will hardly be expected. If parents could see all the tears which have been poured out upon the pathway of many a ruined son—could feel the throbbing heart—hear the agonizing groan of the despairing mother, and realize that there was a time when all this could have been prevented by early attention to this very principle, probably they would not be long in coming to the conclusion that they had better look at the subject in the right light.

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Moreover, we are constrained to believe that among a certain class, many children are ruined in the *nursery*. A child, for example, is disobedient, and old enough to know it. The mother is to some extent aware of the danger of letting it pass unnoticed, and threatens to get a rod, if such an impropriety or wilful act is again committed. The child, for good reasons, don't believe it, and quickly puts the mother's veracity to the test.

"Now," says she, "if you do that again I will pretty nearly take your skin off."

The child don't believe that either, and hesitates not to do the same thing, or something worse, as soon as circumstances offer a sufficient inducement.

"There, take that! you little good for nothing—didn't I tell you that you would get it," says the mother, as she gives the child a little tap which is sufficiently *refined to make the little rebel more rebellous than ever*. With a surly face, and in a muttering rage, he goes away and does worse than before—gets a harder rap—bawls a good deal louder—gets two or three slaps and a big piece of *sugar*. When that child gets to be a little older, it will take more than a lump of sugar to keep him out of bad company, or from any place where inclination leads. But we are somewhat digressing, although we are telling just exactly what we have seen in New York and in New Hampshire too.

There is not only more gaming in all large towns than in rural districts, but more dissipation, more daring outrage, more crimes of almost every hue. Pretty conclusive evidence of this may be obtained

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by making an excursion through our *prisons*. Hence we keep our locks and keys, and bolts and bars, watching for thieves and robbers, day and night. And with all these on the alert, and Policemen to whistle, and dogs to bark, and prisons to hold the rogues, nothing is safe.

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THE TOMBS.

This appellation, by which our City Prison is known, is somewhat appropriate both as respects its appearance and function. The number of commitments during the past year, for every variety of crime, and for no crime at all, was 16,279. The shortest term of sentence in this prison is five days. Many, however, are committed for the night, or temporarily for the sake of convenience or safety, preparatory to being sent elsewhere, such as the insane, vagrants, &c. The average term is about seven days.

After getting within the gloomy walls, and receiving a ticket that I might not be compelled to serve out an average term, I inquired for my friend Dr. Covel, and was directed to the Medical Office, and as I entered it, the Doctor turned my attention to what had once been a human being, and what else he was still, I know not, though the most wretched looking specimen of humanity that ever a mortal attempted to describe.

"There!" said the Doctor, "is a man who is sick of life. We cut him down after he had hung himself up by the neck this morning."

One glance was sufficient to reveal the cause. The face, the eyes, the voice, the breath, the motion, the intellect, all testified to the doings of *rum*, and it was truly a spectacle most horrible and revolting. He was well-nigh eaten up alive.

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"What is your name?" said I.

"James Mansfield," said he.

"Why did you do such an act?"

"My time had come!"

"What time?"

"The set time."

"What do you mean by set time?"

"My time to go."

"To go where?"

"To the devil. Why, they sold me to the devil more than a week ago, and the time is up!"

"Who sold you to the devil?"

"Why they did—them fellows."

"O nonsense!"

"Ah! it is no laughing matter, and if they had only let me alone this morning, they would have saved all this fuss. I should have been out of the way slick enough. They had better minded their own business."

"Well, will you try the rope again?"

"O no. My time is up, now."

"How do you know?"

"I was told so yesterday."

"Where were you told so?"

"In the Tombs, when I was praying."

"Who told you so?"

"I heard it from heaven, yesterday. My time is up. The Almighty told me so himself; I heard him say so, and, therefore, there is no mistake about it. No, sir, not a bit. I shall not be alive this evening at six o'clock! No, no. I am sold, my time is up."

Pretty nearly, sure enough, said I to myself. But

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ropes can be dispensed with, it is also true. A few more drinks, and another attack of delirium tremens will probably finish the work of destruction! But oh! what an end! "Sold to the devil!" How horribly shocking your prospects, poor James Mansfield! Yes, I sincerely fear that thou art "sold to the devil," for rum, and if the mental, moral, physical, and financial resources of the entire city all combined, could redeem thee, fallen and besotted as thou art, the sacrifice would not be too great, for thou art *immortal!*

Poor man! Who had a right to sell thee to the devil, and who gave that man his authority? Go, and take a seat at his table, drink from his cup and stand before his mirror, sit on his sofa, lie on his lounge, ride in his carriage, show him your neck and ghastly face, and burning eyes, and tremulous hand, and tell him that you will never leave him until your "time is up," unless he shall say at once to the devil's agent, thou shalt no longer be steward, and take away from him his license.

This sad spectacle so distressed and sickened me, that I well nigh resolved to leave the prison at once, thinking that I had seen enough. But as I turned away from the poor object of pity and disgust, "I will show you the Sandwich Islander, Peter Howland, better known as 'Spanish Pete,'" said the doctor, "the man who a few days since beat a colored man to death with a bed-post, and kept the police at bay for several hours."

And there he sat flat on the granite floor near a stove, a dark, dirty, surly, muscular looking savage,

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in irons, without any apparent concern. I inquired if he could speak English? "A little," said the doctor.

I asked him a few questions, and the substance of what I could understand was, that he had followed a seafaring life, had been a sailor on five different ships, had been in London and other different ports, and that somebody had told him to kill the colored man, and then they would get his old clothes.

His throat and one eye bore the marks of rough usage which was needful to capture him. This visit to the prison occurred last winter. Since that time he has had his trial, and the poor savage has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum.

I went also into the cell in which Patrick Delany was confined for the murder of Mary McIntyre, and asked him if he would permit me to have a little chat with him.

"O yes, sir, I am glad to have you come in," said he, and he spread a clean newspaper on the edge of his iron bedstead, for me to sit upon—a very acceptable cushion at such a time, and in such place, and indeed in any place, and under any circumstances, whenever a man offers the best he has. We had a long talk about the murder, but as he has also since had his trial, the result of which has been made public, namely, a verdict of manslaughter, and sentence of confinement in the State Prison for three years and nine months, I will not trouble the reader with the substance of the interview, except that I inquired how many drinks he had taken that night before the fatal deed, and he replied, "about six."

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THE OLD MATCH FACTORY.

Having once had occasion to call at this establishment which had formerly been famous for locofoco matches, though now transformed into a "*human beehive*," I will here introduce a brief account of my visit to it. It will perhaps enable some of my country readers to appreciate the contrast between a beehive in the city, where more honey is eaten than made, and a modest cottage in the country, where the owner can say, "I am monarch of all I survey."

Moreover, the Old Match Factory is as much a part of New-York, as is Trinity Church, or Barnum's Museum, or *Tom Thumb*.

FIRST STORY

After entering the premises, which were about as accessible as Broadway, supposing that it would of course be easy to ascertain whether a certain individual was there or not, I knocked at the first door that I came to, and inquired for Mr. Hall, and was told to go to the next door, as the good woman had been there but about a week, and of course could not say much about the numberless swarms in the old hive.

So I went on and called at the next apartment, and was met at the door by, not an Anglo-Saxon, or Anglo-American, and whether he were Anglo-Danish or Anglo-Something else, I could not well ascertain, not having an interpreter, and hence I called at the next

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door, and after one or two good knocks, and a little patience, I was glad to meet a man who could say, "How do you do?" I told him my business, and asked him if he knew a Mr. Hall residing there.

"Mr. who?" said he.

"Mr. Hall."

"I don't know any such man here. Do you say his name is Hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hall—Hall—let me see—is he a carman?"

"No."

"Is he a butcher?"

"No."

"A tailor?"

"No."

"I don't think I know any such man here, sir, but you had better inquire on the next floor, for I am pretty sure he is not on this."

SECOND STORY.

I took his advice, and, after ascending the stairs, the great thoroughfare branched out into numerous avenues, winding hither and thither among the nations; and whether every tribe on the face of the earth had a representative there, or not, I was not able to decide. Suffice it to say, that I met Yankees and Dutchmen, Irish and Frenchmen, English and Scotchmen, and others who could neither understand me, nor could I understand them any more than if the parties had said ching, ching—chong, chong; and here my efforts were as vain as before.

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THIRD STORY.

Not willing to give it up, I ascended a peg higher, and by this time I began to find out that it was not so easy a matter to ascertain who lived in the Old Match Factory as I at first supposed. Not quite discouraged however, I again commenced the "*Rochester Knockings*," and one of the "spirits" soon manifested a willingness to make such revelations as comported with her stock of information.

She was a fat, good-natured, greasy, broad-faced, gray-eyed woman, and long enough from Dutchland to speak English, though at first her mouth was too full of dinner to articulate. To my inquiries respecting Mr. H. she said it was difficult to tell who were in that building, as so many were continually moving out and moving in. I asked her how they all lived there.

"I don't know," said she, laughing, "but you see *we* live, ha, ha, ha," and down went a respectable roll of bread, followed up by as large a slice of meat as would be considered safe, by any prudent grey-hound.

But as she did not invite me to take any refreshments, I tapped at the next door, and inquired for the lost man, and all the satisfaction that I could get there, was, "*verstand neicht*." And so I went on poking and groping, knocking and asking for Hall, and although I did not find *the* Hall, yet I found too many by half, and in the superabundance, lost my way once or twice, and found myself knocking at the door where I had called before. Hence I concluded to make an effort on the next floor, and resolved that, Hall or no Hall, I would go no higher.

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FOURTH STORY.

After getting pretty well up in the world, I went on knocking and seeking information as usual, meeting all sorts of folks and receiving all sorts of answers but the right one. Success in my undertaking, now began to look rather squally, so much so, that I felt quite inclined to give it up for a bad job, and concluded to make the last call, and walked straight up to the nearest door, and gave one or two *good loud raps.*

"Come in," shouted an honest-hearted Irishman; and I accepted the invitation. "I am looking for a man by the name of Hall," said I, "and I understand that he is stopping somewhere in this building, but as I have not yet been able to find him, I called to see if you could give me any information concerning him. Do you know any such man here, sir?"

"Bliss your dear soul and body, if St. Patrick was here himself, sir, he could hardly tell who is in this building, yer honor."

"How many families have you got in this establishment?"

"More nor I can count. A hundred, sir, I suppose, besides all the men, women, an' children which are now on the way from Kilkenny till New York. You had better axe the Agent, sir."

"Where does he live?"

"Faith an' you are after axing me a hard question, yer honor, for I am only stopping here a few weeks, and so I am a little green. Yet he lives somewhere in this building, and if you will wait till me auld

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woman comes in and takes the baby, I will see if I can find his quarters."

But I concluded to save the kind-hearted Corkonian the trouble, thanking him for his advice, thinking that the Agent, sure enough, ought to know at least the names of his tenents, but was even disappointed in this respect, for, after finding him, he said he could not tell whether he had any such tenant or not.

Now lest the reader should conclude that the writer has followed facts less than fancy, in giving a brief history of his unsuccessful adventures in the Match Factory, he begs leave to present an incident which occurred at the Polls, on the day of an election in that District.

I suppose the reader is aware that the city is divided into several Districts, and that each man must vote in his own district, if he votes at all, and also give his name, the street in which he resides, and the number of his house.

Well, when the election day came, that is, after the old Match Factory had discharged its brimstone and splinters, and received instead thereof, husbands, wives, babies, cooks, cats, dogs, rags, butter and cider—swarms of yeomen sallied forth with votes in hand which they could neither count nor read, to help to make a President of these United States.

"What is your name?" was of course the first interrogation. The answer being given, "Where do you live?" was the next question.

"On the corner of Forsyth and Stanton-street," was the answer; and the questions, with the same answers were multiplied until the Inspectors became

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so suspicious that all could not be right, that they dispatched in post-haste, two officers to ascertain whether honesty or deception was the order of the day, and they returned so well satisfied that many more might reasonably be expected from the old hive before night, to help fill the boxes, that the scores of votes from that famous house were received at par after that.

This information I received from a gentleman who lives not only in the district, but within a stone's throw of the said building, and his statement is unquestionably correct.

But let not the reader suppose for a moment, that the greatest amount of poverty, wretchedness, and crime, are found in this establishment. Not at all. It appears to be comparatively a quiet place, and some of the tenants seem to have many comforts. Indeed it is a *mansion*, compared with many other places, where human beings congregate, live, and die!

Perhaps we shall have no more appropriate time or place, for a notice of a portion of our fair city, which is not altogether the most inviting part of New York. It nevertheless, in some respects, deserves a notice, as much as those favored spots which are the very cream of our emporium.

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FIVE POINTS.

With a little *pains-taking*, any one can see at a glance what poverty and indolence, crime and ignorance, disease and pestilence can do, *does* do, and *will* do in this wretched community, if the same neglect of the wise and good, which has characterized years past, shall be continued for years to come.

But we hope for better things. A better day seems to be dawning. Most of the inhabitants of this section of our city have too long been considered hopelessly abandoned, irreclaimably lost, and unworthy of any effort to improve their condition, physically, mentally, or morally.

Nevertheless this portion of our race, fallen and polluted as many of them are, has not been altogether forgotten of late.

During the past year, the Rev. Mr. L. M. Pease, a Methodist Clergyman, went as a Missionary into that district and took up his residence in the midst of the fallen and degraded, and began a self-denying work. And for his self-denial, perseverance, and success, he is entitled to much credit.

Nay, more, he is entitled to the sympathy of all the good, the money of all the rich, and the attention of all the skeptical and thoughtless. This gentleman, though a spare man, and in delicate health, is a perfect giant among the "natives," and, as another Missionary said to me, "he walks right over them."

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He has received many hints from various quarters, that his doings are not altogether relished. But he heeds them not. They growl and bark, but never bite. To show their teeth is about as much as the worst of them are willing to take the responsibility of at present. The City Prison, of which we have spoken, is a little too near, even at their very doors. They have threatened to *blow him up:* but he goes a-head, and fears not.

Now, how much good may eventually be done among this class, we do not pretend to say, nor how much has already been done, for it is now some months since we visited that notorious spot for the purpose of collecting information, when we had an agreeable interview with that indefatigable Missionary.

But that much has, and more will be accomplished for the physical and moral good of many of the erring mortals of this locality, I have not a doubt. And this is better news to all who long for the improvement of our race, than to hear of the unrivalled success of any time-serving demagogue in our land, for the reputation of this district is very widely known, and deeply deplored.

Mr. Pease has found it indispensable in many cases to provide first for the temporal wants of the wretched. At the time that I saw him, he had caused one hundred and fifty women to learn the art of shirt-making, and obtained employment for them, and half as many more had learned to make pants, vests, &c.

Some days he distributed fifty or sixty loaves of

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bread among the hungry; and little children daily hang upon him as though their existence depends more upon his favors than a mother's love.

Moreover, he has established a large day school, and a Sabbath school—has opened a house for worship, and has a weekly temperance meeting, which is well attended, and has already brought forth good fruit.

But as many a restless murmuring mortal is always making himself miserable by comparing his lot with those upon whom fortune has lavished more smiles; or, to be a little more definite, who fancies that his neighbor's enjoyments are at least one-third more than his, *because he lives in a house one-third higher*, I will give the reader an opportunity of becoming, by the rule of comparison, the happiest man in creation.

But I hope, however, that he will not expect me to tell all that I saw in this part of New York. Not quite, if you please. Don't be too inquisitive.

THE OLD BREWERY.

My first call was of course on my friend, Pease, and after a pleasant chat he asked me if I had ever visited "The Old Brewery," which I found to be standing within half-a-dozen rods of his abode. I replied that I had long had a curiosity to visit that old relic of ruin, but did not even know where it stood.

"Well, let us go and see it," said he. "But you will hardly want to tell the people that you have

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come to see how *bad* they look, and so I will give you a bundle of *Tracts* to take along with you."

"A very lucky thought," said I, "for I suppose they are just what they need, and with a bundle of Tracts I can go anywhere."

So we took our Tracts and started out, and almost the first building that I saw after opening his door, I recognized at once as the veritable Old Brewery, the famous old beer-shop whose history is so widely known. Its very appearance convinced me that I could not be mistaken, and my friend confirmed the supposition.

"Now," said he, as we were going in, "I will introduce you to a good old temperance man even in this building, who knows every part of the establishment, and will show you through it, and after you are satisfied with seeing the nooks and corners of the Brewery, call at my house."

This being done, he went about his business, and we about ours.

My worthy guide, whom I found to be by trade a chair-maker, cheerfully laid aside his mahogany rocker, brushed off the chips and shavings, and prepared to start. But I had forgotten his name, and to my inquiry respecting it, he answered, "My name is John Burke: but they call me *the Old Man of the Brewery and Father of Temperance.*"

"How long have you lived in this building?"

"More than thirteen years, sir."

"How long have you been a temperance man?"

"About ten years, and I was more than three quarters drunk when I took the pledge; and for

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thirty years before, I ceased not to drink up my earnings, day and night."

"Well, I am heartily glad that you have got out of that trap which holds so many fast for life. Do you preach temperance here in this building?"

"O yes, I try to do that, and we are going to have a temperance meeting to-night, right over there on the corner. What a hard corner that used to be, before Mr. Pease came here. You must be there to-night, sir."

"I shall endeavor to be there, and shall expect to meet you."

"Always there every Friday night."

"Well, you must have witnessed a good many interesting reformations, since you began to preach temperance in this old building, where a different doctrine was formerly advocated."

"O yes, if I had time I could give you a good many interesting anecdotes on that subject." And as we stood in the door, he pointed up street and said, "Up there a little way, on a cold night in February, a man, his wife and child, were turned out into the street, because they did not pay their rent. The man was a miserable drunkard. I knew him well. One of my neighbors said to me, 'John, such a family are in the street to-night, and they have no where to go, and if you do not take them in, I fear they will suffer.' 'Bring them along,' said I, 'and I will do the best I can for them.' And so they came in. I had a good fire, and after the man sat and warmed himself awhile, he began to get sober, and he said, 'John, you are very comfortable here.'

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"'Yes,' said I, 'and you can be just as comfortable as I am, if you will take the pledge, and more so, for you have got a better trade than I, and you can get better wages.' He took the pledge, and has now six hundred dollars in the *Savings Bank*."

Reader, if you have a friend or a neighbor who is now serving this cruel master, *strong drink*, rest not till you take him into your house, and warm him by your own fire, feed him at your own table, put your own clean coat upon him, and he will go and do likewise, and his heart, if not your back, will be all the warmer for it.

Well, after this chat, we walked up a flight of stairs, for the "Old Man of the Brewery and Father of Temperance" (he likes to be called by this name) had his shop on the lower floor. At the first door he knocked, went in, and I followed, and was much surprised to find in the old musty building such an appearance of thrift. The floors were carpeted, the beds were tidy, the furniture clean, and on every face, a smile.

"What does this mean?" said I to my guide, after we left the room. "I was not prepared to find so many comforts here. This looks like living, after all."

He laughed heartily, and much enjoyed my disappointment. "I will tell you what it means," said he. "These folks have taken the *pledge*. They are *temperance* folks; that's all."

Through other apartments he led me, and seemed greatly gratified to be able to say "these, too, are temperance folks," and I was not a little pleased to see what temperance had done in the Old Brewery.

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"I will now show you the difference between cold water and *rum*," said he, as he led the way into another part of the beer factory, where I could neither boast of carpets, nor clean beds—no, nor pleasant faces.

As soon as we entered the precincts of the family circle in one of the apartments, a great, strapping, greasy-looking, cross-grained rum-soaked woman hurled her anathemas at the whole community over my shoulders, because so many came in to see how she looked, and left her never a penny the richer for it.

I would gladly have given her a sixpence to hold her peace, and considered it cheap at that, but I thought it advisable to let the rum get out of her as soon as possible, and so I said, "I have a good Tract to give you, the title of which is '*Peace to the Troubled*,' and I think it is just adapted to your case." She, however, was not inclined to believe it. A man (her husband I suppose, if she had any) was sawing up a board for firewood, and apparently sober, said he could read and took the Tract, and we took leave.

In the next room which we entered, we found an afflicted family. Small-pox had entered the abode, and claimed a dear child as its prey, and perhaps it was the best thing that could have happened to the victim.

We looked at its face, and sure enough it could hardly afford the ordinary melancholy gratification which a bereaved parent craves, as a last resort. "A sad calamity," said I, "for contagion and infection to

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get possession of premises so poorly ventilated," and our stay there was short.

Several of the apartments and their occupants we left undisturbed as my guide said they were foreigners, and could not understand us.

At the top of the house, or rather in the upper story, we found a man so drunk that his sister held him up while trying to get a shilling into his pocket, as he said, though I thought that she was trying to get it *out*, and all the better for him, if she did, whether she was his sister or not. He turned to the Old Man of the Brewery, and said, "I shall go to the temperance meeting to-night and take the pledge, for I have not earned a shilling in a dozen years that I have not drunk up."

We felt very much inclined to encourage him to stick to his good resolution; and, to strengthen his professed intention, told him that by so doing he would soon be able to put the money in his pocket himself, and without any body to hold him up.

As we left the room, we met a man on the top of the stairs, and my guide said to him, "Here is a stranger who has come in to see how folks live in the Old Brewery."

"Well, I am willing to show him my apartments," said he. "But stop a moment until I get a light—there, walk in, gentlemen; see! this is *my* place."

And this he said with that evident consciousness of being exalted to a rank so much above that of many others, that it was quite amusing to the writer. But as we entered, we found the occupants to be principally dogs, and the furniture, mainly, *rags*.

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"How do you live here?" said I.

"By keeping *lodgers*, sir," said he.

Lodgers! said I to myself, I should think so. Here some may be disposed to inquire about the character of the beds on which the favored "lodgers" were permitted to dream. But it will be remembered that we have already begged the reader to be satisfied with a very limited number of interrogations, while we are handling delicate topics.

I cannot tell exactly how it was, but what could you expect in an old brewery? I suppose the bunks numbered about four. The bedsteads were neither mahogany nor rosewood. The beds were neither feathers, moss, nor hair. The bedding or coverings were neither silk, cotton, nor linen. If you have ever seen farmers fix lodgings for their hogs, you will probably need no further explanation, except that the pigs have more *straw*, and less *bugs*.

Having seen enough in the old brewery to satisfy my curiosity, I discharged my faithful guide, to whom I was greatly indebted for his kindness, and took a stroll through what is called "*Cow-Bay*," which was a new bay to me, although I had been ten years within about one mile of it. It takes one more than ten years to find out all the nooks and corners and cow-bays in this modern Sodom.

The inhabitants of this locality are mostly or altogether the descendants of *Ham*. But, after all, judging from what I saw, I don't think that they are any particular disgrace to some of their neighbors, who claim for their ancestors Shem and Japheth.

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"Will you give me a Tract, sir?" said a colored woman as I passed her door.

"O yes, gladly give you one. Can you read?"

"Yes, I can read, but they havn't given me a book since I joined."

"Joined what?"

"Why, Mr. Pease's Temperance Society. I think I ought to have had a book or something of that sort, before now. Wonder if they think a nigger can live without anything."

"Well, here is a good one. It is '*Peace to the troubled.*' You have had trouble more or less, I suppose."

"Trouble! Guess this woman hasn't had nothin' else. Trouble! Didn't I used to be drunk more than half the time? To be honest, I must say, I have been a great drinker!"

"I thought so."

"O yes, a real old drunkard, and n[illegible]very old either. I joined the society five or six [illegible]eks ago, and not a drop have I tasted since, and [illegible]u couldn't get this woman to take another dram, any way that you can fix it. Come in and see how I live."

She started, I followed.

"Take care, you rascal you; don't you know any better than that?" said she, to an old surly dog, calling him all sorts of hard names for presuming to speak so roughly to a stranger. But as he was tied only by a slender cord, and threatened much, and from his appearance had fasted more, I preferred waiting until she got near enough to exercise her authority to a little better advantage.

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After being safely within, she exclaimed, "Now I must get a light so that you can see how I live, and this is the last bit of candle that I have got in the world."

"Well, never mind, let it burn and I will pay for another," said I, and this was of course just what she wanted. "But who is this lying here on the floor asleep?" said I.

"O that colored woman is *sick*, sir."

"And who is that lying there asleep on the bed?"

"O that *white* woman is *drunk*, sir. I used to be a poor miserable drunkard myself, and so I took her in out of pity."

"Well, she is to be pitied, I think, sure enough, whether she deserves it or not."

"Here you see, sir, are all my things. Pretty poor, don't you think so?"

"I have seen people worse off than you, for here is a bed and there is a table. Have you any cook-stove?"

"No, nor much to cook in it. I can get along very well without a stove."

"Have you any tea-kettle?"

"No, but I can do without that, too, although a little tea never comes amiss."

"Where's your spider or saucepan?"

"Havn't got any; but here is a nice little dinner-pot, sir. See here! There, sir, did you ever see a better pot of bean-soup than that? Upon my word, sir, it's capital, it's refreshing and—"

"Better than rum, is it?"

"Rum! That sounds worse than thunder. Rum!

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ALMS-HOUSE DEPARTMENT.

It may be proper for us now to notice another source of gratuitous aid, for which the needy mortals of Gotham have reason to be thankful; and for the ability to help earth's needy ones over their rough and thorny way, others have reason to be more thankful still, for it is more blessed to give than to receive. There is no other organization in the city which extends a helping hand to the suffering, on so large a scale as the Alms-House Department, in all its branches.

The department is under the management of ten "*Governors*," two of which are chosen biennially.

For the last Annual Report, the gentlemanly Clerk, G. B. Gilbert, Esq., will please accept our thanks.

The Report contains many interesting statistics, which the reader will hardly expect us to notice, when he is informed that it makes an octavo volume of over two hundred pages.

There are several Institutions under the charge of this department—namely, the Alms-House, City Prisons, Bellevue, and other Hospitals, Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Nursery Establishment, Potters Field, &c. This Department also partially sustains the "Colored Home," and "Colored Orphan Asylum."

In glancing over the brief details of the several branches of this Department, the reader will proba-

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bly pause, take a long breath, and say, is it *possible!* when his eye rests upon the striking contrast between native and foreign paupers, in relation to numbers.

ALMS-HOUSE PROPER.

The number admitted during the year was 2,355, of whom 1,810 were foreigners.

The total number of persons who received aid at this branch of the Department, was 3,468. Number of deaths 169. There remained in the Alms-House at the close of the year 1,304. This embraces but a small part of the field occupied by this department. From the Report of the Warden of the Out-door Poor, it appears that 11,986 persons have been relieved during the year with *money*, and 26,068 persons have been relieved with *fuel*. The average amount of money with which each family was supplied, was fifty cents per week, and the average quantity of fuel, was one quarter of a ton of coal, or one half load of wood per every two weeks.

CITY PRISONS.

I have already briefly noticed one of the city prisons—namely, the "Tombs," which is the principal one in town. I shall therefore speak of it on the present occasion only in connection with the general department now under consideration.

The total number of commitments to the city prisons during the year was 21,299—an average of a little more than one in every twenty-five minutes day and night. This is an increase of 3,257 over the

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past year. Such an appalling increase of crime in so short a period, calls loudly upon the city authorities, nay, every good citizen, to seriously inquire into the cause of so fearful a picture.

Of the above number,

Were discharged, - - -	17,421
Sent to Blackwell's Island, -	3,668
" " States Prison, - -	169
Died, - - - - -	22
Eloped, - - - -	3
Could not read, - - -	9,449
" read only, - - -	1,646
" " and write, - -	7,284
Well educated, - - -	2,731
Classically " - - -	25
Unknown, - - - -	164
Temperate, - - - -	2,446
Intemperate, - - - -	18,853
Natives, - - -	5,777
Foreigners, - - - -	15,522

Alas! what a picture! Here are two items which every lover of our country ought seriously to ponder. Of this great army of prisoners about three-fourths were foreigners, and nearly nine-tenths were intemperate. But this is not all. Another consideration worthy of notice, and which ought to cause parents to shudder, is the fact that there were committed of this number, *one hundred and fifteen boys under ten years of age!* Not very flattering for New York. This, however, is but the dust of the balance. A

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detailed account of all the cases of juvenile depravity in this single town for twelve months, would make a volume large enough to break a man's back to carry, and horrible enough to break a mother's heart to read.

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

There were admitted during the year 3,728 persons, of whom 3,081 were foreigners. The total number under treatment at this establishment during the past year was 4,240. Of these 3,224 have been discharged, 445 have died (of which deaths 146 were caused by consumption) and 571 remained in the Hospital at the close of the year. The inmates of this Hospital have the benefit of some of the best surgical and medical talent in the city, though the bills of mortality may appear large to the reader. But it should be remembered that a very large proportion of the fatal cases were from diseases which were considered incurable when the deceased entered the hospital. This will be at once apparent, when we remember that about one-third of the whole number died from a single disease, namely, *consumption.*

Moreover, it is peculiarly gratifying to notice the favorable change in the bills of mortality in this institution for the last few years. For 20 years prior to 1847, the average mortality was 20 per cent.

In the year	1847	. .	17	"	"
" "	1848	. .	16	"	"
" "	1849	. .	13	"	"
" "	1850	. .	10	"	"

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PENITENTIARY.

The number of prisoners received into this prison, which is situated on Blackwell's Island, during the past year, was 3,575 (159 of whom were females), which, together with 809 prisoners remaining in the prison at the beginning of the year, make 4,384. Of these 3,581 were discharged during the year, and 803 remained.

The prisoners have been employed in the various departments of labor, within and without, namely, some in the washing and mending departments; some in the blacksmith's, shoemaker's, and carpenter's departments; some in the stone quarries, and some in one way and some in another. During the past year a stone wall running across the Island 600 feet in length, 12 feet high, 4 feet thick at the bottom, and 2 feet thick at the top, has been built by those who had rather work under keepers on Blackwell's Island than under boss masons on Manhattan Island. At least it would seem so, for it is nothing strange for some of these workmen to serve an apprenticeship twice a year at the former place, as six months is the longest term.

Well, let them work, and the oftener they go, and the longer they stay, the better. At least some of them, for they will work nowhere else, except in digging holes through houses, in breaking bolts and bars, and in destroying and lugging off the earnings of honest men. But a word from the Warden's Report will perhaps lead the reader to suspect that many of the prisoners do not wish for so much of that

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sickly sympathy for them, as often abounds, for they do not altogether regret a visit now and then to Blackwell's Island.

"It may be true that convict labor has been of importance in various buildings and improvements on the Island. The undersigned has no hesitation in saying that, in a majority of cases, the term of imprisonment, under present circumstances, is no punishment, and productive of no beneficial results to the prisoner or the public. It is rather a pleasant and comfortable residence."

The grounds belonging to the Penitentiary produced the past year 800 bushels of potatoes, 600 bushels of turnips, 4000 heads of cabbage, besides other vegetables.

Silence, and the utmost decorum are strictly enforced. A library of 450 volumes has been presented the past year to the institution by Mr. E. Z. C. Judson, which the prisoners are permitted to read every Sabbath, and every stormy day.

PENITENTIARY HOSPITAL.

There have been treated at this institution during the past year, 2,201 cases. 1,923 have been discharged. The number of deaths amount to 80, and there remained in the hospital at the close of the year, 198.

The physician of this hospital reports an interesting fact in relation to delirium tremens. That chloroform was freely used with the most satisfactory results, and that of 352 cases of this terrible malady, only three proved fatal.

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SMALL-POX HOSPITAL.

There have been treated at this branch of the Alms-House Department, during the past year, 221 cases of Small-pox, of which 41 proved fatal. The average number during the year was 10. Two had the disease the second time, and one of them at the same hospital two years before. Of the above, 40 were natives, and 168 were foreigners.

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

This Institution is also situated on Blackwell's Island, and the number of semi-convicts which had the benefit of a residence in such quarters without their consent, during the past year, was 792. Discharged during the year 251. Died 77. An asylum for the insane, if properly conducted, is one of the greatest blessings that mortals can bestow upon this unfortunate class. But to manage such an army of madmen to their advantage, is a task and a tax upon mind and body, skill and patience, of no trifling magnitude, and it is gratifying to the philanthropist to witness the noble efforts which are made at this and other similar institutions in our midst, for the benefit of those whose affliction, if not removed, is worse than death.

From the Gardener's report, it appears that the inmates of this institution, for their own amusement, and to their own advantage, performed, during the past year, 2,779 days' work, and raised 20,000 cabbages, 1,900 heads of celery, 700 heads of lettuce, 400 bushels of potatoes, 300 bushels of tomatoes, 60

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bushels of spinach, 50 bushels of carrots, 40 bushels of beets, 8 of grapes, &c. &c.

NURSERY ESTABLISHMENT.

This is the most interesting branch of the Alms-House Department. There is probably nothing to equal it in the world. The nursery buildings occupy a beautiful, healthful, and retired spot, called Randall's Island, which is situated in the East River, about three miles above Blackwell's Island, and eight miles from the City Hall.

This institution was designed mainly for children; and the stranger who would sympathize with little ones, and see how well these tender and forsaken specimens of humanity are cared for, by the constituted guardians of our city, will do well to visit this lovely spot and affecting spectacle.

There were at the commencement of the last year, at the nursery, 1,396 paupers, most of whom were children. There were received during the year 1,580, of whom 1,136 were children. Of the children in the institution, 212 were bound out, 252 were put out on trial, 23 ran away, 77 were restored to friends, 20 were adopted, and 172 died.

It will amply pay any one to visit this establishment where some of the pleasant sights of New York abound; and as the stranger lands upon the island, and starts for the nursery buildings, he will say, surely, this does not look much like *poverty*.

This beautiful island, which contains one hundred and thirty acres of land, was purchased three years since, by the City Fathers, exclusively for the nursery

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establishment, and for which they paid $60,000, and cheap at that, as it would bring twice that sum, and probably more, if the same land were now in market. The establishment consists of thirteen buildings, namely, the Main Building, Dwelling-house, Quarantine, Boys' Nursery, Girls' Nursery, Infants' Nursery, Nursery Kitchen, North and South Hospital, Hospital Kitchen, a Boys' and Girls' Play-house, and a house for idiots.

The main building is occupied during the week as a school-house, and on the Sabbath as a house of worship. It is a substantial edifice, and is built of stone. The other buildings are brick, and usually three stories high. On first going to the Island, the children spend two or three weeks at the *quarantine* building, previous to being put with the other children, to prevent communicating disease.

It is to be feared that very few children will leave this nursery, without going away from *home*.

COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Since the opening of this Asylum for Colored Orphans, 509 children, during the fourteen years of its operations, have been admitted. The number in the institution during the past year, was 209, of whom 7 died. In this asylum there is a flourishing school, and also a Sabbath-school. "The Governors of the Alms-House Department pay fifty cents per week toward each child's support in this asylum, to the extent of two-thirds the number in the institution, provided the number supported shall not exceed one hundred."

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This asylum commends itself to the sympathy and co-operation of the wise, rich and good. Let all remember the *orphan*, no matter what his color may be, or were he is found, whether in town or out.

COLORED HOME.

This Institution, which cares for the aged and infirm descendants of Ham, also receives aid from the Alms-House Department to the amount of sixty cents per week. There were admitted during the year past 508 persons, of whom 398 were discharged, and 96 died. The managers of this institution are encouraging manual labor.

No one can begin to realize the amount of money, time and labor, which are annually expended in this city for the comfort and improvement of the afflicted and unfortunate, without a little pains-taking. Much more of interest might be said, in relation to the operation of this humane establishment, which we must omit

The total expenses of the Alms-House Department for the past year amounted to the sum of $380,534 31, or $1,042 56 per day. The Governors estimate the amount of expenditures for the present year at $400,000, and what it will be a century hence, nobody pretends to venture a "*guess.*"

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CITY HOSPITAL.

This Institution was chartered during the reign of George the Third, in the year 1771. The charter has since been approved, and several times amended by the Legislature of this State. The charter also embraces the Insane Asylum which is located at Bloomingdale.

The "*New York City Hospital*" is under the control of twenty-six governors, including the President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary. It has four attending physicians, two consulting physicians, and one house physician; six attending surgeons, two consulting surgeons, and two house surgeons; a curator, superintendent, assistant-superintendent, apothecary, chaplain, clerk, and a librarian, besides nurses, helps, &c.

The total number of patients who were under treatment during the year 1850, was	3,296
Average number, . . .	249
Number cured, . . .	2,394
Relieved, ...	108
Died, ...	357
Of the deaths, casualties numbered,	122

Deducting casualties, or cases which terminated fatally soon after being brought to the hospital, the deaths amounted to about 6½ per cent. The average time of treatment was 4 weeks, 1 day and 17 hours.

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The number of insane patients treated at the Asylum was 200

There have been discharged cured, 50
" " improved, 15
" " unimproved, 7
" died, 18

Although the New York City hospital is a private institution, and was designed, for pay patients, that is, for such as can pay a very moderate amount, yet of the 3,296 patients treated the past year, 1,507 were paupers.

The location of this hospital is central, healthful, and accessible. Its entrance is from Broadway, opposite the termination of Pearl-street. The buildings stand several rods back from the street, and are rendered invitingly beautiful by their appendages without, and invitingly comfortable by their perfections within. The latter good qualities I can most heartily accord to them, as respects medical and surgical talent, nature and quality of remedies, character and conduct of nurses, arrangement and condition of wards, and comfort and prosperity of patients.

The physicians and surgeons have no superiors, although they discharge their arduous, and often trying, and frequently perilous duties without any pay. Yes, without the slightest remuneration, for this is no *shaving mill*, although they sometimes use keen instruments when they can't help it.

But, as great improvements have recently been made in the buildings, so that it is truly a *model* hospital, perhaps the reader will tolerate, if not a little hospital practice, a very brief explanation.

Two of the most important improvements whi

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have been introduced, consist in the manner of warming and ventilating the buildings.

These buildings are heated by steam or hot air, in the following manner. From two large boilers, situated in a small building provided for the purpose, which stands about a hundred feet from the main building, an amount of steam issues, sufficient to warm the apartments in the main buildings, while the boilers also furnish a plentiful supply of hot water for washing, bathing, &c.

The steam is conducted from the boilers through cast iron pipes under ground, to several air chambers in the basement of the main building, where it circulates round and round in a series of small pipes until it gives off all its caloric.

The "air-chambers" which are thus heated by steam are supplied with pure air from without, by means of two perpendicular shafts, or funnels, ten or fifteen feet high, one on the north and the other on the south, about thirty feet from the building, and underground air-ducts, which communicate with the shafts and the reservoirs or air-chambers.

After being heated as before described, the air is conveyed through proper conductors to the several wards, but not from one ward to another, each having a supply from the pure fountain. I would like to be able to say as much for private mansions, and glittering palaces in our town.

All the foul air in the wards is drawn off by means of chimnies and other ventilating openings provided for the purpose in each apartment.

All this is very well, but it is still imperfect and

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ever will be, until measures are taken to introduce artificial moisture into these breathing tanks. And how so many wise heads committed so great a blunder as to neglect it, is a mystery.

Whenever the atmosphere is below freezing point, it is generally too dry for health, where ever artificial heat is required. Now to suppose that the air is in the least degree modified, as to its humidity, in an apartment which is warmed simply by the circulation of steam in cast iron pipes, without the escape into the room of a particle of vapor, is altogether as absurd as to suppose that no man can be thirsty with a bottle of water in his pocket.

The drying power of the air is always increased, as we increase its temperature, and no matter *how* we increase it; and it is modified only by the amount of moisture which it contains before entering a building, its temperature within, its circulation, and the presence or absence of artificial vapor.

But I did not intend to discuss the science of hygrometry, though it is a subject of much importance to all. The reader will find the writer's views on the importance of artificial moisture in all cold climates during the winter, and the proper standard of humidity, under the head of *Ventilation*, in a work recently published, entitled "*Hints and Helps to Health and Happiness.*"

But another decided improvement which I wish to notice, is, the manner in which the patients take their meals. Instead of eating in the wards, as was, and is generally customary in other hospitals, where perhaps lie thirty or forty invalids afflicted with

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various forms of disease, there are now eating-rooms or halls adjoining, where all who can leave their beds, can retire and enjoy their daily food in a rational and desirable manner.

I may also remark, that their rooms are thoroughly *lighted*, an item of no trifling importance, and too often insufficiently appreciated. The Italians have a saying, that "where the *sun* does not come, the *doctor* must." But plenty of windows increase the facilities for ventilation also.

As to *cleanliness*, I can hardly speak of an improvement, for there has been little room for it, for many years. Indeed everything is clean almost to a fault.

Before leaving the hospital, I beg leave to direct the reader's attention to an incident which occurred at this home for the sick and maimed, some eight years since.

An amputation of the leg was expected, and students, doctors, and others assembled to witness it. When the hour arrived I took my seat in the "Surgical Amphitheatre," which has its seats so elevated one above another, that spectators can look right down upon the subject as he lies upon the table.

Preparations having been made, the patient, who was a young man about twenty, a native of Ireland, entered the room, walking erect (though having a diseased leg supposed to be incurable without amputation), accompanied by his skilful surgeon, and his assistants.

As he entered, and cast his eye upon the table which was well furnished with the *glittering steel*,

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and then upon a host of gazing spectators in breathless silence, more anxious to see him mount the table than to be there themselves, his courage failed, and with a pale face and a passive tongue he quietly backed out.

Some said the knives frightened him; others concluded that the gazing spectators were worse than the knives. Some said, "he will not show himself here again." Others expected every moment to see him open the door. Hence, the probabilities for, and against a practical lecture on surgery at his expense were more or less discussed. It will be remembered that this was before the days of "*Chloroform.*"

After having his courage screwed up a little nearer to the sticking point, with many assurances, some flattery, and a little *rum* (a substitute for courage and chloroform), he again entered the place where many bid adieu to some portion, or the whole of the clayey tenement—doffed his pants, and after taking another look at knives, saws, and men, mounted the table, though very reluctantly, and stretched himself out upon the slab, which, if permitted to speak, could tell many a sad tale.

The blood now retired from the skin, as though afraid of being disturbed, leaving the face as pale as death, the muscles trembled, and some of the students too—the eyes glared, the lips quivered, and I could almost hear the knives, saws, and needles say, "Poor fellow! prepare for a reception of cold friends." It is often our duty to sever ties of much tenderness and long standing. But as we have a great regard for flesh and blood, we shall do our best, and do it

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quickly. Therefore be strong, for we always *wound* before we heal.

"I doubt it," said he in his heart, as he shouted, "*Stop o' that!* stop o' that!" as an assistant made preparation for holding him down. "Stop o' that; I cannot part with me lemb!" and up he jumped, and out he ran, with dangling pants in his hand, slapping his leg, and muttering, "I'll never part with me lemb as long as God lets me lev," and neither has the writer nor the surgeon seen him since.

The inexperienced reader will very naturally conclude that the man was right and the doctor wrong in his decision. The fact that he could walk about so well, would be very apt to deceive any but competent judges. But it is easy to be mistaken.

A stranger may be floating in a canoe on the Niagara River, above the falls, where the water is smooth, and flatter himself that there is no immediate danger. He may also have his boat loaded down with some valuable treasure, which if retained will effectually prevent his reaching the shore, and saving his life.

A citizen perfectly familiar with the deceptive influence of the current, and peril of the man, may warn him of his danger, from the shore, and urge him to escape for his life, by casting overboard his treasure and instantly pulling hard for the bank.

He may reply, "O no, I cannot part with it yet. It is too valuable to go to the bottom of the river. And besides, see how nicely I glide along. It can't be that the danger you speak of is a reality."

Yes, this is often very much the condition of him

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who sees not his danger as the surgeon sees it. Perhaps he is still able to walk about, and hence unwilling to part with so useful a member as a leg, and so clings to his treasure although it soon carries him over the fatal cataract.

The surgeon says, although you see no immediate danger, yet your leg is so diseased that nothing can do it any permanent good but the knife. If you have the affected part removed without too much delay, you may hope to live on to a good old age. But if you wait until your health and strength are broken down, you may expect to die in the operation, or soon after. Without the operation, you will certainly find a premature grave.

As the majority of those who are unacquainted with the merits of hospitals generally entertain an erroneous opinion in relation to their advantages, I would remark that they are at least *four-fold.*

In the first place, the inmates have the benefit of medical and surgical talent of the *first order.*

In the second place, these institutions keep their own medicine, which they test and know to be genuine. This is an item of no little importance in this day of *shameful adulteration.*

In the third place, the patient has the services of an experienced *nurse,* and if there is any truth in the old adage, " as much depends upon the nurse as the doctor, whether the patient lives or dies," surely this advantage should not be lightly esteemed.

And, in the fourth place, the *diet* and other hygienic agents are selected by men of wisdom and experience. Hence, it is easy to see that the hospital is

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not so much to be dreaded, as many are apt to suppose.

PUBLIC DISPENSARIES.

We have other sources of relief to the sick, and distribution to the poor, which I may notice, namely, the *dispensaries*, of which there are three. At these institutions, not the least charge is made for medicine or treatment. They are sustained by corporation and state grants, private subscriptions, donations, legacies, &c. For statistics, I am indebted to their Annual Reports.

The "*New York Dispensary*" with its very appropriate motto, "I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME," was founded in 1790, and is under the supervision of thirteen trustees. It has nine attending physicians at the Dispensary, together with an apothecary and an assistant, and six district physicians who attend on those who are too feeble to leave their houses.

The "*Northern Dispensary*" and the "*Eastern Dispensary*," which were founded, the former in 1827 and the latter in 1834, are conducted in a similar manner to the above.

To these several dispensaries, thousands and tens of thousands resort, and receive the best of remedies, and the best of treatment without money and without price, and many of them find fault at that. But they receive the benefit of liberal hearts and hands and perhaps that's enough. They can save their thanks for those who are *licensed to make them sick*, for we have already seen that there is no lack of such.

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Some idea, though a faint one, may be formed of the important service which these institutions render to that class which the Old world has poured in upon us (for the patients are mostly foreigners) to be cured of their maladies, and fed with our bread, by looking at the result of one year's toil and benevolence. Number of patients treated at the

New York Dispensary, . . .	40,835
Northern . "	20,680
Eastern . "	21,226
Total	82,741

EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

This excellent institution was founded expressly for the *poor* in 1820, for the treatment of diseases of the eye and ear. It is sustained very much as are the dispensaries above noticed. There is no other institution of the kind in the United States where as large a number of patients are admitted, and none in the world where they are *better* treated.

Since this institution was opened, 36,657 patients have been treated, and most of them very successfully. The cases during the past year, number 2,424. For these statistics, the author is indebted to the surgeons of the infirmary.

In addition to the very large number of patients already referred to, who have received gratuitous medical aid at the hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries, &c., probably at least ten or fifteen thousand have been treated in private practice without any remuneration.

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COMMON SCHOOLS.

Although the pupils in our Ward and District Schools are not paupers, yet they receive as free as water, their education at the expense of others, as much as do the hungry at the alms-house their bread, or the sick at the dispensaries, their physic. Somebody has to foot the bill, and not a small bill either.

Our noble school system is worthy of all commendation. It is an honor to our State, our country, and our world. We may well be proud of it, and rejoice in it, and expect much from it. The writer well remembers the time, when in a back country town, he thought it a special privilege to see the inside of an old rickety, smoky, leaky school-house eight and forty times in twelve months! This assertion probably the reader will not doubt. But this has nothing to do with the city, or city schools, although the subject brings to mind the days of yore.

How great and glorious are the privileges of the poor children in our city, as far as the means of acquiring an education are concerned. What they can ask more I know not. From the first of September to the last of July, they are furnished with good teachers, books, paper, pens, ink, slates, pencils, and comfortable houses, and all for nothing. And during the past year *one hundred thousand children* in this city have been instructed in our common schools, which cost the public $270,768 86.

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But this is not all. During the same period, and in the same way, we have taught *two thousand, three hundred colored children.* Match that, sister cities, north or south!

And to stimulate and aid those of bright and promising talents, we have a splendid "Free Academy," where all the higher branches are taught with success, to the credit of pupils, teachers, and our institutions.

Yes, our common school system is destined to work out glorious results at no distant day. It cannot be otherwise; so let us have more school-houses, less forts—more books, less barracks—more presses, less powder—more Bibles, less bullets.

I might mention many other systems, institutions, associations, &c., which make long and loud calls for cash, cash! But enough has been said to show that the city is neither all beggars nor misers. To recapitulate briefly, we find the sum total of the foregoing to be as follows:—

Expenses of the Alms-House Departm't,	$380,534	31
" " Common Schools,	270,768	86
" " Association for the Poor,	23,821	99
" unpaid by patients in City Hospital,	20,000	00
" " Dispensaries, . .	14,483	57
" " Eye Infirmary, . .	1,162	16
Total, . . .	710,770	89

Total number of beneficiaries in the above departments, 284,776.

From the examination of a few institutions it is

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very evident that one half of the city has to help support the other half.

Although it annually costs the city such an enormous sum to sustain those who cannot and will not support themselves, yet this is hardly a drop in the bucket, to the amount which is far worse than wasted every year. I will call the reader's attention to only one source of extravagance and crime which will suffice, namely, the consumption of intoxicating drinks, and its consequences.

From an interesting work ("Intemperance in Cities and large Towns, by Robert M. Hartley") just published, we find the following startling statement—that the annual aggregate expenditure for intoxicating liquors consumed in this city amounts to the sum of *thirteen millions and thirty thousand dollars*.

"This is nearly equal to half the average annual disbursement for the support of the United States Government, including its legion of office-holders, the Army and Navy, with other innumerable expenditures; four times the cost of administering the State government, with the interest on the public debt and repairs of the public works; twelve times the receipts of the Bible, Tract, Missionary and other public benevolent societies in the United States; twenty times the sum expended in this city for religious worship and educational purposes; in short, for every dollar contributed for the support of the Gospel in this city, one hundred dollars are expended in strong drink!"

The consequences of this degrading, disastrous practice have already been hinted at. But a volume wholly devoted to the subject would fail to do it jus-

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tice, and we must therefore be content to throw out merely a hint here and there, as we have opportunity. No candid mind can hesitate for one moment to come to the conclusion that the consumption of thirteen millions and thirty thousand dollars worth of rum or its equivalent, has been the cause of woe unutterable; poverty, disease, death temporal, spiritual, and eternal.

The number of human beings annually sacrificed upon the altar of rum, in this single city, I will not attempt to enumerate. The picture is sufficiently frightful without asking the sexton how large a proportion of those whom he annually consigns to the tomb, are hurried to a premature grave by strong drink.

But sad as is the picture, let not the reader turn hastily from it. Verily, as the Lord liveth, thou hast a duty to perform in this matter, and thou canst not be excused. I charge thee therefore before heaven and earth, to take the stand of a *man*, and maintain it, until the traffic in strong drink as a beverage shall be forever abolished. Even now while we are going to press, if we are rightly informed, *there are nine men in the city under sentence of death, and the fatal deeds by which they have forfeited their lives, have mainly been committed under the influence of intoxicating liquors!*

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ADVICE TO COUNTRY CITIZENS.

I have already said that poverty, sickness, suffering, and sin, more abound in civic than in rural life. Yet how many seem to feel that if they could but get away from their quiet cabins, and kind friends, and shady groves and green fields, and be crammed and crowded, and packed and stuffed into some gloomy garret, or mouldy cellar in a *city*, that they would soon be on the high road to wealth and fame.

But as this too often happens to be a sad and serious mistake, perhaps I cannot serve this class of my readers better than to tell them of a few other sights that I have seen in the city to convince me that they had better stay where they are.

Perhaps you may say we give you this advice lest, among others, we should have to feed *you*.

Well, there may be some danger of that, we suppose, and therefore you had better stay where you are and feed *us!* We shall surely starve if you all come; and you will very likely find the experiment not altogether safe for yourself.

Now I am not going to boast, but I am going to say, that I have lived in the country and in the town, in the village and in the forest, and have seen enough of country and city life to satisfy me that real enjoyment abounds more in the former than in the latter.

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Why pull up stakes? Why leave the country to try an experiment in the city, while the probabilities are in favor of a disappointment? I do not deny that there are many good things in the city—many indispensable things and folks too, some of which I intend to notice. But I do say that a city life has many draw-backs, many privations, many perils of which those who are accustomed to a quiet country residence know very little. For this and other reasons I desire to give my friends out of town, and especially young men, a hint on this subject, and if I have not, do not, or shall not speak as flatteringly of Gotham as some of its worshipers may desire, I can't help it. The truth must be told.

Again, I ask, Why leave the land of your fathers, and home of your mothers, to seek your fortune in the city? Is it that you may be more *happy?* Ponder this question well. A city life is *artificial.* True, there are some things which are *real;* such as trials, losses, frowns, failures, fears, pestilence, poverty, and hypocrisy.

But some will *come,* for, some how or other, they have got the notion that if they were down here among the nabobs, matters and things would turn marvelously in their favor.

Well, we will give you as favorable an introduction to the city as we can, by first selecting for you as good a substitute for the old fire side which you have left behind, as circumstances will permit—as good board, and as clean a bed as you can afford to pay for.

Having done this, which, though it is often a little

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difficult, is in fact a very small beginning, I will introduce you to Mr. A., who advertised for a clerk this morning, and you must not be too much disappointed if he does not at once throw open his arms and doors to receive you.

"Good morning, Mr. A; here is a young gentleman from the country, who would like to get a situation in a store, and by all that I can discover I am inclined to think that he is a very clever and upright young man. He has at least one important recommendation—namely, that of never having been out of sight of his mother before. Can you do anything for him?"

"Well, I advertised for a clerk this morning, it is true, but before the ink on the paper was hardly dry, I not only had one engaged, but could have supplied all my neighbors. I am afraid young man, that you have come to the wrong market. Did your mother consent to have you come, or rather did she think it advisable?"

"No, sir, not exactly. She said, she was afraid that I should miss it."

"Yes, I am afraid so, too. There are plenty of young men of good abilities in the city, who are travelling from door to door begging for employ, and how soon they will have to beg for something else, I know not; and some of them are worse off than you, for they have no mother to go to. But there is a chance for them to carry the *hod* and some of them are glad to do it, though they keep saying to themselves, 'Plague on it, there isn't much more honor in this after all, than there is in weeding broom-corn,

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over there on the Connecticut.' But it is living in the *city*, and that makes the difference."

Yes, that makes the difference, and to be thus honored, many are willing to be *dis*honored. But as I have been of so little service to you thus far, you resolve to go on your own hook, and tell your own story; and not being very easily discouraged, you call upon another advertiser; and with no better success go home to your dinner, where some fop of a lazy vagabond who has already made your acquaintance. laughs at your ill success, with a very knowing air, and invites you to go with him after tea, to the bowling alley, and says, "Now you must learn to smoke, and go to the theatre, and eat oyster-suppers, and drink champagne, and be liberal, or you will never get your eye-teeth cut."

Conscience, at first, loudly remonstrates against a course which would thus set at nought a mother's counsel. But it must be remembered that conscience *expects* a good deal more wear and tear in the city, and will consequently submit to more, than in other places.

The next morning, you resolve to start betimes to try your luck, and calling on Mr B, you say, "Sir, I perceive that you advertised for a clerk this morning, and I would like to get into a store, for I came all the way down here from the farther end of Vermont for that very purpose."

"Yes, I was in want of a little help," says the man, "but I am supplied. Yet a friend of mine in another part of the town would perhaps give you employment."

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Thus encouraged, you walk more than a mile, and call five or six times to find him, and then learn that he has already had thirty or forty calls, besides fathers, and mothers, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends to prefer their requests and vouchsafe their guarantees.

Not quite discouraged yet, and hearing of another opening, you go as much farther, and call as many times to present your request. At length you are fortunate enough to have an interview with the merchant, and he says, "Where did you come from?"

"From the country," you reply.

"What can you do?"

"Almost every thing, sir. I am just exactly the chap for you, to a dot. I can read and write, and even cipher, and although I don't exactly like to say it, yet all the old folks say that I am a leetle the smartest feller in all *Podunk*."

"Have you ever been in a store as a clerk?"

"Can't say that I have, in such a store as this, at least. But I have bought and sold *sheep-skins*, and can tell the worth of a *cow* to a hair."

"I think that I should prefer a clerk already acquainted with the business, and in half an hour's time I can find a dozen such, who would be glad to work for almost nothing, just to get into business."

By this time, confidence and faith begin to waver, and especially, as you frequently meet smart looking, enterprising young men who tell you that they have been trying hard for six months to get something to do, and have not in the whole time made enough to

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pay for their board, to say nothing about the washerwoman's bill.

Still you go on, *reading and running*, day after day, and month after month, and yet, somehow or other, your golden dreams are not realized—important posts are not reached—obstructions do not disappear, nor the dollars ask permission to enter your pockets, while you begin to suspect that a city life is not all that it is "cracked up to be."

Now, although this may not literally be the experience of any of my readers, yet I tell you, there is too much truth in the picture, to be winked at. And not the half has been told. Many a ruined man—and ruined by the very folly which I am trying to expose, could, in writing his own history, tell a sad and bitter tale.

But suppose you come, and succeed. What then? Are you any better off? Probably not. I am more and more satisfied every day, that ten dollars are not enjoyed as well in the city, as one dollar is in the country. Hence, all things considered, I would seriously advise almost every man who is accustomed to a country life, to hold on and enjoy it. And not a few who are already here, and have been working hard for many a year, for a scanty living, have I urged to get away to a better land the first opportunity.

I have seen men of talents, professional men and others—men worthy of all confidence, and competent to transact almost any business, walk about the city with a heavy heart, and a sad countenance, painful to behold, and I have said to myself, Poor men!

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what a pity that when you were doing well in the country, you did not know enough to stay there. Yes, worthy competent men find it necessary in this flourishing city, to wear their stocks without collars, and their vests buttoned up to their chins, although the poor washer-women greatly regret it.

Not only do young men often commit a sad mistake by leaving friends and home to try a city life, but their fathers sometimes do still worse. They sell the old homestead, where, for many years, peace and joy have reigned, and want and fear have seldom crossed their path.

True, the homestead would not produce a fortune year by year, nor bring a fortune when sold, but it would yield more comforts than five times its value in gold will yield in town. And when it is turned into gold, and then into goods, stocks, or toys, the foolish experimenter finds that he has eaten it all up, in less than three years, and his children say, "Father dear, don't you wish we had our good old sweet home back again?"

Poor man, that's a hard question! And poor children! they never find their father able to give them a lodging place on the good old homestead again.

But it may be said that many men come to the city with hardly a dollar, and yet get rich. So they do, and such men would get rich in an eagle's nest on the crag of a rock. More depends upon the *man* than upon the location, as to his success. If he had staid in his own native rural district, perhaps he would not have accumulated quite so *much*, but he would have gained enough, lived as *long*, been as

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happy, and probably as *useful*. The grand error which leads a man to exchange a natural, healthful country life, for an artificial, sickly, pestilential atmosphere in town, is ninety-nine times in a hundred *a false estimation of his own abilities*.

These are some of the reasons, though a small part, which induce me to advise country citizens to count the cost before pulling up stakes. Many others might be noticed, and none more important than the temptations to go astray, which every where so abound in a large crowded city.

Yes, stay where you are, and pick greens, weed onions, put faggots under the pot, eat the pudding when it is done, and take comfort; lest when you get down here and open your bundle of luck, you find that you have left the all-important article at home, and you regret exceedingly that it was ever your misfortune to be the smartest man in Podunk!

HINTS TO FEMALES.

Young ladies also come to this city to seek their fortune. And who have a better right? And who deserve better success? But they too, although it is too bad, are compelled to say, "All is not gold that glitters," nor real, that appears so. Yet we are so glad to see the good creatures come, that we hardly feel inclined to dissuade them, though when we take into consideration their best interests, we are less disposed to encourage the experiment than they will perhaps desire or expect.

But as some may possibly turn an anxious eye to this volume of *sights*, hoping thereby to settle the

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question whether they had better do one thing or another, perhaps I ought to say a word to such, before they weigh anchor, spread their sails, and forsake their friends. For my fair readers, perhaps I shall have a rule for settling the important question, which will be quite acceptable to at least a part, but which we will waive until we give a few general hints.

Much of what has just been said to young men on this subject, will be found more or less applicable to the fair sex. But although both men and women labor under many disadvantages on first coming to the city, yet the latter are subject to greater trials than the former.

In the first place they can hardly drive through thick and thin to accomplish their object, as can those who are more accustomed to rough pursuits and hard work.

In the next place, they stand an unequal chance to make suitable acquaintances, and to gain a desirable position in society. Their chances for meeting with hypocrites, and for falling into snares, are four-fold greater than in their own native towns.

Moreover, the probabilities of settling well in the world, are greatly in favor of their own rural districts. By *settling*, I mean an opportunity to cast in their lot with those of their own choice, to share together the comforts, and mutually bear the burdens of life, to the consummation of which, many are looking with that deep interest which the wise arrangements of providence, and the greatest good of all demand.

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But this is not all. It is quite evident that females more than others find a city life prejudicial to health, and especially those who follow sedentary pursuits. As a general rule, the life of the female is too sedentary any where. But in the country, they necessarily have more exercise than in the city, and of a better character, and also breathe a purer atmosphere, which is still more important.

But perhaps none of these reasons, or any that I can give, will turn the scale in favor of rural life. Be that as it may, still my female friends in the country may think they have a right to demand "line upon line," whether they have an ear to hear or not, and so I will just tell them what I saw at the

"INTELLIGENCE OFFICE."

This office, from its very name, will reveal even to the inexperienced reader, its character. You will naturally suppose that it is a depot for all the knowledge that any one has to spare. And such in fact it seems to be. And it is astonishing to observe how much it will hold, for it is never full. I have repeatedly seen the experiment made, but the attempt to fill it was always a perfect failure. Nevertheless, intelligence is here daily bought and sold. There are usually three parties present, when the office is open. The buyer, seller, and spectator; and it is one of the most interesting spots for observation in the city.

To these places scores, nay, hundreds, of females daily resort to obtain employment, where at the outset they expect to meet many ladies who will, as a

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matter of course, be captivated by their good looks and good works.

"Can I render you any assistance, sir?" said the proprietor, as I stepped into his knowledge-dispensary on a certain occasion.

"Perhaps you can, sir," said I, in a whisper, "for I have come here hoping to get the privilege of taking from this favorable point, a view of *human nature*."

He smiled, took the hint, and made me welcome, and I was not a little amused, and withal instructed. Several ladies were present scanning those who occupied the benches before them, asking all manner of questions, first of the proprietor, and then of such as he pointed out, or of such as they fancied, as though they intended to get the worth of their money. Some seemed to select a *domestic* very much as a man selects a *horse*, according to his good looks!

Whenever a *cook* was the object of search, I observed that the ladies estimated her fitness (let other recommendations be what they might) somewhat according to the absence of mineralogical deposits under her *nails!*

If a *waiter* was most in demand, holes in the heels of her stockings, and a superabundance of grease on her apron, were considered no special recommendation for one designed to fill such a post, though she considered her chance in the market quite good enough, so long as she held between her fingers, some paper which she could not read, nor tell its meaning, and forged at that.

If a child's nurse was sought, a bright young girl

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just in her *teens*, if she was neither cross-eyed, nor *cross-natured*, took pretty well, and if she spoke in an unknown tongue, all the better. The baby could soon learn to jabber *Anglo-Dutch*.

But there was every variety of taste to be suited, no matter what the post. Some wanted *Irish* girls, and some wanted *Dutch*. Some wanted *English* girls, and some wanted *Scotch*. Some wanted *White* girls, and others wanted *Black*. One wanted a *chamber*-maid, another wanted a *kitchen*-maid. Some wanted *young* maids, and others wanted *Old* maids.

And while some were wanted to do this, and others to do that—some to cook, and some to wash—some to fold books or papers—some to make pants or vests—some to make caps or hats—some to tend shop or babies, the great majority had to go and come, and go and come, and go and come, and when the question was asked "What can you do?" "O almost every thing," was the ready response. They seemed, both the employers and employees, to feel that it would never do to be discouraged. The proprietor always thinks so too, and with him as with the rest, it is, "Try, try again," and so for the half dollar, or more or less, according to the bargain, he continues for three months, six, or twelve, to send to his lady-customers a whole ship-load of emigrants, if they are not satisfied with less, which is not likely to happen.

Hence, I came to the conclusion that our female friends in the country had generally better remain at home, and feed the chickens, and milk the cows, and eat the butter, unless perchance some Abraham here,

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should say to his servant, " Thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites among whom I dwell; but thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac."

Now here we shall perhaps get the credit of presenting a tolerably plausible argument in favor of coming to town, and especially if the servant should say, " The Lord hath blessed my master greatly, and he is become great: and he hath given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and man-servants, and maid-servants, and camels and asses," we suspect that " Rebekah," with her *mother's consent*, had better come; and this is our rule, though we would not like to call even this, an infallible criterion!

Although we did not intend to give a dissertation on matrimony, important and proper as it might be on a suitable occasion, yet as we have (though rather inadvertantly) given a connubial hint to the country-belles, the country-beaux may perhaps feel aggrieved if we should leave their fathers in the dark, touching the propriety of sending their servants to take wives unto their sons of the daughters of Sodom.

Hence, we will briefly notice the claims to proper attention, which our fair friends in town possess, and then beg to be excused from any further matrimonial controversy, for it has less to do with what I have seen in New York, than many other subjects far less important.

That we have seen some in the city, not altogether qualified to be house-keepers, either in town or out

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we would not like to deny. But it is generally their *mother's* fault, more than their own. They seem to have been born for *show!* This radical misfortune is the foundation of misery and woe from generation to generation, and yet multitudes are so infatuated that they never find it out. They are first taught in the nursery for show. Then they are taken to church for show—sent to Madame ——'s boarding-school for show—to the milliner, mantua-maker, musician, parlor, party, promenade, for show—taught to speak, and act, and think, and live and die for show. And for show they are buried?

Meanwhile, the mother fancies that she has really done the cleverest thing for her tinselled butterfly, that ever was, or can be done. But has she taught her daughter how to make *bread?*

Bread! Horrible! Who ever heard of a young lady's making bread. Well, never mind, the baker lives near by. Has she ever taught her how to darn the heels of her stockings? O no, she don't wear patched stockings. Well, has she learned how to do *any* useful thing? Of course not. Why should she? She was born for *show*, and if any body needs her services, it is *P. T. Barnum!*

Alas! it is painful to see the youthful mind subjected to such a training, as fashion compels its votaries to submit to every day. And no wonder that those who are born to breathe such an atmosphere, are so ill-prepared to adorn the mansion. No wonder that their beau-ideal is bounded by a circle too circumscribed to contain two short words which

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are so often in the months of some, and so seldom in the heads of others—*Common sense!*

But, we might have given a hint not much more flattering, to our lady friends when addressing them concerning our city beaux, had we been disposed; for many young men in the city, are so trained up, that in the commerce of useful life they know not the right hand from the left. So far as living to any good purpose is concerned, their life is a perfect blank. They neither know nor care how others fare, nor have they any heart or tact to serve the company with a toe or a foot. In pursuits worse than useless, their skill and vigilance are seldom wanting. But much depends upon the man's mother, whether he is better or worse than a *shadow*—equal, or inferior to a *stuffed-shirt.*

But, we are not disposed to turn "Dickens." In many respects, we *can't.* In some, we *wont.*

In speaking of the fair ones in town, and surely many of them are fit for the "*World's Fair*," we take great pleasure in saying, that multitudes are not subject to such an influence as we have briefly noticed. We have mothers, even in this degenerate age, of the right stamp, and hence sons and daughters too—yes, many bright spots yet remaining on the great map of city life. It does one good to look at them.

We often hear it said, that American ladies make poor house-keepers. This charge, we happen to be very much inclined to deny. It generally comes from those who have a little interest on the other side of the water. That England's daughters are equal

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to ours in *most* respects, we very frankly admit. That they are superior, except in avoirdupois weight, we at once deny. That many of them are worthy of all commendation, we are compelled to acknowledge, even in speaking only of "What I saw in New York."

Again, we sometimes hear it said that ladies in the city, are not fit to become the "help-meets" of any, except those whose pockets are so endangered by an abnormal fulness, as to require frequent and long continued depletion. This is little else than a gross libel, and hence we deny the charge. That this may be said of the class noticed above—namely, those who live for show, we do not dispute.

But that we have seen some—some! did I say? Nay, many charming, competent, clear-headed, good-hearted fair ones, whom many a man either at home or abroad, would consider himself very fortunate to get, at almost any pains, we suppose that nobody doubts. At any rate the parties do not.

Whether we look at our female friends in the parlor, or in the street, in the social circle, or at the bedside of the sick and suffering—whether they are called to suffer affliction, or to enjoy prosperity—to sympathize with those who mourn, or to share with those who rejoice—whether they emerge from obscurity to occupy stations conspicuous and important, or by misfortune find it necessary to exchange the top of the ladder for the bottom, and give up their fine houses and glittering equipage—lay aside their rich attire—sell their beautiful ornaments—face a frowning world, and tabernacle in a forsaken garret,

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or dingy cellar, they will doubtless favorably compare with those of any other city or country, not excepting the old world.

So, our bachelor friends who are hermitizing in the green vallies of old Connecticut, need not fancy that, because our belles in town, are not altogether familiar with hay-making, and potato-digging, that they are too stupid to learn. O no. They are equal to any emergency. They can dig the potatoes, and weed the onions, but don't let them be compelled to starve, or buy the ground to grow them on.

What they want is, to "better their condition," and many of them are well enough off now, if they did but know it. Those who prefer a little change in their circumstances, ought to bear in mind that they have often seen others who were similarly inclined, "jump out of the frying pan into the fire."

But lest the reader should conclude that the writer is ready to advocate the doctrine that females were born simply to be *house-keepers*, we must dismiss this part of our subject and leave those who are not too bashful, to select companions wherever and whenever the parties can be satisfied.

In our remarks to country citizens, we hope that we have not given them an unfavorable opinion of the good people of Gotham. It has been our desire rather to stimulate all to think more than ever of their quiet, healthful, happy home, where the birds sing, chickens peep, and boys whistle—where the husbandman makes *hay*, and the house-wife makes *bread*, and her daughters make *butter*, and the bees make *honey*.

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To all, whether in town or out, we would say whoever and wherever you are, if you are doing well, be *content*, unless you prefer to do *ill*. If you are making an honest, comfortable living, be content, and congratulate yourself that "there is a good time coming." Better advice we know not how to give.

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PARTIES.

Having given a hint about house-keeping, it may be proper to speak briefly of our *evening parties.* Some of these private festivals are got up on a scale of extravagant magnificence, of which most of those who live in the country know very little. Indeed all in town, except the favored few, are nearly as ignorant, except what they *hear.*

Now, we are not going to say how much or how little should be expended on such occasions, but that the reader who happens to be little versed in such matters may know that these fashionable parties are not got up "for a song," although songs generally form no inconsiderable part of the attractions of these grand festivals, I will call his attention to two items of expense which attended a private party, that on a certain occasion exhibited "Upper tendom" in fair proportions, and which occurred not a thousand miles from the abode of the writer. That, however, did not make him an honored guest. So it forms no part of what I saw.

The first item of expense attending said party, which I would notice, was incurred for beautifying the apartment by a florist. The room was a large one, or rather three rooms converted into one. The floral display, though in the dead of winter, was on a grand scale. The apartment was decorated with

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flowers of various kinds, colors and sizes, together with green leaves, evergreens, &c., throughout almost every part, except the floor.

But two articles interested me in the florist's description of the display, more than all the rest. One of these he called the "*Lustre*," and the other the "*Pyramid*." The former occupied the place of the chandelier—its perpendicular dimensions being about eight, and its circumference twenty-four feet.

The particular construction, he said, was a secret, and as I do not wish to reveal too many secrets, the reader will excuse me for leaving that particular art in the dark, until it is lighted up.

It undoubtedly had a metalic frame work to start with. This was enveloped in beautiful flowers of various tints, accompanied with green leaves, vines, &c., so as to make a magnificent display. From the midst of these sparkling gems, one hundred and twenty gas burners poured forth a flood of dazzling rays, which made it, as the florist remarked, "a fairy scene worth seeing." This is one of the sights which are seldom seen by the vulgar.

The "pyramid" was of similar construction, though still a secret that every one can guess into daylight. Its size was sufficient to constitute a pretty respectable boquet, to say the least, namely, eight feet in diameter at the base, and eighteen feet high. It stood in front of the fire-place, so as to perfectly hide it, while its brilliant lights glimmered among the leaves, and glittered among the roses with enchanting power.

For this blooming, sparkling, dazzling display of

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the splendors of the "Green House," the florist received only $650.

The remaining item of expense which I will notice, was for the *supper*.

It is well known that we have in town, a man who is famous for pleasing all sorts of *palates*. Of course nothing short of such achievements could suffice on such an occasion, and hence this celebrated cuisinier was engaged to furnish the feast throughout, and for which he received the clever sum of $3,000.

Now we do not pretend to know how much was paid for the music and a host of other items; but we think the reader has already come to the conclusion that it was a festival on a grand scale, and must have cost about as much as all Michigan was considered worth one hundred years ago.

In the above instance, we know the host to be abundantly able to make a gorgeous display, and we would greatly prefer to have the gold and the silver widely diffused, even through the medium of roast turkies, fragrant roses, and sweet voices, than to be locked up.

But there are evils attending these magnificent displays, which might be noticed, if it were thought advisable. We will barely advert to one; namely, the temptation for others to try to imitate the example, who are not *able* to do so. We are aware that it is a foolish excuse, yet such is proud human nature that it will gratify ambition at any cost.

Hence, says the man of much more moderate means, "Well, *I* can afford to make a party too," and at it he goes, and makes a parade to the very extent

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of his ability—nay, worse than that. He makes promises to break them, in order to let the good people know that he can make his parlor shine and the silver jingle; and so of course the shoe-maker, and the tailor, and the grocer, and many others must wait for their honest dues—the promised money, until they can get it; and frequently they never get it at all.

But the party goes off with respectable *eclat*, that's the main thing, and the host is satisfied that he truly belongs to the nobility, although he has expended only $500, which is $499 more than he can afford.

But this is not all. He looks down upon his neighbor who is a little nearer the bottom of the hill with a jealous eye, because he also is trying hard to make a show.

Now, this spirit reminds me of one of the noble monsters of the great deep, making his way up the channel of our beautiful bay, astounding the tiny finny tribe with his wonderful exploits. As he ploughs his way through the briny fluid, a poor little "June shad," being somewhat filled with vanity, follows along in his wake, trying to imitate his "predecessor;" and after swelling, and flouncing, and spreading his fins, and flapping his tail, he looks down upon the little wigglers near the bottom, which are beginning to catch the spirit, and make a stir, and eyes them with a meaning air, as much as to say, "There! don't you wish you could? You may just as well stop! You try to be a whale, eh! Bah!" and tries to spout.

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"MAY-DAY."

In speaking of New-York, perhaps I ought to say a word about *May-Day!* It seems to be a part of the town as well as a part of time. It is a period which annually affects the destiny of men, women, and children far more than any other day in the year; and its influence is even felt until the last day of the succeeding April.

It is so customary to "*move*" on this day, that it would seem that many change their residences just to be in the *fashion*. The fact is, people will do almost any thing, but do *right*, for fashion, which is another name for show. One would suppose that an annual move for half a century or more, ought to give possession of a pretty good home.

But the truth is, the more we shift and turn, and change and move, the less we feel at home. We are more like travellers who stop on their journey for the night, and start on the next morning, with little or no attachment to their lodging-place, and well-nigh forget it by the next setting sun.

Still we can sometimes pull up stakes and set them down again, to our advantage. More frequently, however, the gain is more apparent than real. When we begin to fancy that our dwellings are becoming a little too antique and unfashionable, quite too rickety, abounding with too many cracks and rats, we

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say, "Well, I shall be glad when 'May-day' comes, for I am tired of these old barracks."

Well, "May-day" comes, and so of course we move, and not only go away from *home*, but take a house with more imperfections, perhaps, if not the same, and one which the late occupant is very glad to exchange for the one we leave, and while this mutual exchange occurs—this emptying of one houseful into another, both parties are satisfied, for "a new broom sweeps clean." But it will be nothing very strange if the next May-day finds the parties equally ready to make a similar exchange.

Possibly, the *next* year the parties are wise enough to stay at home, look on, and see others foolish enough to go the same round, and rejoice not a little that they are clear of the hurly, burly, wear and tear of May-day.

Still, some must move, and others *will*, very much to the satisfaction of *carmen;* and the reasons are as numerous as the movers. Some move to get a larger house, and some a smaller—some a better, and others a worse. Some move to be more convenient to their business, some to be handy to church, some to be in the fashion, some to improve their health, and others to save their money.

If a man has a large salary, he must of course have a large house, if his family is never so small. If a small one, he must be content with a little more humble abode. And if he has little or no income, he must either take the garret or cheat the landlord, and not a few prefer the latter.

It frequently happens that the landlord is com-

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pelled to either eject his tenant, or wink at robbery and shelter rogues. Moreover, he is liable to err *himself*, by supposing that, because the occupant pays promptly and murmurs not, he will not hesitate to submit to an annual stretching of the rent, strangely supposing that while his house is getting older and poorer, his tenant can afford to pay more and more for the privilege of staying in it to hold it up. These and various other influences, conspire to make the first day of May unlike all other days in New York.

But it would be impossible for me to describe all the curious sights which these occasions furnish even if I should try, and for this reason, if no other, I think it prudent not to attempt it. When this migration-day dawns upon the city, then look out early for carts and commotion. Every one is lucky who does not get a torn-coat, a bumped-head, or a strained-back. As for broken crockery, bruised tables, shattered chairs, injured sofas, crushed baskets, lost boxes, stolen garments—a confused brain, sooty face, and a thread-bare patience, nobody thinks anything of that.

Go where you will, and look which way you will, you see loads of goods of every description, both large and small, valuable and worthless, moving hither and thither, in as many directions as there are avenues to follow. Some of the movers have all their effects on their backs. Others consider themselves above mediocrity when they discover that the old wheel-barrow is heaping full, and with happy hearts they trundle on, and rejoice to reach "*sweet home.*"

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But whether they have little or much, it requires time and labor, strength and patience to put everything in its appropriate place, and make one feel at home, as every body is aware who has ever *moved*, whether in town or not. And, all things considered, there is some truth in the old saying, "two moves are as bad as a *burn*."

Well, after getting possession of the new abode, and acquiring a healthy equilibrium of soul and body, we are prepared to make the best of our chosen habitation, whether good or bad; and with one important article to grace the cabin, we shall probably take as much comfort as most of our neighbors, no matter what their possessions or professions. This rare quality—namely, a *contented mind*, is often too little appreciated, and consequently the result is as might be expected.

Hence, we have those who are uneasy, unstable, unsettled, and unhappy. They change their residence, and are not satisfied. They buy new furniture, and find fault. They changed their bakers, and change their butchers, and change their drapers, and change their doctors, and change their papers, and change their pastors; and without one change more, viz., a change in themselves, real comfort will continue to remain as great a stranger to them, as to a "toad under a harrow."

Many changes, and greatly for the *better*, are daily occurring in our metropolis, and there is plenty of room for more. Vacant lots are covered with magnificent palaces. Rickety shanties give place to

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splendid mansions; smoky huts to towering stores, banks, hotels and churches.

PESTS.

Although the reader has already been pretty well supplied with *pests*, and for the want of which the writer has no reason to complain, yet there are "a few more of the same sort."

Whether it is because they are better fed, or better housed, I know not; but for some reason or other rats and mice are more numerous here than almost anywhere else. Our city rats are a little more abandoned and saucy than country rats, and our cats are either too refined, or too lazy to touch them, with a few exceptions: and as these disturbers of our peace are greatly in favor of civic life, and decidedly opposed to emigration, we must submit to the annoyance of having our houses gnawed, dreams disturbed, and bread nibbled. At any rate they do annoy us not a little.

But this is not all. Another class of intruders (our long-billed-buzzing-suckers, which become our blood-relation by *practice*, if they are not by nature) have the impudence to take possession of our apartments, whether we consent or not, and maintain their position through many a sanguinary and successful struggle.

I know not that other people are so much annoyed by these tormentors, as is the writer. We sometimes find those who are so fond of music that they can enjoy the vibrations of a sliver on a rail in a whirlwind, and possibly persons of such an exquisite per-

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ception, can appreciate the sweet strains of these nocturnal serenaders. If so, let them have a full band from July till November, and from sunset till sunrise, every night.

Yes, the New-York musquetoes are almost enough to vex a good-natured man into spasmodic resentment; and especially if he has from any cause, lost two or three nights' sleep. One would suppose that with all our refinement in manners, and all our improvements in the healing art—such as "artificial leeches," artificial patients, and artificial doctors, this coarse, vulgar mode of bloodletting ought to have been obsolete long ago.

But as far as this particular form of depletion is concerned, we are growing more uncivilized every year. What the cause of this can be, I do not pretend to know. Some say that the introduction of the Croton, has increased the sanguinary flock, and if so, we must make the best of it, for we can do with them, better than without *it*. Possibly, the more we use it, the better they like us.

Be this as it may, I think I never saw any quite so impudent anywhere else, though one would hardly suppose it. I recollect very well of once forming a very unfavorable opinion of these unwelcome visitors, when attacked by a hungry swarm more than a score of years since, and as many miles back from Lake St. Clair, in their undisturbed haunts, and congenial abode; but either because they had not become sufficiently acquainted with, to be partial to the white man, or for some other cause, they were more tolerable than our winged New-Yorkers. True we

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can protect our veins by rolling ourselves up in a Burgundy-pitch plaster. Some, however, prefer its substitute, a *musquetoe net.*

As for cockroaches, and other insects, they are too numerous to mention; but we must endure them as well as we can, or leave town.

If there ever was a checkered scene, it is to be found in city life. Every thing good and bad, great and small, safe and hazardous, beautiful and hateful, joyful and sorrowful, blissful and woful, are linked together and chained to the great wheel of "perpetual motion."

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BROADWAY.

This is the great fashionable promenade of Gotham, where all the belles, beaux, and babies—Knickerbockers and Yankees, are shown up to the best advantage. It is moreover a great thoroughfare for almost every thing else.

It is often interesting to go into this exhibiting hall, where the artist goes for contrasts, and soon finds enough to cover all the canvass in his studio.

Here we behold every shade and grade of display imaginable; every variety of condition in life, describable, and almost every article desirable; all manner of rudeness and politeness, kindness and coldness, mistakes, mishaps, and misdeeds. Here the old and the young, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the fop and the flirt, the banker and the beggar, meet and pass, and smile and frown, and court and scorn, and help and hinder, and jostle against each other while striving to avoid juxtaposition, or make the line of separation broader than necessity demands, lest friendship kith or kin should be suspected; for some shun their friends sooner here than any where else; while others make as many acquaintances, as time, policy, and circumstances will admit.

The teeming multitude move through this crowd-

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ed avenue (all in a hurry) in every variety of manner and posture, and by every variety of means. The *vehicles* embrace all sorts of wagons, double and single; all sorts of stages, public and private; all sorts of hacks, ancient and modern; all sorts of carriages, curious and common; all sorts of horse-carts, hand-carts, dog-carts, goat-carts, meat-carts, bread-carts, wood-carts, ash-carts, swill-carts, and dirt-carts, together with cars, wheelbarrows, sleds, sleighs, jumpers, &c.

The motive power by which these vehicles are propelled consists mainly of quadrupeds, bipeds, and steam. Such as elephants, camels, oxen, horses, ponies, mules, donkies, dogs, goats, men, women, and children. All put together make a pretty good team, without the steam.

To attempt to describe all the goods, wares, and merchandize of this notable avenue, all the busy mortals of every caste, color, and clime, all the hucksters, tinkers and fiddlers, to say nothing about "Yankee Notions," together with all manner of sights and sounds, would frighten both the writer and the reader.

But I must notice one of the many valuable cargoes which I have seen drawn through this thoroughfare, very much to the amusement of spectators who were somewhat unaccustomed to the commerce of Broadway.

The one to which I particularly allude was drawn by a man, his wife and his dog; and consisted of a *cartload of swill.* The old lady went behind, and when the man and the dog pulled, she pushed, and

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with their *antidote for squealing*, no matter who laughed, or who cried, they pulled on, harder and harder, and probably were happier and better off than many despisers who had no pigs to feed.

These pork-makers usually reside in the outskirts of the city, and some of them keep thirty or forty hogs, with a few fowls, and occasionally a cow.

Moreover, some of them are coming up in the world and are beginning to drive *two* dogs, and even *three*. While others have met with still greater success, and come out with their horses and wagons. And not only so, but they show their good sense by keeping the animals covered with some old quilt or blanket, lest too much time should be devoted to the study of comparative anatomy, as some of these quadrupeds would otherwise make an exhibition of living skeletons.

In this hog-fattening way, these our worthy fellow-citizens (for they are far more worthy than many who wear finer cloth, and make others pay for it) live a quiet life, and comfortably support their families; and fathers and mothers are able to set up their sons and their daughters in the business by the time that they are of lawful age, and competent to fill such important posts. Yes, set them up with a splendid outfit of dog, cart, harness and bucket. And under such favorable auspices, and years experience, the road to wealth and fame is pretty straight, as the steaks, hams, and sausages readily find the way to market, and we don't know any better than to eat them.

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So much for piggeries, but they are generally a little out of Broadway.

Although I had proposed to notice but one of the numerous cargoes which I had seen transported through this famous, fashionable street, yet I will briefly notice another, which I acknowledge is a little more rare, and did not commend itself so much to the admiration and commendation of the writer, as the above.

Well, in going down Broadway whom should I see, almost as soon as my feet were on the sidewalk, but a woman with a boy on her back (of course she was on the fashionable side) who was almost or quite large enough to carry his mother, and from his appearance, few I apprehend would have been willing to risk him alone among their silver-ware; I mean so far as strength and locomotion were concerned.

Still, some were sufficiently interested to be willing to pay the woman pretty liberally for lugging about the lubber with his feet almost drawing on the sidewalk, because they supposed the poor boy could not appear among the nabobs, if the kind mother had not carried out the great booby on her back.

Well, never mind, she can carry the fellow a little longer, and the money too; and very soon he will be able to carry her, if we feed him well, and it is hard to say which will attract the more attention.

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RECKLESS DRIVING.

But we not only see much in this street to amuse us, but some things to annoy and provoke us. While standing on the walk in the upper part of the street, where pedestrians and others are much less numerous than in the lower part, I saw two dandies in a light wagon coming up, driving a span of horses most furiously, which made me fear that somebody would get hurt by their dangerous and unjustifiable speed. And this made me watch them the closer.

A lad, about half way to manhood, was standing in the middle of the street, without any apparent inclination to pass to either side. He appeared to see the vehicle approaching, yet made no more effort to get out of the way than if he had been a statue. This, I confess, made me a little nervous. The driver evidently saw him, for the boy then had the street all to himself. And yet he never made the least attempt to check his horses or change their course, and hence contact was unavoidable.

The horses knocked him down, and gave him so much momentum, that horses, wagon, boy and all went on together I should think at least a rod, and I could hardly tell which rolled the better or the faster, the boy or the wheels. The horses passed over him as well as they could, and the wagon too; the boy jumped up and started off, and glad to get off so; the rascal of a driver never checked his horses, nor turned his head to see whether the boy was dead or alive; and I could have seen the big key of "Sing Sing" turned upon him with an excellent relish.

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RUNNING THE GANTLET.

Passing down the street to the most crowded portion, and while immediately in front of the "Astor House," I observed a man making an attempt to cross the street in the midst of a thicket of horses and vehicles so crowded and crammed, that I doubted his success. He had with him a beautiful little spaniel, which deserved better treatment than his master, and received worse, for the man at length reached the walk in safety, while the dog was kicked and cuffed by the horses' feet, and run over at last, though fortunately by a light wagon, and after dodging this way and that, in much confusion, he reached the walk, and ran up to his master, expecting much credit for having so successfully run the gantlet, and received a caning over the head for his bad luck; and I found it hard to avoid wishing that the inhuman master had been in the dog's place where he would have got at least one *kick!*

SCENE IN AN OMNIBUS.

A world in miniature is a stage load of passengers, and more than once have I been greatly amused in such a company; and to make the variety all the greater, I have sometimes been a little *annoyed.*

Once on a day of bustling commotion, when stacks of mud dotted the streets and bespattered the sidewalks, I took my seat in one of these velveted vehicles with a strong inclination to make the most of a ride through Broadway, and get the worth of my money, which, perhaps, I ought to tell the reader,

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who is not in the habit of riding in such modern carts, was six and quarter cents, more or less.

Well, after the driver had stopped and started, and opened and shut his clattering cage fifteen or sixteen times, with a little squeezing, scolding and scowling, we had a load of men, women and children, in silks and rags—bankers and brokers, tinkers and tailors, laborers and lawyers, &c.

I said that squeezing was a part of the process of stage packing, and although a little unpleasant, it seems to be quite indispensable, and for at least three reasons. In the first place, it is hard for the driver to believe that twelve seats are ever *all* occupied. I have seen him with his characteristic philanthropy, throw open his door to the weary traveller, when almost every seat and lap within was well nigh twice occupied, though the party of which I am now speaking, did not happen to be quite so numerous.

Then, the fair sex—bless their hearts, they don't intend any harm by it—sometimes forget that they expect to pay for only a single seat. This subjects others to a little extra compression, though they be not fond of "tight lacing."

Again, the *un*fair sex, after being comfortably seated, sometimes seem never to suspect that the omnibus was ever made for anybody else. But any way to get a ride.

Nearly opposite the writer sat a man, so outrageously cross-eyed, that I should have approved the act if some one had pulled the signal-strap opposite some surgeon's door, and invited the man to stop and have the crooked made straight. For it *is* an outrage

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for any man to suffer himself to go through life thus disfigured, when the difficulty is so easily remedied.

But as he appeared to enjoy the faculty of seeing all who sat facing him, and on his right and left, at one and the same time, perhaps he would have objected to any modification that could have been proposed.

By his side sat a lady whose eyes were in a better condition than her baby's hands, which were so full of greasy cake and sticky candy, and the importance of showing his sweetened face to all present, was so great, that those who left the stage as free from butter and molasses as they entered it, had reason to be thankful.

At length she pulled the strap, and the nimble sixpence was passed up to the driver and she prepared to leave, while nobody would have objected if she had taken away the oily fragments of the cake which she left on the seat. But, as it was, a decided improvement was admitted, for even the cross-eyed traveller evidently appreciated the exchange, as a lady stepped in and took her place, and covered up the crumbs. She supposed herself to be one of the "upper tens," though others possibly doubted it. But the silk rattled, and the fan fluttered, and the gold glittered, and the diamonds sparkled, while she gazed with rather a suspicious mien at a modest-looking young woman who sat near by, with a large bundle of cut-cloth from the tailor's, ready to be made into pants, lying on her lap.

Her peculiar air, as she eyed the young woman, reminded me of the time when one of the young

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bloods said to his father on a certain occasion, "Papa, is it right for poor working people to ride in the same stage with us?" But so it is, in the Omnibus—the rich and the poor must mingle and commingle together, and thus distinction, rank, and caste are necessarily moulded into a healthy equilibrium.

But none in the stage, not even the woman in silk, looked half so happy as the seamstress in calico, for her very countenance seemed to indicate that she anticipated many comforts from her own earnings, though poorly paid.

I will not stop to notice the next in rotation—a young flirt who seemed to think too much of her rings, and too little of her brains. Neither is it necessary that I should say much about the man who sat so near, that when I got up to go out, I might have been mistaken for a *miller*. Poor man, I suppose that he either had not time to brush his clothes overmuch, before he left the meal-chest, or he thought that others could brush enough to make it up.

But the most important character to be noticed, and one which produced the greatest sensation among the passengers in the vehicle, was a *tobacco-chewer*, of the genuine, liberal stamp. He made a spittoon of the bottom of the stage, which needed emptying and scrubbing before we got half through Broadway. This liberal distribution of the precious infusion of *foolsbane*, was made at the enormous expense of shining gaiters and white stockings, cambric skirts

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and silk dresses, polished boots and best wishes of the fair sex.

The upper ten lady made a commendable effort to escape the chestnut colored dye, but we thought for a time that there was a little too much silk and saliva to succeed. So she thought, and she looked at him—and who could blame her—looked at him, did I say! Alas! for the man, if his sensibilities had not been so stunted and blunted by the drug. As it was, he endured the rebuke with heroic indifference, though he must have known, with all the stupifying influence of the poison, that she was more than half disposed to say, *Do swallow it, if you love it so well.*

Nevertheless, with all the cakes, candies, and crackers; and with all the imperfections, impediments, and impertinence of the occasion, we jogged along in a tolerably satisfactory manner, with now and then an incident of thrilling interest, either within or without. The reader is already quite familiar enough with the former, and the latter can hardly claim our attention. Perhaps, on such an occasion, I shall be pardoned for briefly alluding to *one.*

About the time that we crossed Leonard-street, I observed that all eyes were turned in a certain direction to see, I knew not what.

Maids came out to empty their suds, and doffed their tubs, and stood aghast!

Men held their horses, and out with their glasses, and wondered in masses, as stupid as asses, as the optic nerve was thoroughly put to the test.

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Ladies raised their veils, eyes, windows, and hands, and were ready to say, "*O my !*"

Beggars forgot their calling, peddlers stopped their bawling, "sweep-ho's" ceased their drawling, and cripples too their crawling!

By this time every passenger seemed determined to know what it was that made such a staring, straining, and gazing, on the right hand and on the left.

And what was it, and who was it?

A dandy on horse-back! That's all.

Now there is more truth than poetry in all this, and although it may and ought to appear a very trifling affair to the reader, yet the writer has rarely seen any private citizen attract more attention for the time. To me, he was a perfect stranger, and yet the introduction was equal to a year's acquaintance.

But, it was not so much the man who made such a stir, after all, as it was the hugest, longest, coarsest, over-grown, over-colored, over-distended, over-twisted pair of mustaches that ever passed through Broadway unspoken for.

His face was shaved to a hair, except the horns, which gave them that illustrious conspectability which had with remarkable satisfaction been attained. But unfortunately these beautiful appendages did not become the man. O no, he was not rightly built for them. No matter if they didn't. He could do better without his dinner than without them, and if they suited him, that's enough.

Conscious that he was admired by legions of eyes, he rode as straight and as stiff as a flag-staff, and

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being an accommodating sort of a horned biped on exhibition, he gave spectators a good opportunity to see what the poor animal under him seem to be ashamed of, judging from the drooping of its head and tail. But never mind that; he rode fast, and rode slow, so as to pass us, and then let us pass him, as he looked at his watch and then at the ladies; and every time that he passed or we passed, he took very commendable pains to give as good an exhibition of his upper facial half, as was compatible with a variety of circumstances.

And didn't we know him?

Moreover, he was not chary of his pains to give his ornaments, at proper intervals, a graceful twirl, which, by the way, nature and art, as far as length, color, and volume were concerned, had transformed into a respectable imitation of the beard of a *gobbler*, though they were not half so becoming.

A little behind, rode the *groom*, and at an awkward rate and gait notwitstanding a special effort at graceful horsemanship. The imitation was so perfect that I could think of nothing else but a man rowing a boat and churning butter.

Moreover, he too was something of a character, and he took as much pains to keep at least a rod behind, as he evidently had to humble his mustaches, lest they should be mistaken for his master's for he well knew that only a slight approximation would be tolerated. Hence he kept them so trimmed down, that, had the young sprouts been as green as the soil on which they grew, they would have resembled a bed of young onions when they first sprout up

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from the seed, and attain the height of about an inch.

As for his master's, to speak within bounds, their length multiplied by ten, would give about the width of a certain shoe-shop in town, hereafter to be noticed.

But we will let every man go through Broadway hair-faced, or bare-faced, according to his own fancy, if the city fathers will only make the street a little *wider* and a good deal *cleaner*. But with the present amount of dust, we should be sorry to have mustaches proscribed.

The beautiful stores, both wholesale and retail, in Broadway, should be visited by the stranger. Quite enough can be seen while standing on the sidewalk, to occupy with profit a week's careful examination. The splendid display in the windows of goods, wares, and merchandize almost dazzles the eyes of the owners, and, if I mistake not, sometimes quite bewilders the brains of others. Many of these stores are magnificent, and one is without a parallel in the *world!*

Then the commodious and palace-like hotels which are already built, and others going up, such as London never saw, nor any thing nearer than their cousins, according to neighbor Greeley's interesting letters, offer sufficient inducements to any stranger to tabernacle in them as long as it may be convenient.

The beautiful churches, offices, and other buildings, not forgetting Barnum's Museum, Tripler Hall, &c., will also be examined with pleasure and profit, though I cannot go into any details concerning their construction or merits. A man cannot always tell

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what he *has* seen. Sometimes he *will* not. At other times he *should* not. And frequently he *dare* not.

But I must briefly notice the Dry-Goods Palace, alluded to above, namely, the store of Messrs. Alexander H. Stewart & Co., which presents a beautiful front of 377 feet on Broadway, Chambers and Reade streets, being five stories high. Its front on Broadway and Chambers-street is constructed of white marble, and presents an imposing appearance.

The lower floor is devoted exclusively to the retail trade, and each department has its appointed clerk or clerks, no matter what his function, whether it is to sell bobbin, bombazine, or buckram, and he hardly steps over his boundary lines, except to go out and in.

The upper floors embrace the wholesale trade, and can accommodate a pretty good share of the merchants of North America, both as respects space and merchandize. The number of men required to manage this concern is about 250, and the amount of goods sold the past year, is said (by those who do not know) to be $5,000,000.

While speaking of Broadway, perhaps I ought to say a word about the street. The reader who is not familiar with the city must not conclude that the street is what its name indicates. It is a very serious inconvenience that it is not. We are quite too familiar with the radical error of the city fathers in the days of yore, touching the width of this thoroughfare, which is about half as much as it should be: especially in the lower part, where vehicles of every

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description concentrate. Its entire width is 80 feet. But, exclusive of the side-walks, it is only 42 feet.

The reader will, perhaps, have a better idea of the pressing necessity of a broader thoroughfare by my stating one circumstance. I took my stand at a central point to ascertain the number of passing vehicles in one hour, which I found to be 1,200. At this rate, there would pass in one day, calling it only twelve hours, 14,400 vehicles.

But there is another circumstance which I ought to notice, as it increases the necessity for stretching this famous street a little in width.

Broadway is like a boy who grows so fast that he can't stop to tie up his shoes. Every thing in the streets and on the walks is untied, unpacked, unrolled, unboxed. Doors, windows, walls, roofs, brick, stone, mortar, dust and splinters daily come tumbling down to make way for banks, stores, halls, hotels, shops, offices, &c. &c.

Cart-loads of stone, and ship-loads of timber, boat-loads of brick, and sloop-loads of lime, wagon-loads, wheelbarrow-loads, and back-loads of various other building materials are thrown together, piled up, heaped up, and stacked up, or scattered about in wild confusion, hither and thither through the street, so that men, women and children, horses, donkies, and dogs have to look out sharp for snags, and are pretty lucky if they do not *sink*. It is difficult to tell which would present the more ragged appearance, the channel of the Mississippi River drained dry, or Broadway in New-York at certain seasons.

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The number of buildings now in a transition state in this thoroughfare, we find to be fifty-six, and we do not expect to live long enough to see these and all similar improvements completed.

Moreover, the street is almost perpetually obstructed, from the first of January till the last of December, by *pavers*, at different points, and also by sewer-builders, vault-makers, &c., to say nothing of apple peddlers, cake-venders, ash-boxes, and swill-tubs; together with hillocks of mortar, and mounds of mud; with now and then a broken cart, a dead horse, dog or cat, and various other obstructions that we can neither mention, avoid, nor remedy.

After all, Broadway is a beautiful street, as well as a stirring thoroughfare, and is a pretty fair representative of this great city. But the continual rumbling of ponderous wheels on flinty tracks—the clattering of legions of iron-bound hoofs, as though rushing to battle—the metallic rattling of bars of iron and rods of steel on the dray-man's cart—the gong-like, tornado-like, oceanic, unceasing roar and tumult of this bustling street, make it less inviting than it otherwise would be to promenaders who love to chat, as well as walk. But for those who ramble, mainly to see and be seen, Broadway is pre-eminently an inviting resort.

But we must leave this famous street, with all its attractions and imperfections, all that is valuable and worthless, animate and inanimate, permanent and transient, to take a peep at other places, matters, and things which though less conspicuous, are perhaps equally important.

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Among other things it is somewhat amusing to notice in passing through our streets, an almost endless variety of names, titles, characters, symbols, hieroglyphics, &c., with which numberless signs, doors, gates, and posts abound. One would suppose that it must have long taxed the ingenuity and patience of a nation of linguists to invent so many break-jaw-names, which many a daring nomenclator would hardly undertake to spell, much less to pronounce, and less still to write from the pronunciation of the owners. Where all these strange words have come from, we would not like to say. Perhaps the printer who has had his types in "pi," can answer the question.

A few for a sample will suffice. Well, there is Mr. "Blehl," and Mr. "Schnitzpahn," and Mr. "Congnacq," and Mr. "Schweppenheiser," and Mr. "Chishofcke," and Mr. "Schwoerir," &c. &c.

As to the color of our population, here is Mr. Black, and there is Mr. White, and a little farther on we find Messrs. Slate, Gray, Green, Brown, Blue, Orange Pink, and Purple.

The physical structure of our human fabric exhibits quite a variety of materials, for we find mingled together Messrs. Stone, Iron, Steel, Clay, Sand, Brick, Wood (the outside bark of which belongs to the writer) Beam, Brace, Post, Stud, Sill, Board, Shingle, Glass and Slate. In addition to these, we are provided with men of other qualities, such as Mr. Long, Short, Broad, Small, Strong, Week, Stout, Smart, Quick, Sharp, Blunt, Keen, Sweet, Sour, Bitter, Good,

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Better, Best, Goodspeed, Goodenough, Goodman, Goodchild, and Good*all*.

But this is not all. As far as names are concerned, the brute creation have also a pretty fair representation. A brief notice, however, of the finny tribe will suffice. At the head of which we place his Excellency our worthy ex-Governor. And after the name of "*Fish*," we may mention Whale, Sturgeon, Bass, Salmon, Shad, Trout, Pike, Eels, and Crabbe. But appellation has little to do with character, for to be Dove by name and Shark by nature would hardly afford a sufficient cause for excessive congratulation. We hope that every man by his good deeds will give himself a name, of which his posterity shall never be ashamed.

BRIGHT SPOTS.

Having called the reader's attention to many things of a forbidding aspect, we ought to notice a few more of the bright spots which go to make up the checkered scene of city life. For, although we sigh for a reformation in many departments, and need a little more room for our elbows—pure air for our lungs—good exercise for our muscles, and green spots for our eyes; yet we have, as I have already intimated many comforts and privileges which are not to be despised.

Now, if we should enumerate one half of these advantages, the reader would either call the book a paradox or pronounce our advice to country citizens, all a hoax.

But it will be remembered that at the outset we

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acknowledged the web of city life to be woven of many colors, as well as of different textures, and patterns; and hence, both good and evil must ever abound, while hardly a glimpse of the former or the latter will be expected in such a brief notice of "city sights."

Among other things, a man can have the most splendid church, and eloquent preacher—the shrewdest lawyer, and sagest doctor—the finest house, and the softest bed; the swiftest horse, and fattest goose, and much more than these can he have, if his purse is *large* enough, and *full* enough.

Yes, a man in the city has many superior advantages both for gratifying and improving his mind. The numerous *Lectures* on various practical and important subjects; especially during the seasons of autumn and winter, are items in the catalogue of no trifling consideration.

The legions of *periodicals*, which abound in useful hints, and even come within the reach of the *poor*, are never to be forgotten. They are better than gold.

Moreover, the *musical concerts*, upon which the multitude are more and more prone to feast, are far better for the heavy-hearted hypochondriac, than snake-root or lobelia.

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AMUSEMENTS.

The places of *amusement* in the city are numerous, and many of them profitable. We have just hinted at some of them, and we have before spoken of the importance of recreation. I shall not be expected to notice many of these places. Of some, we may say that the influence is *doubtful.* Of many, that it is *good;* and of others, that it is decidedly *bad!*

THEATRES.

Of these places of resort we have several in the city, but as to what has been seen *there,* the reader is probably as wise already as the writer, inasmuch as *he has never seen the inside of* ONE.

He has, however, seen enough *outside* to satisfy him that he had better go down to his grave in his present ignorance, than to be enlightened by the performances within.

A few things in connection with theatres, he has seen, which have satisfied him from his youth up, that these places can very well be dispensed with. But I need not name them.

Moreover, there are some things which I have *not* seen, which perhaps go to strengthen and confirm the opinion which I have for more than a score of years entertained. I never saw a town appear to flourish any the better for a theatre. Neither could I

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ever perceive that the citizens where these places of amusement were multiplied, improved the more in morals, manners, vigor of body, mind, or soul.

I never knew a merchant who required his clerks to be punctually in the "*Box*" every night, in order to learn how to sell goods, post books, and save money.

But I have known more than one who watched his young men with a jealous eye, as soon as he ascertained that a dollar went every night for "*tickets.*" Every shrewd business man understands full well the tendency of a theatrical influence. Notwithstanding he may set an unwise example, respecting it. I never saw a doctor, lawyer, or an artist who required his student, or a mechanic his apprentice, or a teacher his pupil, to attend the theatre. Hence, we may reasonably conclude that there is nothing indispensible there. If there was no evil attending it but the loss of time and money, we might consent to have such as can afford it, go and enjoy it.

But there *are* other evils, and as the warmest advocates for theatres know it well themselves, I need not enlarge. Many frequent these places who never read a daily paper except to see what is to be the next play, or for some similar information, nor pay for it, if they do. And many attend who are short of bread, and *can't pay their debts.*

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

But there are sources of more rational entertainment than the temples of the drama can afford,

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among which may be noticed the *American Museum.* This establishment was founded in 1810, but it has acquired its popularity mainly through the enterprise of its present proprietor, P. T. Barnum, Esq., who purchased it in 1842.

Many hours may be spent here with profit and pleasure, both in the study of natural history, and in the examination of works of art, and curiosities without end. This establishment has swallowed up "Peale's Museum," and the "Chinese Museum," and is still sufficiently voracious to devour almost every choice bit in market! But it has somehow made its most substantial repast out of the little General. Yet the American Museum is really a curiosity without Tom Thumb or even Barnum, the greatest curiosity of all. A splendid lecture room is connected with the establishment, where a variety of entertainments are given.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

This Institution, which is much more than a source of amusement, can be visited with great profit and delight; especially during its annual exhibition, or *fair*, which occurs in October, and continues about three weeks. Strangers in coming to town at that season of the year will hardly fail to go and see for themselves.

It would afford me great satisfaction to give the reader a glimpse of what I saw at the twenty-third or last Annual Fair of this Institution. But this is not an easy task. One glance at the articles from

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the gallery would have been worth more to the reader than all the writer can say.

But, it may be said, that it is the writer's profession to tell what he saw, and in so important a place he should not be delinquent. Ah! yes, he has undertaken to do, see, and say, a little too much.

But if you will visit the next annual fair, and should the arrangements be what they were at the last, after pressing your way through a congregation of apple-peddlers, candy-eaters, nut-crackers, and cake-venders, huddled together around the gate, you will enter upon the bridge which leads to "Castle Garden," and the first thing that will attract your attention, will probably be a huge specimen of pure virgin copper from the Minnesota Mines, weighing 3,304 lbs. being a part of a mass of 35 tons which was thrown down by a single blast, the past season, and which would be worth in market $13,000.

Then, Mr. Meneely of West Troy, who is famous for calling people to church, as if to show the importance of the metal, made a display of his "Peal of Bells," some of them weighing 3,252 lbs.

Next in order, came the pumps and ploughs, fanning-mills and flouring-mills, straw-cutters and stone-cutters, grindstones and engines, churn-dashers, and wheat-smutters, wicker-work, and water-works, and a variety of farming implements which none but a farmer knows how to use.

After passing over the bridge and entering the vast amphitheatre, one is at once struck with wonder and delight. The beauty, variety, and utility of the articles which seem to start up before the dazzled

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eye, as if by magic, upon examination fill the mind with admiration. Every man has done his best, and many a woman too, for the contributions from the fair sex honor this important institution not a little. Of course we do not pretend that it was equal in many respects to the "World's Fair." But it was a display, of which every American had reason to be proud.

As this exhibition came off soon after the Swedish Nightingale alighted on our shores, there was of course "Jenny Lind Riding Habits," and "Jenny Lind Castles," and "Jenny Lind Bird-Cages," and "Jenny Lind Sauce," and Jenny every thing, but Jenny herself. The unrivalled bird I did not see, though she was there.

About the centre of the building, a small specimen, not very small either, of California fashions attracted my attention. "Hands off!" Yes, I should think so. What now? These articles appear to have been made for some adventurer who is probably waiting for his legs to grow longer, and whenever they shall have acquired length enough and strength enough to wear and carry the boots, look out for the gold dust in the deepest holes in the Sacramento.

"O my! did you ever? don't it beat all—what will they do next? Here was something that looked like a common box, and smaller than our old chest, and all of a sudden, out jumped a full grown bed. Well, well, if this isn't the greatest contrivance yet," said a motherly-looking old lady, to her friend.

And sure enough the improvements in beds, bedsteads, sofa-beds, bureau-bedsteads, &c., were so great

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that it occurred to me that only one thing was lacking in that department—that a bedstead so constructed as to fold itself up at a proper hour, though it very considerably pinched the sleeper, would be a capital remedy for those who turn night into day and day into night.

But to attempt to give a description of a one-hundredth part of the beautiful and useful articles there exhibited, would be folly. As each article had the manufacturer's address attached, it gave every visitor an opportunity to obtain from the proprietor such specimens of his handicraft, as his own fancy or interest dictated.

Suffice it to say, there was *cloth* for the naked, and *food* for the hungry—*drugs* for the sick, and *beds* for the sleepy—*eyes* for the blind, and *legs* for the lame—*locks* for the bankers, and *lancets* for the doctors—*caps* for the ladies, and *candy* for the babies.

Yes, boot-jacks and banjos, bed-quilts and bee-hives, shovels and shoulder-braces, handkerchiefs and hand-organs, crook-necks and corn-shellers, window-blinds and water-wheels, tea-pots and telescopes, to say nothing about fruits and flowers, pianos and performers, orators and officers. Hence we have come to the conclusion that this place will afford a sufficient amount of amusement for any one reasonably satisfied.

The object of this institution is not to accumulate money, but to encourage manufacturers, artists, agriculturists, horticulturists, inventors, &c., to excel in their several callings; which is a praiseworthy motive. For the last Annual Report and much

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interesting information, the writer is greatly indebted to General Adoniram Chandler, Superintending Agent.

The present number of *members* is 1500. The initiation fee is $5. Annual subscription, $2. The number of contributors at the last fair, was 2,600. Number of visitors, about 300,000. Amount collected was $22,000. Each member is entitled to a free ticket for himself and family. He also has free access to an excellent library of 7,000 volumes, the use of a pleasant reading-room, &c.

Contributors always have access to the Fair free of expense, and the advantage they derive from a public exhibition of their specimens of handicraft, is often very great. One man at the last exhibition, as I was informed by General Chandler, received orders for machinery to the amount of $10,000 ; sales in this way are increasing every year, and valuable articles thus find their way to the ends of the earth.

Premiums in 1850 were as follows:—Gold medals, 92 ; silver cups, 85 ; silver medals, 326. Diplomas, 510 ; volumes of books, 136, and cash, $480.

AMERICAN ART UNION.

The New York Gallery of the "Fine Arts," the "National Academy of Design," and other similar establishments, present many attractions not only to the stranger, but to all lovers of fine specimens of art, causing them to daily linger in their inviting Halls. But on the present occasion I shall notice in particular, only the "American Art Union," and for

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statistics I am indebted to the very able Corresponding Secretary, Andrew Warner, Esq.

This Institution "*For the promotion of the Fine Arts in the United States*," was incorporated in 1840. "Its first distribution of Works of Art was in 1839, when its members numbered 814, and the Works of Art distributed amounted to 39. Its annual income has increased from $3,500 to $96,000; and the Works of Art annually distributed by the Institution have increased from seven, costing about $2,000 to one thousand and ten, costing about $74,000.

"Since its establishment, ten years since, the *American Art Union* has purchased and allotted among its members, over 3,000 Works of Art, executed by about 250 artists, resident in the different States and Territories of the Union, and by American Artists, resident in Rome, Florence, Dusseldorf, Munich, Paris, London, and elsewhere.

"Engravings, etchings, and outlines exceeding half a million in number, have been circulated in the operations of the Institution, throughout our own and other lands."

"Citizens and strangers have free access to its two large galleries, which cover an area of 5,400 square feet, and are filled with choice paintings and other works of art," and in which probably half a million of visitors annually spend a pleasant and profitable hour.

The annual subscription is $5. The Works of Art which every member is sure to receive, would cost him under other circumstances much more than this amount. Each member receives a copy of the

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"Illustrated Monthly Bulletin," published by the institution, containing a large amount of valuable reading matter, and beautiful engravings. This would cost about the amount of the subscription, if obtained elsewhere. Moreover, each member is entitled to share in the distribution of a large number of *paintings* and other works of art.

But this last feature is the only objectionable one, in the minds of some, who have called it little better than a lottery office, on account of the annual distribution of certain valuable paintings, by casting lots.

Whether some better mode of distributing these paintings, or their value, could be adopted, I do not pretend to say. But I do say that I can perceive almost no similarity between the two establishments. Where is there a lottery-office which renders to the purchasers of tickets an equivalent for his money? Where is the vender of lottery tickets who does any good in the world by his traffic—who encourages the purchaser to observe habits of industry, and economy? Alas! he encourages the very opposite course, and flatters the victim to hope for great rewards with no toil.

The Art-Union does no such thing, but encourages the artist to do his very best, and persevere to the end, and such as do not, will have little to expect. And such as become members of the institution, hoping to obtain some of its valuable works, at a very trifling expense, if they are disappointed in this particular, they benefit the artist just as much,

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and still receive the worth of their money, which cannot fail.

In this undertaking, the members of the Art-Union encourage a class of artists who need a helping hand, and in a pleasant and profitable manner (profitable to both parties) help them up the ladder, at least *one round* every year, and also add to the common stock of comforts, for fine pictures are more than a comfort to any man who is not too stupid to enjoy a ride all the better for having a beautiful span of horses attached to his carriage. The works of art make the journey of life the more agreeable, and perhaps I may add the more *safe*.

I have called the attention of the reader to the American Art-Union, because, among other things, it has reached a point of great influence, and, from its large number of subscribers, is able to do much better by each member than it could have done when the list of its supporters was small; and the benefits will thus increase, as the subscribers are multiplied. The present number of members is 16,310. Communications should be addressed to Andrew Warner, Esq., Corresponding Secretary, 497 Broadway.

But the stranger or the citizen, in seeking for entertainment, will not be confined to the halls of amusements. The institution for the Blind, the Deaf Mute, the Orphan, the Friendless, and other kindred Asylums, of which I have spoken on another page, gratuitously admit all who wish to visit them, and we pity the man who can go through these retreats for the afflicted without being abundantly paid for

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his trouble. And if he does not desire to go the second time, we fear that he is a little deficient.

Neither will the lover of novelty stop here. The beautiful specimens of architecture—the splendid palaces of Upper-Tendom—the lofty spires of the sacred temples—"the perfect symmetry of the Custom-House—the massive grandeur of the Merchants' Exchange"—the beautiful Parks and Fountains—the forests of shipping—the cargoes of goods, wares and merchandize—the handicraft of mechanics, and the pitiful tale of the beggar, will all more or less attract his attention, as they present an extensive field for observation, reflection and action.

"The upper portion of the Island furnishes a field for many pleasing *excursions*. The villages of Harlem, Bloomingdale and Manhattanville, the Croton Reservoirs, and the lofty aqueduct bridge are often visited. Nor is either river crossed in vain.

"The shores of New Jersey present the villages of Fort Lee, Weehawken and Hoboken; the first distinguished for that exhibition of nature's grandeur, 'the palisades;' the last for its 'Sybil's Cave' and 'Elysian Fields;' while to the south, rise the spires of Jersey city and the hills of Bergen.

"Brooklyn and Williamsburg, with the numerous villages of Long Island, are not wanting in interest. The heights of Brooklyn, and its shady streets, are the scene of many a pleasing ramble; and the Navy Yard, with its valuable Lyceum, the improvements of the Atlantic Dock Company, and Cemeteries of Greenwood and Cypress Hills, add to the attractions of its vicinity.

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"But those who take delight in excursions upon the water, seek the picturesque villages of Staten Island, and the bathing resorts of Coney Island," especially during the summer season, "or visit the fortifications of the harbor, never cloyed with beauties continually opening to their view, as they glide along the bosom of the magnificent bay, whose waters, under a brilliant sun, have been compared, by a European traveller, to 'waves of liquid gold.'"

"In fine, whether the stranger wander along the docks, or perambulate the streets; whether he attend the tribunals of justice, or visit the inmates of 'The Tombs;' whether he inspect the interior arrangements of the Gas-works, or stand enchanted before the gushing waters of the fountains; whether he stroll through the public promenades, or view from the Battery the expansive bay with its picturesque shores and islands; he cannot fail to discover objects that fill him with wonder and delight."—(*New-York: Past, Present, and Future, p.* 136.)

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WASHINGTON MARKET.

Although this establishment will hardly come under the head of amusements, yet we think the reader, if unaccustomed to visit large markets, could hardly be more amused than to spend two or three hours at this place during the morning, and especially on Saturday.

This great depot of all manner of edibles, from whence so many thousands are fed, is a curiosity to all. As far as the building itself is concerned, *it is a disgrace to the city*, and is as uncomfortable, inconvenient and ill-adapted to the purposes for which it was, and is set apart, as has often been exhibited in town, since the day that the Van Dykes, and Van Tuyls, Van Schoicks and Van Warts, Van Benschotens and Van Arsdales, Onderdonks, Oothouses, and Knickerbockers first set foot on Manhattan Island.

One would suppose that the old barracks were kept in existence to humble the pride of our inhabitants, and to cause the citizens to eat mud. Especially will it strengthen this impression to visit it on a rainy day, when the old riddle of a roof gives all within such a sprinkling and spattering, that the Clerk of the Market recently informed the writer, that in a hard rain, he had frequently gone outside to take shelter under an *awning!*

The *edibles* which are daily sold at this market are

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a credit to our country. In this department we have no fault to find.

The number of stalls or stands, amount to 312, and the rent for all, is about $100 per day. The amount of business done is enormous; but it is impossible to tell how much. We could not get the clerk to venture a "guess." Some say fifteen, some say twenty millions of dollars annually, some say more, some say less, nobody knows. But it is by no means all done at these 312 stands.

There is an immense amount of produce of every description sold outside, from boats lying at the docks, from carts, farmers' wagons, baskets, benches, boxes, &c., and the countless loads which are carted away from the market daily, would almost constrain an inexperienced spectator to come to the conclusion that the inhabitants of this well fed city were living to *eat*.

But the reader will bear in mind that we are not quite so gluttonous after all; for the surrounding towns, cities and countries—inhabitants by land and sea, are more or less fed from this table.

And such a clattering of cleavers, and clashing of knives, and grating of saws, and cracking of bones; such hustling of women and bustling of men, and cramming of baskets, and loading of carts; such scowling and scolding, and bantering and buying can hardly be found any where else.

As for *fruit*, there is no lack at the proper season. Apples, and pears, peaches and plums, grapes, berries, melons, &c., are so displayed in their day, that

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it is somewhat difficult to go through the market with a solvent pocket and a dry mouth.

Vegetables, are almost without end. The only difficulty in being suited in this department, is want of freshness in certain varieties. But with this exception, whenever the surrounding country produces any thing choice in this line, it is sure to be found at this market, upon which every other market in town is more or less dependent, and many out of town look this way for their daily supplies.

If we ascend a little higher in the scale of organization to see what we can find in the *animal kingdom*, we discover here no lack, for there is *pork* for the Gentile, and *beef* for the Jew, *game* for the epicure, and *fish* for the Pope. Hence, all may be supplied with every kind of animal and vegetable food, desirable.

Not only so, but the skill and tact which are brought into requisition to induce all to have their baskets well filled, also claim one's attention.

The *Hucksters* are eloquent in proclaiming the virtues of pumpkins and pennyroyal.

The *Butchers*, with their clean aprons and rosy faces (where's Graham), all have the very best cut of beef, leg of mutton, and slice of steak.

The *Poulterer* extols his turkies, magnifies his geese, lauds his ducks, commends his chickens, displays his game, and boasts of the freshest, fattest, cheapest.

The *Fishmonger* makes a tempting exhibition of the finny tribe, which are still wide awake, flapping their tails on his slippery stand, and so of course as

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long as one stirs, he can vouch for their being perfectly fresh, even those which were out of salt water a week ago; and at a moment's notice a customer can be supplied with the best which the market affords, even to a batch of eels, well skinned, or the fattest shad, well scaled.

The *Oystervender* shows more activity than all. Like the police officers who, with club in hand accompanied the writer on a certain excursion, knocking and opening as they went, without waiting long for an answer, so he walks in, whether welcome or not, and turns out the occupant, giving him another shell, though not half so good as the original.

But, I am aware that the reader is in a fair way to get a very imperfect idea of Washington Market. Well, let him imagine himself standing in the midst of a grove where, on the trunks of the trees all through the forest, are hanging quarters of beef, and sides of pork, and legs of mutton, and loins of veal, and saddles of venison, and flocks of turkies, geese, ducks, chickens, pigeons, quails, &c., and let there be on the branches both fruit and flowers, and on the ground all sorts and sizes of boxes, baskets, tubs, barrels, &c., filled with all kinds of vegetables imaginable, together with a drenching rain, and thousands of buyers and sellers, and he will have a feeble representation of Washington Market.

But it has become so fashionable to have a meat-shop on almost every corner, and fruits and vegetables in almost every grocery, and fish and oysters well nigh swimming through the streets, that our large markets are to some extent forsaken. People

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find it very convenient to step out of their houses slipshod into an adjoining meat-stall, and step back again, almost at the same breath, to find the steaks all ready to leave the gridirons. At the present day, New-Yorkers hardly have time to carve, or chew, or swallow, much less to go far to market.

But this is not all. After stall-feeding his flies, the butcher finds it very convenient to send them into our parlors to roost. This, however, we will agree to submit to, if he will go a little farther from our drawing-rooms to shed innocent blood—stain the streets and gutters a little less, and be a little more liberal in the use of chloride of lime.

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NOVELTY WORKS.

This grand establishment, the largest of the kind in the United States, is now too well known to many to be any longer a *novelty*, but it is nevertheless a curiosity that almost any one, who has not already, can afford to examine at the expense of a day's time, a few hours' ride, and a little passage money.

I called upon the gentlemanly proprietors, Messrs. Stillman, Allen & Co., a few months since, and after telling them that I had simply come to "*see*," I was very soon ashamed that I had so long remained ignorant of such an exciting scene, and such an interesting spectacle as was at once exhibited throughout the vast extent of their manufacturing establishment.

It will be impossible for me to give the inexperienced reader an adequate idea of the articles here made, as respects their variety, quality, quantity, utility, &c. To say that they excel in the manufacture of almost everything which may be called steam machinery, for ships, would be to say but a little, though saying a good deal. And to say, that they make everything that can be thought of, from a giant engine to a dwarfish rattle-box, would perhaps be considered a little extravagant, but would be about as near the truth as I can get it; at least as much so

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as can be said of any establishment on this side of the water.

But my time for examining these works was so limited, and the number of articles worthy of special attention was so great, that I can hardly tell the reader what I did see; yet to my own mind I can present a tolerably satisfactory illustration of the embarrassment under which I then labored, and do still.

Suppose yourself trying to examine the individual straws of a wheat-field while whired along over the ground as fast as the best fed "iron horse" can carry you, and you will have a pretty good idea of the difficulty of giving details from half a day's examination of such an immense concern. Hence, generalities must now take the place of specialities.

The offices and counting-rooms, the machine shops and pattern rooms, the furnaces and foundries, the busy bustle in-door and out, all gave evidence of a manufactory on a grand scale. There was to be seen, before entering the buildings, the dark and curling smoke as it issued and rolled up from the tops of the chimnies in fantastic hieroglyphics, bespeaking something more important left behind.

Within, there was the puffing of steam, and the flashing of fires—roaring of furnaces, and buzzing of lathes—thundering of hammers, and rattling of wheels—clicking of time-pieces, and grating of screw-cutters, creaking of files, and clattering of chisels, punches, dies, drills, tongs, rivets, and sledges; while a multitude of implements were every where visible of which I neither knew the name or use.

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Then there was the swinging to and fro of ponderous cranes, carrying off with perfect ease to some place of deposit, articles of such weight as would puzzle a thousand monsters to budge them an inch, with naked hands.

There was also the mammoth shaft of many tons weight, whirling upon pivots, as if it were but a feather, and with as much apparent ease as did the spindle in another lathe, although small enough for a tooth-pick.

The proprietors kindly furnished me with some brief statistics and interesting items, which I am happy to lay before my readers.

The "Novelty Works" have now been in operation twenty years. The number of men employed, is about 1,200, at an average of about $1,25 per day, that is, including common laborers and apprentices. The men are temperate and industrious, and make a comfortable living, while some of them lay by more or less for "a rainy day." The common *laborers* are mostly foreigners, and the *mechanics*, about one-quarter.

The ground occupied by this company embraces about 210,000 square feet, being equal to eighty city lots or nearly five acres, besides their slips for shipping, &c. The amount of metal used annually, is about 5,500 tons. The value of coal consumed is about $20,000. Daily expenses, $2,500. Smallest castings, one ounce; largest, forty tons. All the machinery is driven by a 100 horse-power engine.

The beautiful steam-ship Arctic of the New York and Liverpool line which was built last season, had

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all her machinery made here. The time occupied in completing said machinery was twelve months, and the expense was $275,000. For the above interesting information, the reader can order a rattle-box, or an engine as one or both are wanted in every town, and almost every house. He will be sure of the best pattern, and the greatest *novelty*.

The largest castings made by this company are "*bed-pieces*" for steam-ships. Upon these bed-pieces the engine, boilers, and all the machinery rest. And to see the liquid metal poured out for one of these mammoth castings, reminds one of the best days of old *Vesuvius*. It is a sight worth seeing. At any rate, the writer walked the distance of a mile five times—namely, ten miles, to witness it, and thought it cheap at that. When speaking of amusements, we might with great propriety have placed this establishment under that head. But as it is much more than a place of amusement, and no museum has yet equalled it (what Barnum *may* do, I know not), I thought proper to give it a more important place.

But I must say a word about casting these bed-pieces. It is not the work of a day, although iron may be melted in half the time, even enough to sink a ship.

The most difficult and tedious part is of course to prepare the *mould*. This requires the labor of about forty men, something like six weeks. While the last day or two, the services of one hundred men are put in requisition.

The first step taken in moulding is, to excavate the earth within the foundry, deep enough and large

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enough for an ordinary cellar, though I know not the dimensions. Then piece by piece is added until the size and shape of the mould required are attained (and it is by no means as flat and uniform in shape as an ordinary hearth stone, nor as easily moulded), and all so put together as to secure strength enough to withstand an immense pressure. When this is completed, the several furnaces are put in full blast and the iron is melted in five hours. In the mean time a large cast iron reservoir which is lined with clay, having an outlet at the bottom, though temporarily closed, is in readiness.

This reservoir stands within six or eight feet of the mould, and leading to and communicating with both the former and the latter, is a trough through which the molten metal flows into the mould, when it is discharged through the opening in the reservoir. The melted iron is carried from the furnaces in ladles and poured into the reservoir, to fill which, it takes four or five hours after the iron is ready to flow from the furnaces, and makes the men sweat not a little; and, during all this time, its fluidity is apparently unchanged.

When all is ready, the gate is hoisted, and the molten stream of burning metal gushes forth, and the brilliant scintillations, glowing flood, sparkling waves, whistling gas, as it rushes up through the vent-holes in the top of the mould, and flashing corruscations, present a scene of exciting interest quite worthy of the artist's laboratory, and satisfactory to the ladies and gentlemen who are fortunate enough to witness it.

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But, I had the pleasure of being present on a still more interesting occasion than the one just noticed, at least in some respects I was more pleased. Perhaps the reader would not go ten miles to witness it, nor read ten lies to know all about it.

Well, while standing in the midst of busy mortals to see every man do his best, the bell rang for *dinner*, and it seemed as though every man heard the first clink before it struck—and didn't they run? If a man had his hammer lifted to strike another blow, he didn't strike it; he let it fall, no matter where, if it cleared his own head, and ran; and all ran, some one way and some another, and I had nothing to do but to clear the track the best way I could, and enjoy the scene to my heart's content, for I could see roast beef, mutton chop, boiled ham, apple dumplings, and sour krout on their faces as they ran.

Now to see such a rush of such a regiment of men, with twelve hundred happy, contented-looking faces, is a sight not chronicled every day in Gotham. To me it was an interesting occasion. Not because the men were hungry, but because every man had earned his dinner, had wherewith to satisfy his appetite, and felt that he had a right to it. And when I reflected that this single establishment gave business and support—an honest living—not only to twelve hundred men, but that probably at least twelve thousand individuals were reaping more or less benefit from its prosperous operations, I could not help saying to myself, these works are a blessing to our city, and an honor to our nation.

We have other similar establishments, though not

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so large, one of which I have visited and design to notice, but would prefer to first look about a little more in this immediate neighborhood; and although the eye is never satisfied with seeing, yet it must be indulged to a limited extent, and so I will accompany the reader to the

"ATLANTIC FORGE."

Here are manufactured immense wrought iron shafts for steamboat water-wheels, and other purposes, but as the proprietor, Mr. Charles F. Tupper, is confined to this particular branch, he of course does not require the services of such a regiment of men as we last noticed. I did not see the proprietor, but was informed by the foreman that about fifty men were employed.

While waiting for the iron to get hot, I scanned the old "Falcon" (as they call their trip-hammer) a little, but I preferred keeping my fingers at a respectable distance from its bill, and especially after I was informed that it weighed *nine tons!*

Perhaps the reader may not know how they make these monster shafts, some of which I am informed weigh *twenty tons.*

Well, they take eight or ten small bars and fasten them together and then weld them into one solid bar. Then they take a sufficient number of these, for the size required, and fasten them together as before; and to heat them they are run into a horizontal cylindrical furnace, which is open to permit the shaft to pass through as far as it is necessary from time to time, as they weld the rods together.

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When the iron is properly adjusted, the ends of the furnace are temporarily filled up with brick and mortar around the shaft, much of which remains outside. It is then subjected to an intense heat for about one hour and a half; and when the welding point is reached, it is wheeled out with perfect ease, by means of a powerful crane and pullies, and placed under the bill of the old "Falcon," where it gets a pretty good pelting; and thus these several bars, which have previously been made of other several bars, are forced together into one solid piece, about as easy as you could squeeze two rolls of butter into one.

BROWN STONE-CUTTERS.

In the immediate neighborhood is a large lot unoccupied except by stone and *stone-cutters*. I halted a moment as I was passing, to see a workman whittle away at a stone which lay near the sidewalk. I was not at all aware of the extent of the work which was done on the lot. The stone on which the man was at work was a brown, or what is frequently called red stone, a block eight or ten feet long, and perhaps ten or twelve inches square. The artist had so dressed it off as to leave large block letters standing out in bold relief for a sign. "You seem to have a large establishment here, sir," said I, to the man.

"Yes, sir; one of the largest in the city," said he.

"Who are the proprietors?"

"Masterton & Smith, sir."

"Where is their office?"

"Over there where you see that little wooden

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building on Eleventh street. You will find them both there, sir."

Not willing to lose so good an opportunity of obtaining a little more information, though unexpectedly presented, I made my way across the lot through a wilderness of stone; and clickerty-click, clickerty-click went the mallets and the chissels, while the chips fell like hailstones in a tornado, and every man looked contented, happy, and as well fed as an alderman, and fancied himself as well off, I suppose.

At the office I learned that the establishment had been in successful operation since the year 1818—that they were employing 101 men at an average of about two dollars per day. This too, it will be remembered, was in the winter. Their men were sober and industrious, much more so than formerly. This establishment turns out annually about $100,000 worth of stone.

SHOE-SHOP.

Soon after leaving the stone-cutters, I came to a somewhat different manufactory. But as it was situated in the same neighborhood with the last three noticed above, perhaps I shall be excused for giving a few details concerning it, and especially as the writer was so much interested in its first appearance that he could not well pass it without at least one call. I thought it a little strange that, as often as I had passed that way, I had not observed it before. Perhaps I should have earlier noticed it if I had been looking for *sights*.

I saw through the window, for it had a window,

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a man sitting on a bench hard at work, and near enough to the side-walk to almost hit my elbows, and as I felt inclined to become a little acquainted with my neighbor, I halted. On opening the door, I met a very accommodating gentleman who saw that I felt inclined to step *in*, and so he wisely and kindly stepped *out*. I don't mean the *shoemaker*, for he kept slipping in the awl, and drawing through the waxen flax, and seemed to feel happy that there was room enough for himself and his visitor, by each submitting to a little friction.

Well, I did not tell him that I was taking the census of the city, neither did I tell him that I was *not*. But I solicited such information as perhaps made him a little suspicious. I took the liberty of asking his name, and inquired about his family.

"They have all left me, sir," said he, "and since me auld woman died, things don't go so well. Ah! no; she used to take good care of me things, and have me something warm and good for me dinner, and all that. But they are all gone, sir."

"A sad thing," said I, "for a man to be alone."

"It is, indeed, sir. A man is poorly off when he is all alone in the world, the best way that you can fix it."

The poor man looked solemn, and appeared lonely, and from him I learned that he had occupied his present shop for five years, and that he greatly regretted that it had recently been marred by a fire which occurred near by, which had very considerably blackened the outside, and burnt a few holes through it.

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"Before that, I had it all nicely covered inside with *pictures*," said he. Thanks to the good-hearted firemen for saving this important building, which is situated in Eleventh street, not a thousand miles from Second Avenue. And having a rule in my pocket (for a surveyor must go prepared to measure) I asked permission to take the dimensions of his shop, which I found to be just six feet, six inches long, four feet, two inches wide, six feet high in the rear, and about seven feet in front.

But some may say why take so much pains to notice such a small concern? Because this shows what New York is, quite as well as does the "Novelty Works." *This is city life.* Moreover, the reader is already aware that I do not intend to despise the day of small things. I have, moreover, made this man's place of business known, presuming that some of my readers may want a patch on their boots. Let the working man be sustained, however humble his cabin.

But I promised to give the reader a word about another establishment, similar in character to the "Novelty Works," and it is perhaps very proper that I should lead him to the spot by the way of the *shoe shop*, lest he might arrive with too exalted expectations, for we must not look for the Novelty Works on every corner.

MANUFACTORY OF R. HOE & CO.

This firm, though not doing so large a business as Messrs. Stillman, Allen & Co., are nevertheless equally successful and prosperous, and the concern

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has been long and favorably known (I think thirty years), and is an honor to the city and the Union. They have two separate buildings, at least a mile apart, though they are in juxtaposition by means of the *Telegraph*. This story-teller saves many a long walk, and when Professor Morse shall have made another improvement, so that a ton of coal or iron can ride back and forth on the wires, whenever it is ordered, they will be satisfied.

This establishment occupies twenty-five lots, or about one acre and a half. A little over three hundred men are employed, at an average of about one dollar and seventy-five cents per day. That is, for the mechanics. Two thousand, five hundred tons of coal are annually consumed, and fifteen hundred tons of iron and steel are worked up into useful implements of various descriptions, to the value of $300,000. For the above statistics, I am indebted to Mr. Hoe, who kindly welcomed me to every part of his establishment, and I regretted that I had undertaken to see so much for others, that I had little time for myself.

This company greatly excel in the manufacture of a large variety of articles, of which I cannot speak. Such beautiful specimens of *saws* are rarely seen any where else. But they are too well known, almost from the north to the south pole, to need any notice in so humble a volume as this. Their *circular* saws were splendid, beyond anything of the kind that I had ever before examined, and were of all sizes from two inches to five feet in diameter, the largest being worth $200.

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But for presses for rapid printing, they may challenge the world! Think of that, all ye proud sons of Uncle Sam! Yes, challenge the world, old and new, civilized and heathen.

These gentlemen manufacture all the ordinary presses to great perfection, such as the "Patent Washington Printing Press," "Patent Smith Printing Press," "Hand Lever Press," "Patent Machine Card Press," "Ready Proof Press," together with "Self-Inking Machines," &c. &c.

But the climax of all presses for quick work, is the "*Cylinder Press*," which is the invention of Mr. Hoe, and for which he has received a patent, and an imperishable name. About so important an invention as this, the reader who has never had access to such creatures, may wish to know something, and I regret that I cannot describe it. Many live within the sound of its buzz, and do not take the trouble to examine it, and of course do not deserve to know anything about it.

But for another class, I would say, that the type, after being set, are placed upon cylinders, as you will naturally infer from the name, and these cylinders rapidly revolve by steam, or other motive power, and the sheets of paper pass through as fast as a man can place them in a proper position, and receive an impression, while the revolving type at each revolution receive a supply of ink. This is one of the *sights!*

The first successful printing on these presses, was done in 1847, and the first press was purchased for the "*Philadelphia Ledger.*" There are three large

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Cylinder Presses in daily use in this city on which the New York Sun, Herald, and Tribune are printed, and how many smaller presses of similar construction are whirling off the sheets, I know not. Mr. Hoe informed me that Boston would soon have three of these large presses in operation, and ere this, they are probably inundating the Bay State with a flood of intelligence, for they will not long remain behind their neighbors.

But the reader may say, "What is it to me what the Bostonians have, or do?"

A good deal to you. If urgent business should call you there, from New Jersey or New Hampshire, making it necessary that the journey should be performed in a few hours; and the facilities for traveling and other accommodations should be so imperfect that you could not reach that city in less than four days, nor get more than three scanty meals on the way, nor a mouthful to eat in as many hours after entering the town, you would not be long in coming to the conclusion that it was something even to *you*, that the inhabitants of neighboring towns were so much behind the times.

And would you famish, or have your neighbors remain destitute of intellectual food for hours or days, when you and they can be supplied with a real feast in *five minutes?*

But I have not told you what can be done with these presses—these specimens of Yankee ingenuity. When I visited the manufactory, Mr. Hoe informed me that he had just completed for the enterprising proprietors of the "New York Sun," the largest

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cylinder press ever made; and that fifty men were employed on it for six months—that it contained eight cylinders—cost twenty thousand dollars, and was capable of printing *twenty thousand copies an hour!* Since then it has demonstrated the truth of the prediction.

Think of *that* one moment, and you will not say that it is nothing to you. Old "Red Jacket" would never say so, if he was alive and as able to read as he was the last time that I saw him in the city of Buffalo. Neither would old "Corn Planter" intimate any such thing to his tribe on the Alleghany.

Nothing to us? In a little while it will be much to the Hottentot and Esquimaux! Let us see to whom it will *not* be something. How many are to be fed? At a moderate estimate, at least nine hundred millions, and many of them pretty hungry.

Now supposing six individuals to a household, we have one hundred and fifty million families to be supplied. Well, if we put men enough on this press to run it day and night, Sundays excepted, *we can give every family on the globe, an annual paper from this single press*, and have two hundred and forty thousand copies left to sell at the counter!

Think of that! friends, out there on the Monongahela among the catamounts! You havn't begun to "see the Elephant," yet, nor we either; for when Captain Taggart gets his "*Flying Machine*" perfected, with a few more presses, our Lunar neighbors can be supplied with a copy of the "Sun" every morning. And won't they be enlightened?

But I perceive that I have got out of the machine-

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shop into the printing office, just where one is apt to get now-a-days, who unfortunately has a fund of knowledge to communicate, and who fancies, moreover, that he has sufficient tact to put decent thoughts enough together, to say *we!*

I have incidentally alluded to three of our old and successful dailies, namely the New York Sun, Herald, and Tribune, and would gladly give such a notice of the principal publications in the city, as such *diffusible stimulants* demand. But time will not permit, neither would an ordinary volume hold all that might be said, of interest, about the press. And what is still more important, our praises (poor things) are not needed.

But a work of the right stamp, exclusively devoted to this important department, setting forth truthful statistics—giving a brief history of each successful editor, and presenting, in a clear light, the responsibility, toil, influence, trials, and emoluments incident to such a profession, together with such other topics as would naturally claim a respectful notice, would, we think, be quite acceptable to the reading world. The very thing, for ought we know, may be now extant, but it don't belong to "what I saw in New York."

As I have spoken of a physical, I beg leave to briefly notice a *moral* improvement in the press.

The reader is aware that there was a time when even a religious paper would hardly dare to promulgate and enforce such salutary principles and sentiments as the secular press now every day, and hour, boldly announce and defend.

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Where do we now find any paper of character or importance, which knowingly speaks *lightly of our holy religion?* True, we have here and there a scurrilous sheet thrown upon the breeze. But with hearts blacker than the ink they waste, these cloven-footed, forked-tongued publishers reveal their true character the first step they take, and generally soon die a natural death, and have few mourners.

Now, the sermons which we hear in the sanctuary, very often find their way to thousands of readers, through the morning papers of the succeeding day, and perhaps the second edition may do more good than the *first.* In this, we rejoice; and for this, we call upon every American to give thanks.

Yes, the secular press is more or less consecrated to morality and religion, and is daily lending a helping hand to important movements in christendom, and ceases not to chronicle with fidelity and despatch, the formation and prosperity of all religious denominations. Friends, *it was not so thirty years ago!* Moreover, there never was a time when, on the subject of temperance, the press was more sound and reliable, than at the present moment.

Not a paper can be found whose proprietor will knowingly and willingly lend his influence to the dram-drinking, rum-soaking, toddy-loving community, except those who are ashamed to have their carriers out by day-light. This is an encouragement worthy of being remembered, and ought to give the temperance car sufficient momentum to drive it rapidly over the great field of desolation, leaving in its train reformation and salvation.

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True the two great antagonistic agents, *rum* and *water*, have a hard struggle; yet we hope to see the latter drown out and overthrow the former, in due time. It is said, that intemperance has of late *increased* in the city, and it would not be very strange if it had, for does any one suppose that all of those two hundred and twelve thousand, seven hundred and ninety-six emigrants which landed in our midst during the past year, were "Father Mathew" men?

If it has increased to some extent, it should not discourage, but rather stimulate us to greater activity, and zeal according to knowledge. There never was a time when a more intelligent view of the evils of intemperance, and a more ardent desire, and fixed determination to rid our country of its greatest curse, occupied the minds and hearts of men, than now.

But, I have got out of the printing office into a temperance lecture. Well, I did not intend to say much about the press or the cause of temperance, as I had nothing new to offer in regard to either, though many encouraging things might be said of both. We hope that the editorial corps will continue to consecrate their talents and energy to the good work, and all their patrons co-operate, until we can build our ships of iron, our wharfs of brass, and our streets of gold. And it will be comparatively easy to substitute brass for wood, and gold for stone, by substituting water for rum, and common sense for folly.

NEW-YEARS."

But many of our good citizens set a bad example at the very beginning of every year, though they do

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not seem to be sensible of an error so palpably manifest. Almost the very first step they take, is fatal to some poor mortal.

Perhaps some of my readers may hardly know how the day is passed in New-York, and it would be rather difficult for me to tell. But "New-Years" and "May-day" are different from all other days in the year. The peculiarities of the latter having been briefly noticed, I will say a word about the former, although this is hardly the place to begin the year. But never mind, our temperance lecture must be finished.

As things at present exist, it is doubtful whether more evil than good is not the result of keeping the day according to the good old Dutch custom, which has become so general, that nobody dares to raise a voice against it.

"But what is the custom which has thus been introduced with all the sanction and authority of Holland?" perhaps the reader will ask.

Why, to call on every family that you have ever seen, if possible—stay long enough to say "Happy New-Year"—taste of all the good things—extol what you eat and drink—praise all the babies, and say, "good by."

This privilege belongs exclusively to gentlemen. The ladies, however, are permitted to visit each other the *next day*, and wish them all the happiness imaginable, which of course is very acceptable, and if they venture to congratulate the gentlemen a little, this rudeness is generally tolerated with a very commendable forbearance.

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Now we would not in the least object to the festivities of the day, if the good ladies would keep the *intoxicating cup* out of sight. It cannot be doubted that many who have solemnly resolved to reform and lead a sober life, do on these very days, and in this very way, relapse into hopeless degradation, because they have not stamina enough to refuse the cup so kindly, nay, so *cruelly* offered. Hence, instead of its being the beginning of a Happy New-Year to them, it is the death-blow to hope and happiness—the beginning of woe, and sorrow unutterable.

Now, we do think that the good people of New-York ought to begin the year with a better example. One of the reasons for coming to such a conclusion is, that we have seen in the streets, on these occasions, a larger number of men "the worse for the wear," than on any other day in the year, not even excepting the Fourth of July.

Let all who desire to promote the welfare of their fellow men, and the prosperity of the city, begin and end the year with a salutary example, whether it is *fashionable* or not, and we shall find a greater reason for commemorating such a day, than the dawn of a sidereal year.

Here, again, I am happy to advert to a timely warning, though not sufficiently heeded, which came from the press a little before the last old year bade us, farewell. Let the press speak until the people's ear shall tingle.

The fact is, we can do better without steam, and galvanism, and rum too, than without the press, to

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which we are greatly indebted for many valuable hints in the present volume, and wishing them and their readers all success, for the benefit of our country friends, we will give a tabular view of some of the New York periodicals.

The reader will of course understand that the editors of these papers marked *neutral* in the table, have permission to *lean* a little according to circumstances. Occasionally their obliquity may become so great as almost to destroy their neutrality. But never mind if all the anti-political props fall. Don't stop the papers, if their moral character is good, for a man often finds out his own bumps, good or bad, better by looking into the morning papers an hour before breakfast, than by the reflections of his gilded mirror. *But if not good, let not even their ashes remain on your hearth.*

Moreover, it will be recollected that the amount for each journal is the price paid in advance.

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PERIODICALS, &c.

Title.	Street.	Period.	Character.	Price.
New York Sun, - -	124 Fulton	Daily	Neutral	4 00
" " " - -	" "	Weekly	"	1 00
" " Herald, - -	125 "	Daily	"	7 00
" " " - -	" "	Weekly	"	3 00
New Yorker, -	100 Nassau	Daily	"	4 00
" - - -	" "	Weekly	"	1 00
Morning Star, - - -	102 "	Daily	"	4 00
Journal of Commerce, -	91 Wall	Daily	"	9 00
" - - -	" "	Weekly	"	2 00
New York Tribune, - -	154 Nassau	Daily	Whig	5 00
" " - -	" "	Weekly	"	2 00
" " Express, - -	1 "	Daily	"	7 00
" " " - -	" "	Weekly	"	2 00
N. Y. Commercial Advertiser,	46 Pine	Daily	"	10 00
" " Spectator, -	" "	S'mi W.	"	4 00
" " Courier & Enquirer,	70 Wall	Daily	"	10 00
" " " -	70 "	Weekly	"	2 00
" " Evening Post, -	18 Nassau	Daily	Democr't	9 00
" " " - -	" "	Weekly	"	1 00
" " Evening Mirror,	105 "	Daily	Whig	6 00
" " "	" "	Weekly	"	1 00
" " Observer, -	142 Nassau	"	Presby'n	2 50
" " Evangelist, - -	120 "	"	"	2 00
Christian Intelligencer, -	103 Fulton	"	Dut. Ref.	2 50
The Churchman, - -	12 John	"	Episcop.	3 00
Protestant Churchman, -	669 B.Way	"	"	2 50
New York Recorder, -	122 Nassau	"	Baptist	2 00
Independent, - -	24 Beekm'n	"	Congreg'l	2 00
Christian Advocate, - -	200 Mulb'y	"	Method't	1 25
Golden Rule, - - -	44 Ann	"	I.O.O.F.	2 00
American Artisan, - -	9 Spruce	"		2 00
" " - -	" "	Mon'ly		2 00
Home Journal, - -	107 Fulton	Weekly		2 00
Sabbath Recorder, - -	9 Spruce	"	7th D.B't	2 00
The Weekly Journal, -	122½ Fult'n	"		1 00
Sears' Family Visitor, -	181 Will'm	"		2 00
Farmer & Mechanic, -	122 Nassau	"		2 00
Railroad Journal, - -	136 "	"		5 00
Weekly Review, - -	9 Spruce	"		1 50

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Title.	Street.	Period.	Character.	Price
Scientific American, - -	128 Fulton	Weekly		2 00
L'Eco d'Italia—Italian, -	289 B.Way	"		4 00
Literary World, - -	109 Nassau	"		3 00
Spirit of the Times, - -	1 Barclay	"		5 00
Path Finder, - - -	138 Fulton	"		1 50
New York Picayune, - -	122 "	"		1 00
Bank Note Reporter, - -	64 Wall	"		2 00
Sunday School Journal, -	147 Nassau	S'm.M.		25
Youth's Penny Gazette, -	" "	"		12½
Journal of Temperance Union,	149 "	Mon'ly		1 00
Ladies' Repository, - -	200 Mulb'y	"		2 00
Child's Companion, -	147 Nassau	"		25
American Review, - -	120 "	"		5 00
Harper's Magazine, - -	82 Cliff	"		3 00
International Magazine, -	222 B. Way	"		3 00
American " - -	2 Pine	"		2 00
Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag.	54 Gold	"		3 00
Westminster Review, -	" "	"		3 00
Edinburgh " -	" "	"		3 00
The Dollar Magazine, -	109 Nassau	"		1 00
American Temperance Mag.	86 "	"		2 00
Christian Parlor "	116 "	"		2 00
Hunt's Merchants' Magazine,	142 "	"		5 00
Eclectic " -	120 "	"		5 00
Knickerbocker " -	139 "	"		5 00
Union " -	156 "	"		3 00
Mothers' Magazine,	116 "	"		1 00
Mag. for Mothers & Daughters,	151 "	"		1 00
Merry's Museum, - -	116 "	"		1 00
Jewish Chronicle, - -	151 "	"		1 00
N. Y. Colonization Journal,	" "	"		50
Journal of Mission, - -	150 "	"		25
Methodist Quarterly Review,	200 Mulb'y	Quar'ly		2 00
London " "	54 Gold	"		3 00
North British "	" "	"		3 00

As light is quite as essential to the reader as the printed page, it may be proper for me to notice one of our great artificial fountains of illumination.

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MANHATTAN GAS WORKS.

This immense establishment which is located in 18th-street, west of 10th Avenue, will abundantly pay any man who has any taste for useful curiosities, for a stroll among the *Retorts*. At the office, he will find the talented and gentlemanly engineer, Charles Roome, Esq., ready to explain any thing and show every thing. He has no secrets.

The writer recently visited these Works, and was both amused and instructed; and as some of his readers may be nearly as ignorant (I hope not) of the modus operandi of gas-making, as was the author a few weeks since, it may be proper for him to present a brief outline of the mode of manufacturing this important compound.

The gas is distilled from Bituminous coal, two-thirds of which is Cannel, and the balance New-Castle coal. Cast iron retorts, semi-circular in shape, twenty inches wide, and seven feet long, placed in a horizontal position, three in one furnace, and kept at a red heat day and night, receive the coal, which is thrown in by means of a scoop which holds from 150 to 200 pounds.

As soon as the scoop is withdrawn, the front end of the oven-like retort is closed by a lid or door, which is then made gas-tight, by means of luting. After remaining about four hours, it is considered pretty well cooked or *coked*, when the charge is said

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to be worked off, as the gas which is produced after the fourth hour, possesses but little illuminating power.

On removing the lid, the coke which remains after the gas has escaped, is taken from the retorts and used as fuel in the furnaces, while the baker always has another batch of bread, though not very light nor over white, ready for the oven.

The vapors contained in the coal, ascend through a pipe connected with the retort, and are partially condensed by passing through water in a horizontal pipe, called the hydraulic main, which is placed above the furnaces. In this hydraulic main, a quantity of tar is separated from the gas by condensation, and is conducted to a cistern, and ultimately put into barrels and sent to market.

The gas rises through a pipe on the end of the hydraulic main, and is conveyed to and through the *condensers*, which are a series of vertical cast iron pipes, from which jets of water are continually thrown up, giving the gas a good shower-bath, washing down its impurities which flow off with the water in a proper channel.

After this, the gas again passes through a body of water to remove the remaining ammonia.

It then passes through *Purifiers*, which are square, cast iron vessels, eleven feet long and five feet wide; each containing five rows of perforated sheet-iron plates, one above the other, and all covered with hydrate of lime. In this process, as the gas passes through the lime, the carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen are removed.

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From these vessels, the gas is conducted through the *Station Meters* where it is accurately measured, to mammoth gas-holders, which are sheet-iron vessels, from forty to ninety feet in diameter, and from twenty to forty feet in height.

From these great carburetted-hydrogen store-houses, the gas is conducted under ground through cast-iron pipes, from three to eighteen inches in diameter, to various parts of the city, greatly to the annoyance of those who "love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

But the reader may entertain an erroneous opinion in regard to the amount of pressure to which these great sheet-iron-hearts are subjected in order to drive their contents through the most remote, minute, crooked, and knotty net-work of arteries, for hundreds of miles. In this particular the writer claims to have been very considerably in the fog. The amount of pressure is almost nothing at all.

And whether the gas-holder is full or not, the supply, when the gas is permitted to flow, is uniformly the same. In one sense the gas-holder is always full, although the amount of gas may be modified every hour.

These gas-holders are inverted vessels in brick tanks, or cisterns, which are twenty feet deep, and filled with water, and, like an inverted tumbler, dip into the water in said tanks, and sink or rise, as the quantity of the gas within is diminished or increased, and thus the consumer receives a uniform supply whether the reservoirs contain little or much.

Thus the gas in store, continually rests upon the

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surface of the water, and to prevent too much pressure from the weight of these immense iron vessels, they are nearly balanced by weights, chains, and pullies, so that the pressure within is less than that obtained from a column of water two inches high. It will readily be understood, that the more the pressure, the greater the waste, wherever and whenever there happens to be a chance for it to escape. And hence the object of using as little as will produce a sufficient circulation.

Gas is now considered almost indispensable in the city. So much so, that scarcely a respectable dwelling house is now built without gas-fixtures. The following statistics show a very great increase in the consumption of gas in our city. The amount made by this company in 1842 was 17,000,000; in 1850 the amount was 103,000,000 cubic feet.

This company has at present forty-three furnaces, and one hundred and thirty retorts, and employs one hundred and fifty men. They are now building a new retort-house one hundred and forty feet long, and fifty-two feet wide, to contain one hundred and fifty retorts. They are also building two tanks, eighty-six feet in diameter, and twenty feet deep, to receive two "Telescope gas-holders" (as they call them), which are to be forty feet high, and each capable of containing over 200,000 cubic feet of gas.

During the winter season, this company manufactures about 500,000 feet per day, and the most which has yet been consumed in one night, is 560,000 feet.

A street lamp, 4,000 of which are lighted by the Manhattan Gas-Works, will consume from three

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to five feet per hour. Private burners about the same. The cost of gas to private consumers, is $3 50 per thousand feet. A cubic foot contains a little over six gallons.

A ton of coal will make from nine to ten thousand feet of gas. A burner which will consume five feet of Cannel coal gas per hour, will produce a light equal to twenty-four sperm candles at six to the pound. The same quantity of New Castle, or Virginia coal gas, will only equal twelve candles. So says the engineer, and if any body, he knows.

Gas-light, for many reasons, is preferable to any other artificial light with which we are acquainted. We sometimes hear it said, that it is injurious to the eye. But we hesitate not in the least to say that a thousand-fold more eyes are injured for the want of it. For the last ten years we have had an abundant opportunity of seeing this important organ affected, under almost every variety of circumstances. But we do not recollect of a single well marked case of serious injury from gas-light.

But cases of injury resulting from the use of an *imperfect* light, have not been wanting. Neither have the fatal consequences of using "spirit gas" (falsely so called) been rare, scarcely a day passes without an explosion and disastrous results.

Moreover, those distressing cases which so often send a shuddering chill through the community, in consequence of an unfortunate use of a simple candle, are probably more than ten times as likely to occur, as where gas is used, even in a proportionate number of burners. And for a very important reason. Gas

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burners are *fixtures*. Another item to be considered is, gas light makes no sparks.

The advantages of gas, as to cleanliness and its illuminating power, and the ease with which its light may be modified, &c., need not be noticed. The great desideratum seems to be, a good light, at a cheap rate, produced in a safe manner.

In this city gas must necessarily be much higher than in many of our western cities where coal is much cheaper, as no suitable American coal can be had here, except at too great an expense. But, according to the information which I received from Mr. Roome, there is one item which our consumers ought to know. That if the company was not obliged to light the public lamps at an actual loss every year, they could furnish private consumers at a price twenty-five per cent. less than at present.

Now, although this company was chartered by the Legislature, yet it must obtain consent of the city to lay pipes in the streets. The city, as I understand, refuse this, unless the Gas Companies agree to light the street lamps for what the old oil lamps cost. Now, with this matter I have little to do, and about it less to say. It is more my appropriate business at present to chronicle what *is*, than to say what *should* be in Gotham.

But, without appearing to plead the cause of the Gas Companies, or light-seekers, we will just say one thing. When we are out in the night, at an hour when honest men who can, ought to be asleep, and when the Island seems to be transferred to Egypt, we are pretty careful to keep out of the grease-light-

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ed avenues when we can; and feel safer to walk a street (if it is not too long) which has but one good gas-light at each end of it.

METER.

Before leaving the subject of gas, perhaps some of my readers may expect me to tell them how it is known what quantity each individual consumes; or, in other words, how it is measured. Well, this is effected by the use of one of the most ingeniously contrived instruments ever devised by man for exercising the functions of an impartial agent between buyer and seller, namely, the *meter*. This instrument is attached to the pipe after it enters the dwelling, and through it all the gas must pass before it can reach the burners.

Although simple in its construction, and beautiful in its operation, yet it is not a very easy matter to give a description of it that will be readily understood by those who have never seen it. Hundreds and thousands have it in their houses, and never take the trouble to know any thing about its ingenious contrivance. If such persons were to visit the manufactory of Mr. Samuel Down, in 22d-street, near the Hudson River, they would probably find that they had spent days and weeks, and dollars and cents to gratify curiosity, without obtaining one half of the satisfaction that this little instrument could measure out to them in half an hour.

Mr. Down manufactures this article to great perfection, and employs 36 men, at an average of about $10 wages per week, and annually turns out 2,500

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instruments, each of which, with ordinary care, will last an age.

This machine is composed entirely of metal, and consists mainly of an external cylindrical case, and an internal hollow drum, which resembles an ordinary reaction waterwheel. The interior has no communication with the atmosphere. The wheel, which revolves on its axis, is partly immerged in water. It is divided into four equal, obliquely formed chambers. The openings of these chambers are called inlets and outlets, and are so arranged that one chamber is filled at the same time that the one next to it is emptied, it being impossible that any two of them can be full at the same time.

The gas, in passing through these apertures to the burner, gives a reaction motion to the wheel, while the inlets and outlets of the respective chambers are opened and closed as they successively rise above, and descend below the surface of the water.

A simple train of wheels, similar to those used in clocks, being attached to the revolving drum, moves a hand over the dial or clock-like face, on the outside, which at a glimpse reveals the number of feet of gas which have passed through the meter for months.

This useful machine was invented by a Mr. Cleg, of London, about thirty-three years ago, and has been improved very little since.

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PIANO-FORTES.

There are forty or fifty manufactories of these beautiful musical, and almost indispensable instruments, which at the present day adorn nearly every mansion. But less than a dozen do the most of the business in this department.

I recently had the pleasure of going through Mr. H. Worcester's manufactory, on the corner of Fourteenth-street and Third Avenue, and although he does not turn out so many instruments as some other shops, yet I believe there are no better ones made in town, than he manufactures. At any rate I was well paid for my visit, and saw in his wareroom as beautiful and fine-toned pianos as will often fall to the lot of delicate fingers to handle. The prices ranged from $225 to $1,000.

The high and low priced instruments are made very much alike internally, at all the shops; the principal difference in the expense, depends upon the external finish.

Like all modern pianos, the instrument valued at a thousand dollars, was made of rosewood. The ends, front, and back were beautifully ornamented with inlaid woods of different hues, representing flowers, landscapes, birds, &c., and so exquisitely done, as to be easily mistaken for paintings.

The legs which supported the instrument, were

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beautifully carved from large solid blocks of rosewood, and cost about $150. The tone of the model-piano was as sweet to the ear, as honey is to the tongue.

Mr. Worcester employs sixty workmen, at an average of about $11 per week. In the manufacture of these articles, which contribute so much to domestic comfort, there are about thirty distinct branches, to say nothing about those who manufacture the lumber, the wire for the strings, the screws and nails, glue, varnish, brushes, sandpaper, and various other materials.

THE VENERABLE PEAR TREE.

The stranger, in visiting the city, should not forget the venerable old *pear-tree* which stands in the same avenue, on the next corner below. That is, on the corner of Third avenue and Thirteenth street, where it has stood since the year 1646. It is said that it was planted by Peter Stuyvesant, who was then Governor of "*New Netherlands*," and has lived to feed ten generations of red and white men, and bears fruit still, and from this living remembrancer of the good old days of yore, the writer fondly hopes to receive the present season a fresh token of the good sense of the Dutch Governor. In the mean time he will sing, "Woodman spare the tree." On the 10th day of June the present year, I measured this living relic of the ancient Knickerbockers, and found it to be, at the height of four feet from the ground, 99 inches in circumference.

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PROFESSIONS AND CALLINGS.

It may give the inexperienced reader a faint conception of the extent of the Empire City by glancing briefly at the numerical display of a few of the professions, trades, &c., although the following table falls short of the reality, as directories are imperfect guides. Moreover, it does not include clerks, journeymen, apprentices, &c.

Merchants, Dry Goods,	1,268	Upholsterers,	100
" Silks, &c.,	103	Lawyers,	1,265
" Fancy Goods,	502	Physicians,	900
" Thread & Nedlees,	243	Druggists,	265
" Toy,	35	Dentists,	136
" Hard Ware,	282	Butchers,	666
" Iron,	57	Bakers,	467
" Stove,	73	Tailors,	691
" Commission,	679	Dress-makers,	447
" General,	133	Boot & Shoe-makers	1,221
" Forwarding,	73	Soap & Candle-makers,	45
" Crockery & Glass,	165	Chair-makers,	277
" Book,	231	Cabinet-makers,	278
" Grocers,	2,639	Masons, (incorrect)	44
" Wine and Liquor,	239	Machinists,	79
" Produce & Provis'n	414	Painters,	354
		Printing Establishments,	264
Total,	7,136	Jewelers,	105
		Coopers,	133
Porter Houses,	2,002	Carpenters,	230
Hotels,	68	Barbers & Hair-dressers,	406
Expresses,	27	Confectioners,	271
Tin Smiths,	223	Boarding Houses,	561
Engravers,	151	Wheelwrights,	56
Teachers (incorrect)	100	Milk and Butter Dealers,	182
Milliners,	257	Brokers, Exchange, &c.	422
Livery Stables,	137	Notaries, Public,	87
Varnish-makers,	16	Fishmongers,	115
Iron Founders,	39	Sugar Refiners,	13
Flour Dealers,	74	Washerwomen,	200

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SHIPPING.

Few persons can be found who are not interested in taking a view of our forests of shipping; for in our harbor, which is one of the best in the world, may be seen, every day in the year, a very large number of vessels of various sizes, kinds, and names, from different lands, or rather waters; which sail under a variety of colors—and come, and go, laden with the productions of every clime.

The total number of arrivals at this port during the year 1850 was 3,854, and for these statistics we are greatly indebted to Hamilton Bruce, Esq., of the Custom House.

Many of these vessels belong to regular lines, and move like clock-work, having fixed periods for sailing, freight or no freight, passengers or not.

Others, are more unsteady and wandering, having the special right of sailing in any direction which offers the greatest inducements, or the most gold.

Some of these ships, both the sailing and the steam packets, are magnificent "floating palaces" in earnest. The stranger will of course take delight in paying them a visit, and if he is fortunate enough to get into a circle of *Jack Tars* who have both the leisure and the inclination to exchange "*yarns*," he will probably be greatly amused with the thrilling descriptions of incidents in the lives of these gallant sons of the ocean. But he mus'n't mind the *bumpers*.

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About six months are required to build a first class sailing packet of 1,200 tons, as I am informed by a gentleman who has been long and successfully engaged in the shipping business; and, including the rigging, it will take 20,000 days' work to finish it, and will cost when completed about $90,000. Her average trip to Liverpool will be about nineteen days; her return trip twenty-seven days. Her fare $75 out, and $80 back, for cabin passage. Freight about $5 per ton, to Liverpool or London.

The number of vessels built at this port the past year, says the "Tribune," was eighty-seven, and the aggregate tunnage was 89,741.

PROFITS OF A SINGLE VOYAGE.

To give the reader a faint idea of the profits of the shipping business when successful, I will briefly notice the proceeds of one trip of a single vessel which left this port something over a year ago. She took in a cargo for San Francisco, and after reaching that port and discharging her freight, she started for China. There she reloaded and safely returned to New York, dividing among her owners $90,000 net profit. This I had from one of the company. But it will be remembered that such profitable trips are not quite so numerous as the drops of the ocean.

I recently inquired of a wealthy ship owner, how many vessels he had lost during a long career of commercial operations on the Atlantic. He replied eight. I then asked him how many men in his employ had gone to the bottom of the ocean. To this solemn question he replied with a trembling lip,

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"*One hundred and seventy-five*," besides here and there one who had been lost over board, either by his own carelessness and folly, or by accident or unavoidable causes.

Here we have at least two hundred individuals suddenly cut off while in the honest employment of a single man; and a truthful list of all who sleep in the great deep who once sailed from this single port, would be frightfully interesting.

STEAM-SHIPS.

As steam-ships are becoming quite numerous and popular, I will briefly notice one, to which I have already alluded, namely, the "*Arctic*," and the only one which I have taken pains to examine—a model steamer of the Collins line. This vessel is 290 feet in length upon the upper deck, 46 feet deep, and 32 feet hold. Her cabins are ample, convenient, and beautiful, though there is less display of "gingerbread work," than in some modern vessels.

Her "Side Lever Engine" is of beautiful workmanship, and has a ninety-five inch cylinder, and ten feet stroke. Her wheels are thirty-five feet, six inches in diameter, being armed with thirty-six paddles, each twelve feet, six inches in length. The engines rest upon immense cast iron bed pieces, thirty-two feet in length and nine feet in width. The shafts are 23 inches in diameter. There are four immense boilers. The weight of the engine and boilers, exclusive of water, is 800 tons! This ship cost $600,000, and when at sea, requires the services of about 130 men.

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The steam-ships of this line average a trip in about eleven days. The quickest passage ever yet made from New York to Liverpool is nine days and eighteen hours, which was recently accomplished by the "*Pacific*" of this line. The shortest return trip on record, is nine days eighteen hours and forty-five minutes, which was achieved by the "*Baltic*," also of the Collins line, which has completely taken the palm. John Bull must do a little better, or stop bragging. These ships consume from 58 to 60 tons of coal per day. Passengers' fare is $130 out, and about $175 from Liverpool to New York.

The day of steam is full of wonders, and the present period is an age of astounding discoveries and marvelous achievements. But great as are the improvements which have been introduced through the aid of this potent agent, yet, for aught we know, steam may soon be superseded by some motive power still more available.

STEAM BOATS.

As for ordinary steam *boats*, our harbor, bay, and rivers are perfectly alive with them. Many of them are commodious, and some, magnificent almost beyond description, and move through the water as though they were in a hurry to cut up the element into ribbons: some of them measuring off nearly twenty-five miles in an hour.

During the summer, more than a dozen are devoted to excursions, and frequently give our citizens the benefit of an agreeable and healthful gliding over the waters of the Atlantic and Hudson, twenty or

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thirty miles for one York shilling. And in this respect, no other city in the world can hardly compare with New York.

These steam-boats, many of which are constantly plying between the city and neighboring country towns, not only afford great facilities for travelling, but bring daily to our markets the indispensable productions of the farmer and gardener.

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RAIL-ROADS.

Perhaps I ought to say a word about Rail-Roads and their benefit to the town. Our sister city in the old "Bay State," has rather taken the lead of us, in the Rail-Road enterprise. Yet the iron horse and his whistling rider are daily heard in our midst. There are at present but three rail-roads that directly reach the city—namely, the "Harlem," "New York and New Haven," and "Hudson River" Rail-Roads. But there are seven other roads—namely, "Camden and Amboy," "Central Rail-Road of New Jersey," "Long Island," "Morris and Essex," "Ramapo and Paterson," "New York and Erie," and "New Jersey" Rail-Roads and their tributaries, which pour their cargoes of milk and honey into the lap of the metropolis. But more of the former than of the latter.

The immense benefit which our citizens daily derive from the facilities afforded by our rail-roads for obtaining the single article of *pure milk*, can hardly be computed. Neither can the evil which is still poured out upon the city through the medium of a flood of impure, poisonous, filthy, still-slop milk, be estimated. Its deadly influence falls more heavily upon children than upon any other class, and its disastrous and fatal effects are witnessed in the frightful bills of mortality from week to week. Its impure and indigestible qualities eminently fit it for produc-

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ing great derangement of the delicate organs of the child.

Almost every disease of children is the result of derangement in the stomach and bowels. This filthy milk, for refusing to touch which a *hog* ought to be extoled for his wisdom, and for *not* refusing ought to be considered *unclean* as much by the Gentile as by the Jew; this deadly slop, this whitened upas, which would be far less a curse to the city if it instantly paralyzed every hand that touched it, is fed to children by thousands and millions of quarts every season, and diarrhœa, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, scrofula, cachexia, marasmus, convulsions, &c., follow in its train. We do not deny that many other preventable causes of disease and death, exist, to an alarming extent.

But this is no excuse for the continued use of impure milk. Instead of making the matter better, it only makes it worse. The press has spoken long and loud, with its almost omnipresent voice, and with line upon line and precept upon precept has urged the people to take heed. Medical men have spoken from their own personal knowledge of its effects—and death itself has spoken in awful tones, and fearful frequency, and yet, strange as it may appear, the sale of this deleterious article of food is daily on the increase, although a pure and healthful article from the country can be had for about the same price that is paid for *swill!*

And now what shall be done? Fathers, or rather *mothers*, what more shall be said to you, to check this work of destruction? If it were proper, I would

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pray God to send back some of your untimely buried children, to sit in their grave-clothes between the slop-jar and death-peddler, with a solemn charge to ride through the streets every morning on the *hearse-forerunner*, to warn every customer of approaching ruin. Yes, we would do anything which is lawful, to prevent premature death and a generation of invalids. But if this were actually and literally fulfilled, it is to be feared that to even a voice from the grave-yard, many would turn a deaf ear; for if information were wanted, enough has been given; if not wanted, too much has been said already.

But some may say, how shall we put a stop to this wretched, ruinous traffic?

I answer, let every one peremptorily refuse to admit on any terms, one drop of this still-slop milk upon his premises. Let him rest not, until the question whether his milk man is supplied from a pure or an impure fountain, be satisfactorily settled; and let the Legislature pass a law making it as criminal for any man to poison the community with a spurious article called "pure country milk," as with a solution of arsenic, or anything else.

The time was, and but a few years since, when the immense amount of milk which is now consumed in the city, could hardly have been furnished from the country in good condition, at any price. But the opening of railroads has happily remedied the difficulty, and this leads me to speak of their great and untold benefit to the city. I look upon every dollar which is judiciously expended in these improvements, as so much added to the common stock

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for the public good; and as much as has been done in this enterprise, I think that we are not yet aware of half the value of railroads, to speak only of the health and comfort of the public, which they directly and indirectly promote. Indeed, every man, woman and child in the city, is every day reaping the benefit which these public works confer upon them, whether they ever step into a car or not.

Having been favored with some interesting statistics in relation to the milk trade of New York, by R. M. Hartley, Esq., who has perhaps done more than any other man in town to expose the disgraceful and disastrous traffic in the filthy article already spoken of, and, as many thousands are interested in the facts presented, I am happy to introduce them.

"About twenty years having elapsed since our attention was first directed to the improper mode of producing milk for the supply of large cities, and having in the interval endeavored in various ways to effect a reform of this great evil, it is natural that we should feel a deep interest in whatever relates to the topic. Previous to that period little or nothing was known on the subject. It appeared to have been unthought of; and as no information in respect to it could be obtained from oral intercourse, or from books, we were ourselves induced to undertake its investigation.

"For this purpose we made a careful survey of the distilleries and their indispensable appendages, the dairies; ascertained the peculiar characteristics of slop-milk, and its deleterious effects on health, especially young children; and, following causes to their

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results, discovered that the system was as rife with *moral* as with physical evils; that it was of great extent, and had become firmly established by a combination of distillers, slop-dairymen and their patrons, whose mutual interests had united them in its support.

"Having in short, demonstrated that our views on the subject were incontrovertable, we endeavored to spread them before the people, through the public journals, and by numerous lectures, which so exasperated the distillers and slop-men, whose craft was endangered, as to expose us to personal peril, and in some instances to actual assault.

"At that time there was not one pure milk dairy in the city of New-York or vicinity. All supplied an article more or less deleterious, while the population were profoundly ignorant of the evils thus inflicted upon them. But when facts revealed the nature and magnitude of this iniquitous and destructive system, the public mind became highly incensed, and there was a loud and an earnest demand for pure milk."

After speaking of addressing a circular to the farmers of the surrounding country to induce them to establish pure milk dairies, and of partial though insufficient success, he says, "The opening of the Erie Railroad, which intersects some of the richest grazing regions in the State, formed a new era in the milk business.

"The first milk that passed over the road to New York, came in a demijohn to our office, and so superior was its flavor and richness, we feared deception

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had been practiced by putting more cream in the milk than belonged to it. In order to show the rapid increase of the supply, from this small beginning, we have been at the pains to obtain the statistics of the milk-trade by this road, which we subjoin as a matter of economic interest.

"THE AMOUNT OF MILK TRANSPORTED OVER THE NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD SINCE ITS OPENING."

Years.		No. of Quarts.
1842,	.	388,505
1843,	.	3,181,505
1844,	.	5,095,762
1845,	.	6,227,288
1846,	.	7,090,348
1847,	.	8,696,172
1848,	.	9,514,440
1849,	.	9,480,476
6 mo. of 1850,	.	4,038,748
Total,		53,713,244

"We annex a statement of the present annual consumption of milk in this city. The data being furnished by official returns, and by other authentic sources, it may be relied upon as not an overstatement, but as coming as near the truth as possible. The daily consumption amounts to about 150,000 quarts, and the aggregate for the year, to 54,750,000 quarts, which is chiefly supplied as follows, viz:

Pure milk per Erie Railroad, say,	9,500,000
Do. N. J., L. Island, Hudson River, Harlem, & N. Haven R. R., &c.,	7,200,000
Total pure milk,	16,700,000
Distillery and other impure milk,	38,050,000
Grand total,	54,750,000

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"It is worthy of notice," "that the quantity of pure milk brought to this city, is now greater than was the aggregate of all kinds in 1841; also, that the consumption has far exceeded the ratio of the increase of the inhabitants. In 1841, with a population of 312,000, the daily supply was about 45,000 quarts; in 1851, with a population of 515,000, the daily supply is 150,000 quarts, showing an augmentation of quantity above the ratio of the increase of population of more than 100 per cent."

"The diminished price of milk, also merits notice." "In 1841, because of the expense of transportation, pure milk produced from natural food, rich and wholesome, could not be brought to our doors in summer for less than six cents a quart, nor in winter for less than eight cents, making the yearly average price, about seven cents, while slop-milk sold at four and six cents, or at an average for the year of about five cents."

Now pure country milk may be had for four cents in summer, and five cents in winter, while the average price of slop-milk is about four cents. "Probably the decrease in the price of milk, is chiefly owing to the competition consequent on the increased supply by the improved facilities of transportation."

"The introduction of pure milk, therefore, has resulted, as may be seen on comparing prices, in a pecuniary saving to the city of New-York and vicinity, of at least *a million of dollars a year*."

Now, dollars and cents are not the sole items to be taken into the account, for health and life, though

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too little valued, are still considered of *some* importance, even in this benighted city; and when we call to mind the frightful amount of impure milk which is still given to little ones who require healthful food, we feel constrained to say to our dairy and railroad friends, multiply your cows, increase your cans, enlarge your cars, and put on the steam, for two hundred thousand children are worth more than all the distilleries (and we feel almost inclined to add *distillers*) in North America.

"But a question of primary importance here arises. Can New-York and the adjacent places be adequately supplied with pure milk?" "From the isolated situation of this city, there is very little good pasturage in its vicinity; and the little there was, has in late years been put in requisition for other uses. There has been indeed, no period within the last forty years, in which the country in the immediate vicinage of New-York could adequately supply the inhabitants with wholesome vegetables and pure milk.

"But the opening of railroads within the past ten years, has entirely revolutionized our condition in this respect, so that the products of the richest grazing regions may now be brought to our doors. We are convinced both by our own observation, and the opinion of those most conversant with the subject, that the country along the line of the Erie Railroad, not too remote for the transportation of so perishable an article as milk, which now supplies about 26,000 quarts of milk per day, could be made to furnish 150,000 quarts daily, or sufficient for the present de

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mand of the city—that the Harlem and Hudson River railroads could each supply 50,000 quarts, and other sources about 15,000 quarts," which might, "by the present facilities of conveyance, be brought to the city, at prices not exceeding those now paid for the diseased dregs of the distillery."

The manuscript from which we select the above items, contains several communications from eminent physicians, confirmatory of the morbific influence of slop-milk, but our limits will permit us to call the reader's attention to only one.

"Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, Professor of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, states of a child about eighteen months old, who, while a resident in his family, was in perfect health; on removing to a hotel, was constantly afflicted with uncontrolable vomiting. The milk being suspected to be the cause, it was thenceforward sent from the Doctor's family, when the complaint entirely ceased, and was renewed only with a renewal of the milk from the hotel, and this occurring so repeatedly as to leave no doubt of the cause."

I may add that the "New-York Academy of Medicine" have recently adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Academy, the milk of cows shut up in stables and fed on distillery slops, is not only less nutritious than unconfined and well fed animals, but is positively deleterious, especially to young children, and is a fruitful cause of many fatal diseases."

But not only do our railroads afford facilities for bringing to our doors pure milk, in good condition,

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and at fair rates, but almost every other edible can be brought to us in a fresh and healthful state. Hence we may reasonably conclude that railroads are an inestimable blessing to our city.

OMNIBUSES.

The city traveller is not confined to one set of vehicles, and, in addition to cars, there is a perfect swarm of stages which, for the want of a worse name, are commonly called *omnibuses;* which means, although, perhaps Mr. Webster does not exactly say so, a vehicle for the accommodation and transportation of Adam's race, of every kind, whether good or bad, rich or poor, great or small. There are now twenty-four lines, and the total number of stages on these routes amounts to five hundred and fifty-four, each of which has two or more horses.

The number of these dutiful and useful animals, which are annually worn out in this service, I am told, averages about one to every stage.

The vehicles are somewhat more durable, though each one needs more or less repairs during its first year's running. The cost of a good omnibus is about $450.

The number of hacks, cabs and coaches, to say nothing of various other vehicles, I am not able to give. At any rate there appears to be no lack for all who have time and inclination to ride, and money to pay the bill. But that the reader may see that many in our town have other things to do beside riding in "a coach and four," we must turn our attention to certain other appendages of New York.

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LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

I have already spoken of our common schools, which are likely to prove a great blessing to our city and country. In addition to these, we have a host of select schools and seminaries of the highest order, which are prosecuting a great and good work. Then we have writing-schools, grammar-schools, evening-schools, and private schools for improvement in the arts of music, painting, drawing, &c.

But I must notice other institutions of learning. And to one of the most venerable and noble, I would now invite the reader's attention, namely,

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

The writer is happy to acknowledge his indebtedness to Charles King, Esq., the worthy President of this esteemed institution, for his kind and ready assistance in furnishing such data as the author desired. My notices of colleges must necessarily be very brief.

This college was chartered in the year 1754, and was called "King's College," and it is *King's* College still, although the reign of *Charles* contrasts very favorably with that of *George*, because the present king and all his subjects can sing "*Hail Columbia.*"

In 1787, this institution received the name by

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which it has ever since been distinguished. On the 6th of April, 1776, the Committee of Public Safety issued an order directing the Treasurer to prepare the college buildings within six days for the reception of the military, and these halls of learning were converted into a military hospital.

The students were of course dispersed, and probably took to their muskets. At this memorable period, our fathers thought more of *liberty* than of academical honors, and well for their posterity that they did, though they were very far from thinking lightly of the latter.

Our late distinguished De Witt Clinton received his academical honors from this institution, in 1786, there being only eight graduates that year. In 1789, the late Rev. John M. Mason, D. D., graduated at this college, and subsequently became one of the most eloquent preachers that ever adorned the American pulpit. The first honors conferred by this college, occurred in 1758.

The faculty of Medicine in Columbia College ceased in the year 1813. Among the distinguished medical gentlemen who received their diplomas from this department, may be noticed, Alexander Hosack, M. D. (deceased), James R. Manley, M. D., Thomas Cock, M. D., William James Macneven, M. D. (deceased), and Valentine Mott, M. D.

The annual tuition fee of each student is $90, to be paid at the commencement of each academic year. Each student has access to a library of 15,000 volumes. The number of students the past year was one hundred and thirteen.

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UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

This institution, though less venerable in some respects than the college just noticed, at least so far as *age* is concerned, yet in other respects I believe that it is second to none in our State. True, it never had a *king*, yet it has had royal blood to sustain it; and its usefulness is now too widely known to be in any way benefited by any thing which the writer can say in its praise. But, almost any liberal man who has plenty of money, can greatly augment its prosperity, by paying off its *debts*. The expenses attending a course of studies at this institution, amount to about the same as at Columbia College. The number of students the past year was one hundred and fifteen.

The University was chartered April 21, 1831. The building is a substantial edifice, being built of Sing Sing marble—is four stories high, and extends from Washington Place, to Waverly Place, and fronts on Washington Square, which was once the Potter's Field, but is now a beautiful Park, containing nearly ten acres, and which affords the students a fine airy place for exercise and amusement, very much to their satisfaction and profit.

The medical department of this Institution was organized, and under favorable auspices entered upon the discharge of a duty of much responsibility, during the year 1841. Since its first beginning, it has apparently remained in a prosperous condition. The number of students during the last session was 411. Number of graduates, 116. Fees for a full course of lectures, $105. Graduation fee, $30. The

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qualifications required of the candidate for medical honors, are, lawful age—namely, twenty-one years, three years study with a regular physician, and two courses of medical lectures. The term of lectures begins on the last Monday in October, and ends on the last day of February.

"COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK."

This is the oldest Medical College in the State, and was chartered in 1807. It has ever aimed at a thorough course of instruction, and especially for the last decennial period can the writer speak with confidence from personal observation. But we do not mean to say that all who either here or any where else, attend medical lectures, and read medical books, and receive medical honors, and make medical visits, are fit to practice the healing art. Far from it. Oh, no, we must be content with second-rate doctors, and second-rate patients, second-rate lawyers, and third-rate clients, second-rate preachers, and fourth-rate hearers.

The session of this College commences on the second Monday in October, and continues until about the middle of March, making five months. Fees for a full course of lectures $94. Demonstrator's ticket $5. Graduation fee $25. The pre-requisites for graduation are the same as noticed above. The number of students during the last session was 230. Number of graduates, 56.

We have recently had the third doctor-making factory chartered, called the "New York Medical

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College," but as it is not a year old, and as I know very little about its prospects, I can say little.

In the sixty-third Annual Report of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, we notice that the number of students in general literature and science, reported by the several Colleges, was 948. And this is a small number for the Empire State. Whereas, in the medical department, there were 848 students reported. This we call a pretty fair sprinkling of doctors, and although it may have nothing to do with "What I saw in New York," yet it will have something to do with somebody, and for their sake and the doctors', we hope that at least one-half of these candidates for medical honors will repent, after the "sober second thought," and wield the *sickle* instead of the lancet, lest they *starve*.

LITERARY AND MEDICAL COLLEGES IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Columbia College.
Union "
Hamilton "
Geneva " and its Medical Department.
University of the City of N. Y. and its Med. Dep't.
" " Buffalo, " "
College of Physicians and Surgeons in the City of New York.
St. John's College.
Madison University.
Albany Medical College.
New York Medical College.
Genesee College.

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THE (EPISCOPAL) GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF NEW YORK.

For some brief statistics of this Seminary, the writer is indebted to Professor Benjamin I. Haight, D. D. This institution was chartered in the year 1822, and is now in a prosperous condition. The plot of ground on which the buildings stand, extends from Twentieth to Twenty-first street, and from the Ninth to the Tenth avenues; and is said to be worth at least $200,000, and increasing in value every day. Moreover, a recent legacy of $100,000 has contributed in no small degree to place the institution on a good foundation.

Qualifications for admission are as follows:— "Either a certificate of being a candidate for Holy Orders, with full qualifications; or a certificate of religious and moral character, of classical and scientific attainments, of attachment to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of such dispositions and habits as may render the individual apt and meet to exercise the ministry; and then passing a satisfactory examination on the following subjects:—1. The Primary Elements of the Hebrew Tongue; 2. The Greek Grammar, and the Gospels and Acts in the original; 3. The rules and principles of English composition, with a specimen of composition. These examinations are strictly enforced, in all cases." This institution has an able Faculty.

The number of students in 1850 was 48. Total number of the Alumni, 390. Volumes in the Library 10,300.

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UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

For statistics from this Seminary, the writer is indebted to Professor Edward Robinson, D.D., L.L.D.

This institution was founded and opened for instruction in 1836. The seminary is No. 9 University Place. It contains a Chapel, Library, four Lecture Rooms, and private rooms sufficient for more than thirty students. The Library contains about 17,000 volumes, many of which are rare and valuable works.

This institution, though in a prosperous condition, and an ornament to Zion, is by no means so well supplied with funds as the one last noticed, or as it deserves to be. It needs, and richly merits a liberal support. But it has reason to take courage, and go on in its glorious work, for it has *friends*—warm friends—many friends—friends on earth, and friends in Heaven. Friends for time, and friends for *eternity*. It has moreover a Faculty of strong men, combining a great variety of gifts and graces.

This seminary is open for the admission of students from every denomination of Christians.

"Every person applying for admission, must produce a certificate or other satisfactory evidence of his good standing in some Evangelical Church; and must either present testimonials of his having had a regular college education, or submit to an examination by the Faculty on the branches usually taught in such a course."

"The academic year consists of a single term, be-

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ginning on the third Wednesday in September, and ending on the third Wednesday in June."

The regular course of instructions in the seminary occupies three full years, and comprises the following branches, namely—Exercise in Hebrew and Greek—mental and moral science—natural theology—evidences of Revelation—Biblical history—systematic theology, polemic theology, pastoral theology—church government—ecclesiastical history, composition, delivery of sermons, &c. &c.

Every student is subject to a charge of only ten dollars a year. The number of students the past year was seventy-six. Alumni, nineteen. Whole number of Alumni, three hundred and fourteen.

WHAT I SAW IN CHURCH.

On a Sabbath morning have I often listened with satisfaction to the musical tones of the sanctuary-bell which seemed to say, Come, come, immortal, the doors of the sacred courts are widely open—come to the house of God where life eternal is proclaimed to all the dead in sin.

I have also witnessed with pleasure, the happy, obedient throng wending their way thitherward—the father, son, mother, daughter, hoary head, and the little child, and felt it a privilege to be among them, as they presented themselves before the mercy-seat of Him who is Lord of lords and King of kings, to invoke Heaven's richest gift and greatest blessing.

I have fondly listened to the deep and solemn tones of the organ, and with still greater and *far* greater pleasure, to the heaven-like anthems of the choir.

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I have, moreover, heard the man of God in the name of his Master eloquently, faithfully and affectionately warn the people to flee from the wrath to come, as he set before them life and death, with thrilling pathos, glowing zeal, and moving tenderness, and I felt that it was good to be there.

But I have seen even in this sacred place, some things to deplore. We occasionally find a man in the pulpit trying to enlighten the congregation on some subject which he either does not understand, or of which he has no faculty of giving an intelligible exposition.

But as I did not intend to speak either of pulpit errors or pulpit deficiences, I will briefly notice a few congregational imperfections which possibly might be modified for the better. Though I would have it distinctly understood that I am not quite certain that I have not seen an equal demand for an improvement in the country.

When the congregation have taken their *seats*, and the preacher has taken his *text*, and the hearer has taken his *Bible*, and the people are ready to take *heed*, in come the *late-sleepers*, rattling into church to be seen and heard, and to kick a good share of the hats in the broad aisle, a little nearer to the pulpit, setting some to chasing them, and others to jumping up to give them seats. This is anything but *edification;* but it is not all. They seem to think that as they are late at church, they ought to be early home, and so take the liberty of retracing their steps before the service is ended, greatly to the annoyance of those who have an ear to hear. A certain class seem to

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think that it makes little or no difference whether the congregation can hear the preacher's voice or not, nor how much they are disturbed.

Then, there is a class who rise betimes and make haste to church lest they should lose an hour's sleep where they usually take the sweetest nap in the whole week, and seem to hesitate not to follow their accustomed calling even to nodding, if not to *snoring*, which gross violation of the rules of decency, very often slightly disturbs the equilibrium of those who are wakefully nervous.

Then again, there are those who are so fond of music, that they neither sleep themselves nor give others a chance to become drowsy. Cold, or no cold, they must blow, and blow, harder and harder—louder and louder—no matter who sings, who preaches, who prays. It is a part of the service never to be dispensed with—and toot-toot, goes the living, ill-used and ill-tuned trombone, which should be decently muffled with a respectable kerchief, and the music reserved for a more suitable occasion.

But there is often more than all this to disturb the congregation, and the preacher too, for unfortunately he happens to have a few nerves as well as his hearers, and I have more than once known it to be necessary for him to give from the sacred desk such hints on the subject of congregational disturbances, as ought to have been intelligible to the most stupid hearer. And more frequently still, have I seen such a lecture demanded, and I have said to myself what ails the people that they can't keep still long enough for the parson to read his text, when not one of them

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would make half so much noise in reading a morning paper for a whole hour.

But never mind that. They don't go to church to hear the news, but to be seen and heard, to whisper and laugh, to ruffle their books, and rattle their doors, and if the preacher should be guilty of half as many improprieties in the pulpit, as his hearers practice in their seats, the whole congregation would leave the house, and declare him a *maniac*, and not a few ministers of the gospel would sanction the verdict.

But I do not intend to accuse the congregations of our goodly town of intentionally committing all the above improprieties. That such and other sources of disturbance too much abound at times, throughout christendom, I suppose nobody doubts. But, that I have seen very little, and can know very little about the demeanor of the several congregations of New-York, will be very apparent to the reader, by his calling to mind the number of churches in the city, as given in the table below. Although it may not be perfectly free from errors, yet we believe it to be sufficiently so to answer our purpose. We have collected these statistics partly from our own inquiries, partly from City Directories, and partly from "New York, Past, Present and Future," which I believe is better authority as far as it goes, than any of our directories, which must all necessarily be imperfect at the best.

We find, for example, in Doggett's "Directory" for the present year, only 40 Protestant Episcopal churches, but in Rode's last year's Directory, there are 43; whereas in "New-York, Past, Present and

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Future," there are 47, which is doubtless correct, as the location of every church is given. That men who grope about town to collect statistics for a directory from year to year, should miss some poor mortals in their hiding-places, is not very strange. But seven *churches* out of forty-seven, we think are a little too many to be lost.

But I perceive that I am accidentally as it were, giving a chapter on Directories, and my only apology for this digression is, that our country friends when they come to town and look at these useful guide-boards, and find a church or a pastor lacking, may not be too soon discouraged.

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RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Protestant Episcopal,	47	Associate Presbyterian,	5
Methodist, " - -	32	Associate Reformed, " -	2
Methodist (not Episcopal,)	10	Reformed Dutch, - -	19
Mariners', - - -	1	" French, - -	1
Christian, - - -	2	Lutheran, - - -	6
Mount Zion, - - -	1	Free German Catholic, -	1
Congregational, - -	8	Baptist, - - -	29
Moravian, - - -	1	Seventh-Day Baptist,	1
Roman Catholic, - -	22	Free Will " -	1
Second Advent, - -	3	Independent " - -	1
New Jerusalem, - -	2	Campbellites, - -	1
Universalist, - -	4	Union Mission, - -	1
Unitarian, - -	2	Jewish Synagogues, -	10
Presbyterian, - -	35	Friends, - - -	4
Reformed Presbyterian, -	4		
		Total, -	257

Now here may appear, at first view, to be a pretty good supply of churches, yet all the houses of worship in the city can hardly accommodate two hundred thousand persons, and then we have more than three hundred thousand inhabitants left unsupplied, to stroll about—visit the groggery, and become *heathenized.* This I regard as one of the saddest things in the account which I have to give of New-York.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

As churches would be nothing without the blessed gospel, we will turn our attention for a moment to that glorious institution whose object is to multiply and circulate the word of life.

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BIBLE SOCIETY HOUSE.

From the last Annual Report, &c., we gather the following interesting facts. Thirty-five years ago this society began its operations. "The building on Nassau-street, New-York, is one hundred feet square, with a court in the centre, in which the printing and binding are done, and in which the depository and offices of business are located.

"This building is an object of interest to strangers visiting the city, and is at all times open to the inspection of those who would be pleased to see the various departments of manufacture here in progress. *Two hundred and twenty-two* individuals are engaged in this establishment, which is able to produce on an average, two thousand Bibles and Testaments each working day."

"It has been computed that there are now about forty millions of Bibles on the face of the earth. If these were equally distributed among the inhabitants of the world, it would be one Bible to every *thirty-one souls!*" It is estimated that the

English	language is spoken by		55,000,000
French,	"	"	35,000,000
German,	"	"	40,000,000
Russian,	"	"	45,000,000

"The other languages of Europe would hardly embrace 50,000,000 of people; making a total of 225,000,000; not so many as there are in the single empire of China, which has been hid in darkness until now, when the Sun of Righteousness seems to be rising upon her." Let us send her the lamp of life.

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"Sixty or seventy Protestant missionaries are now perfecting a version of the Scriptures for China, and when completed, the energies of christendom should be summoned to give it to the people with rapidity and prayer."

The society printed during the past year 270,000 Bibles, and 402,800 Testaments, making a total of 672,800 copies. Since the society was organized in 1816, about 8,000,000 volumes have been issued, besides more or less aid extended to the press in foreign lands.

Moreover, the society has published during the past year 149 volumes of raised letters for the blind. The facility with which this unfortunate class are able to read the written word with the *ends of their fingers*, is truly astonishing, and highly gratifying to all who witness their attainments.

The receipts for the year amounted to $276,882 53, and the expenditures about the same sum.

The income of the "British and Foreign Bible Society" during the year 1849 was $480,000. And its issues since its beginning, in 1804, amount to 21,973,355 copies.

The whole number of languages and dialects, in which the sacred scriptures, or some portions thereof, have been published, is about *two hundred*. This great work has been accomplished almost entirely through the influence of Bible societies. And the amount of good which has thus been done, no mortal or finite mind can estimate.

Now, let me say to the reader, if you have not a deep sense of the importance of sending the gospel

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to the destitute, for a moment suppose yourself to be a husband and a father in this benighted state. You sigh for some object of worship. This you would surely do, for man is a religious being. At length you fancy that the proper object has occurred to you, both as regards size, form and texture, and you carve it out accordingly—set it up—fall down before it, and invoke its protection, crave its blessing, and offer it a tribute of adoration and praise, and thus go on confessing your dependence upon it and offering to the poor block your best sacrifices.

Your companion, not satisfied with your selection, adores the sun, and every morning as soon as it rises above the horizon, calls loudly and earnestly for help, and offers it the sacrifice of a poor benighted heart.

Your child in due time begins to question the choice of both father and mother, and fancies the moon to be of as much service by night as the sun is by day, and as he can behold its beautiful face without pain, and even with pleasure, the moon becomes his god.

Another child, as he arrives at a sufficient age to choose for himself, begins to doubt the propriety of the choice of the whole household, and questions you concerning his making a selection, and you try to satisfy him that your idol is all that he can ask. But as you have no proper standard, your arguments fail.

"Father, it won't do," he replies; "it is dead. It can't stir. I want a god that is alive, and can move, or what good can it do me?"

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You then refer him to the sun, moon and stars, which so many worship, and tell him that he may call upon them.

Again he responds, "Father, they won't do. They are too far off. But here is a beautiful *serpent*, and this shall be my god;" and thus you would all grope in darkness and stumble at noonday, while calling upon gods that could neither hear nor save. Shall we not return thanks to the Giver, for an *unerring* standard, and send it abroad to bless the world?

Only *one dollar* will send to the destitute, four copies of the Bible, or sixteen copies of the New Testament. This of course includes only those of the lowest price. Now who are so poor that they cannot afford to send to the perishing *one copy every month?* Send in your contributions to Joseph Hyde, Esq., Assistant Treasurer, Bible House, New York.

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

As Bibles will not go abroad to promulgate their glorious doctrines, after being printed, without the help of man, it is very proper that I should briefly notice the operations of such societies as in no small degree scatter broad-cast the leaves of the tree of life which are for the healing of the nations.

This society, whose object is to assist congregations which need help, and to send the Gospel to the destitute within the United States; also to co-operate with evangelical Christians in the support of Home Missions in nominally christian countries, commenced its labor of love in the year 1826, and is so widely known that perhaps few of my readers will re-

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quire any thing to be said concerning its history, importance, prosperity, &c.

From the last Annual Report we collect the following interesting statistics.

The receipts of this society during the first year of its operations, were $18,140 76. The last year, $150,940 25. Total for the 25 years, $2,205,358 16. Total of years of labor, 13,096. "The average expenditure for a year of missionary labor for the twenty-years is $167." "The whole number of additions to the churches, is 107,781." The number of laborers has been, the last year, 1,065. They have been distributed in 26 different states and territories. "The aggregate of *ministerial labor* performed the past year is equal to 853 years. The number of *congregations and missionary districts* supplied in whole or in part, at stated intervals, is 1,820; while many others have enjoyed the occasional labors of the missionaries." And what is not a little encouraging, no less than *forty-three* have become *self-supporting* churches.

Moreover, *sixty houses of worship* have during the year been completed; *fifty-five* others repaired, and *forty* others are in process of erection.

"The number of *pupils in the Sabbath-schools and Bible classes* connected with the Missionary churches is not far from 70,000." Now we hope that this, though imperfect and brief notice, will stimulate some of our readers to double and treble their contributions to this glorious and heaven-favored institution.

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BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

As this Society has an office in this city, and here does a large share of its home business, I will briefly notice some of the interesting statistics which the last annual report furnishes.

The receipts of this Society during its first year (1811), were only $999 52. The amount received during the year 1850, was 251,862 28. There have been six years, however, in which the annual receipts exceeded those of the last, and during the forty years in which the society has been engaged in its glorious work of carrying the gospel to the palaces and the hovels of the heathen, the largest amount contributed was in the year 1842, namely, $318,396 53. The sum total for the whole period, is $5,313,566 76.

The whole number of laborers now connected with the missions, foreign and native who depend for their means of living and usefulness, on the treasury of the Board, is *five hundred and seventeen.* The number of churches formed in the missions, is eighty-five. These contain 25,875 members in regular standing.

Now, will the reader lend a helping had to carry forward this redeeming work? If so, whenever you hear the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," just cast into the treasury (if you cannot go yourself) such an offering as will enable you to say intelligently and honestly, *Lord, thou dost not require of me at the present time, any more,* and let the offering be perfumed with faith and prayer.

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

The above Missionary Societies, to which I have briefly adverted, together with other benevolent institutions which might with propriety be noticed, have each an office in the "Tract House," to which I must now take the reader, for it is a sacred spot, which every one who can ought to visit, and become a *Colporteur*. From the annual report, pamphlet, &c., the following interesting items are selected :—

TRACT HOUSE.

This building, which belongs to the society, and which stands on the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, "is eighty feet by ninety-four, and five stories high, besides basement and cellar. The first floor is occupied by the society's sales-room and other stores; the second furnishes offices for several benevolent societies; the third contains the general depository and executive offices; the fourth is the bindery, and the fifth the printing office.

"The printing and hydraulic presses—of which there are twenty—and other machinery, are propelled by steam. The number of printers, binders, and other persons employed in the building, is not far from 250; and the daily issues of the society are about 25,000 publications, including 3,000 books."

"The American Tract Society was formed May 11, 1825, by Christians of various denominations," to "circulate religious publications, calculated to benefit the world and receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians." "The publishing, distributing, and finance committees, together composing the exe-

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cutive committee, consist of members of six different denominations; and their services are wholly gratuitous."

This society sells its publications to those who are able to purchase, at about first cost, and circulates gratuitously among the poor, millions of pages annually. This is effected through various agencies, such as auxiliaries, travellers, pastors, missionaries, &c. But more especially by *Colporteurs*.

The system of Colportage is beginning to be appreciated; and these plain, humble, devoted men, who go from house to house, through the most destitute portions of our country, scattering the good seed broad-cast over an immense field, leaving a book here, and a tract there, accompanied with religious conversation and prayer, are doing far more to perpetuate our glorious institutions than all our army and navy put together.

The amount of the first year's donations was $6,925 56. The donations and legacies the last year reached the sum of $109,897 76. The receipts for sales, during the same period, were $202,720 33, making, including $110 23 in the treasury April 1, 1850, the total resources $310,728 32. The total expenditures were $310,619 30.

There have been *printed* during the year 1,040,500 volumes, 7,931,500 publications, 285,914,500 pages; and *circulated* 886,692 volumes, 7,837,692 publications, 269,984,615 pages.

"The New York City Tract Society" is also an efficient organization, and very successfully and noiselessly brings into requisition such agencies as are

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daily blessed to the untold benefit of precious immortals, ready to perish.

Now, in view of all these facts, who will not rejoice and give thanks that the Great and Good Shepherd had such a regard for his wandering lambs, that he moved his servant, the Rev. George Burden, after a missionary sermon in the Chapel of the Rev. Rowland Hill, London, May 8, 1799, to invite a meeting to form a society for printing and distributing religious tracts; which meeting was adjourned until the next morning, when the glorious deed was done, and which society was the germ from whence have sprung all kindred branches.

Now, reader, you perceive that here is a very good beginning in half a century, though much more was demanded and ought to have been done. What say you, will you bear in mind the decision of the good old "Friend," who, when called upon to aid in building a "Meeting-house" in a certain place, though not for his own sect, remarked, "The Lord shall not have a house built in my neighborhood, that I do not drive a nail in it, and I will give thee——"

Behold! the great spiritual building is going up. What say you? Will you drive a nail in it? Aye, *one* nail is better than none, and if you can spare a *pound*, the building will go up all the *sooner*. Don't forget that. Yes, all the nails you drive here, shall by and by beautify the temple to your everlasting joy, for they shall be polished and shine like brilliant gems, and glittering diamonds in your own spiritual habitation. Send in your nails to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau-street, New York.

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HARPER & BROTHERS' PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

I beg leave to notice this well-known establishment, which every stranger in coming to town would do well to visit. The writer was recently much interested in going through it. The like cannot be seen any where else in this country, if in the world. If the reader is not accustomed to visit large book concerns, he will very imperfectly apprehend the reality from any description that the writer can give of this celebrated *Book Mill.*

From the gentlemanly proprietors, I obtained some statistics which will doubtless interest some portion of my readers. But rather than take such a miserable substitute, you will do far better to go and see the reality. They ask nothing for the sight, and if they didn't, it would be cheap at that. Moreover, the man who goes there to read a little, and turns over page after page, in going from room to room, and from house to house, will subsequently turn over the pages of smaller volumes a little more intelligently.

The various departments are distributed through eight buildings, half of which are four and the remainder five stories in height. In two large composing rooms, thirty-six hands are employed, each of whom averages 5,000 *ems* a day, with four proof

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readers. In a stereotype foundry twelve hands are employed in making stereotype plates, a great improvement in the art of printing, as each plate is capable of giving at least 100,000 impressions, and only costs about one-third more than ordinary composition.

There is also a copper-plate and steel-plate printing room, and a paper room with a large stock, ready to fly through the land on the wings of the wind as soon as it receives its message. The counting rooms are on the first floor, in which eight clerks and three book-keepers are employed. The press-rooms have forty hands and twenty-seven "*Adams Presses.*"

It will be recollected that for *rapid* printing, nothing can compete with the "Cylinder Press." But for *fine* work, the Adams Press takes the palm, and for this improved press, our Boston neighbor is entitled to much praise. For doing work with a good degree of dispatch, and producing a fine artistic appearance, this press stands unrivalled. Each press can print 6,000 sheets in ten hours.

In the *ware-rooms* where the sheets are dried and arranged into volumes for binding, the number of hands is 150, and the number of hydraulic presses three. About fifty hands are employed in the *sewing-rooms.* Two large *store-rooms* are filled with books ready for binding. The *bindery* employs 125 hands.

This establishment uses in the course of a year fifty-three barrels of the best flour—about the same quantity of glue—14,326 sheepskins, about 40,000 yards of muslin, and can turn out 3,000 books per

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day. And as they use up 120 reams of paper daily, and with all their facilities for such an immense business, are under the necessity of still giving out many jobs to other establishments; and from a brief notice already given of a few other of the many printing works in the city, the reader will see at once, that "*rag pickers*," whom we have already placed almost in the front rank of our fellow-citizens, find no inconsiderable inducements to rake the gutters.

The whole number of persons employed in this celebrated bookery is between four and five hundred, of whom one hundred and forty are females, who do their share of the work with neatness and despatch, and for which they are well paid, and appear happy, and *pretty too;* and if all the fair sex only knew how much it adds to their charms and good personal appearance to be seen in some useful employment, there would soon be a hundred and forty more knocking at Messrs. Harpers' door, begging the privilege of joining the ranks within.

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METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

This establishment, which has long prosecuted a good work, is extensively known throughout the United States. But perhaps some of my readers may not be altogether familiar with its operations. It publishes nothing but religious books, and is strictly a denominational concern. It was established in 1789, in Philadelphia, Pa., by John Dickens, who loaned the concern $600 with which to commence business. Of course, like almost every other good thing, it had a small beginning.

In 1804 it was transferred to New York. But previous to 1824, the concern had no press of its own, and depended upon hiring its printing done out of the establishment. It now has ten presses in use, and employs about two hundred persons, nearly half of whom are females. The buildings occupied are two in number, each one hundred and twenty-one by thirty feet, four stories high besides the basement. Another building, twenty-five by ninety feet, five stories high, is about to be added. The amount of business done at this establishment is much less than at Harpers'. The profits of this concern, which amount to about $20,000 annually, are divided among the several Conferences in the United States for the support of superanuated and supernumerary preachers, their wives, and children; a very worthy

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distribution. It is strictly a self-supporting concern, and under the control of the clergy. For the above items I am indebted to one of the gentlemanly assistants of the establishment.

There are many other book establishments in the city, which are worthy of notice, and which the stranger in coming to town, will do well to examine. But we can at present say little more about books. We have not seen all the books in New-York, much less have we read them. Many of them probably never *will* be read; and some of them never *should* be read—while a few are, like dictionaries, not *made* to be read.

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LIBRARIES.

We may with much propriety say a word about *Libraries*. We have already incidentally spoken of several. There are others which claim a special notice, and we would gladly speak in detail of more than our limits will permit, for they are fountains of intellectual and moral power of no inconsiderable importance.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

From the Twenty-ninth Annual Report of the Mercantile Library, we obtain the following statistics:

The number of members is 2,846. Number of volumes 31,674. In addition to this large number of tomes, the reading-room is supplied with twelve American and four foreign daily journals; fourteen American and four foreign weeklies; twenty-four American and twenty-nine foreign monthlies; and twelve American and ten foreign quarterlies; making in all one hundred and nine publications, which ought to add to such a worthy place of resort for our young men, an important attraction.

"TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP."—"Any person engaged in mercantile pursuits as a clerk, may become a member of this Association, if approved by the Board of Direction, when he shall have subscribed to the

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constitution, paid an initiation fee of one dollar, and one dollar for the first six months. His further regular dues shall be thereafter fifty cents, quarterly, in advance."

"Merchants, also, may become members by paying $5 annually, but no merchant shall be entitled to vote, or be eligible to any office. Persons not engaged in mercantile pursuits, if approved by the Board of Direction, may be admitted to the use of the Library and Reading-rooms, upon the same terms as merchants."

Young gentlemen who spend as many leisure hours in these reading-rooms as circumstances indicate, are in a fair way to acquire a reputation which will compare very favorably with that gained at the bowling-allies, billiard-tables, and sipping-houses; to say nothing about theatres, and other robbers of time, money and character.

Probably our merchants also do well in taxing their own pockets for every clerk, fifty cents per quarter, to encourage them to become members, and walk in the way of wisdom. They seldom make a better investment. It is money at compound interest.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

This institution is deservedly entitled to our consideration. Having failed of receiving from the Librarian such statistics as we supposed that we had reason to expect, we shall briefly notice this, and also the following institution, in the language of Mr. E. Porter Belden.

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"The New-York Historical Society was organized in 1804, by a few public spirited citizens, and the foundation of a library soon after commenced by the purchase of a collection made by one of the members.

"In 1814, the Legislature granted free access at all times to the documents and records of the State, and soon after contributed $12,000 to aid the society in procuring books, manuscripts, and other materials to illustrate the natural, literary, civil and ecclesiastical history of America. Thus patronized by the state, and aided by the contributions and exertions of the citizens of New-York, the institution has been able to collect one of the best historical libraries in the country.

"The rooms of the society, in the University, on Washington Square, are open exclusively to members, and strangers introduced by members. The library at present contains about twelve thousand printed volumes, several thousand pamphlets, two thousand maps and charts, and over one thousand bound volumes of newspapers, including a regular series from the first published in the country, in 1704, to the present time.

"The institution likewise possesses a valuable cabinet of coins, medals, busts, portraits and curiosities. Several volumes of collections have been published by the society.

"The stated meetings are held on the first Tuesday evening of every month, with the exception of July, August and September."

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NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

This institution is the oldest public library of the kind in the United States. It originated in an institution founded in 1700, during the administration of the Earl of Bellamont, and denominated "The Public Library of New York."

"Various records occur on the minutes of the Common Council relative to this library; the most important of which, is the mention of the bequest of the Rev. Dr. Millington, Rector of Newington, England, who gave 1000 volumes to 'the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge,' for the use of the clergy and gentlemen of New-York and the neighboring provinces."

"In 1754, a number of gentlemen undertook to establish a library, which they designated 'The New York Society Library.' The old 'Public Library' having fallen into disuse, the trustees obtained permission from the corporation of the city to engraft their collection on the former.

"The new library was in successful operation when the war of the revolution arrested its progress, and scattered many of its treasures beyond the reach of recovery. But after the restoration of peace, it was re-established.

"In 1754, we find the society in the possession of a building, evincing much architectural taste, situated in Nassau street, opposite the Middle Dutch Church. Here, until the crowding demands of commerce drove it further from her domains, the library continued to

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dispense its benefits, and to accumulate gradually a collection, now become one of inappreciable value.

"In 1840, the society entered upon a new phase in its progress, by the completion of its present edifice on the corner of Broadway and Leonard-street. This building, 100 feet long, by 60 wide, is constructed of finely-cut brown sand stone, and presents on Broadway a chaste facade of Ionic columns. On passing the structure, the eye is arrested by its bold and massive front, while the beauty of its proportions, and its highly finished masonry, elicit the approbation of good taste and critical observation. The cost of the ground, building, and furniture was $118,000.

"The society numbers over 1000 members, and possesses a library of about 40,000 volumes. The terms of membership require a payment of $25 for a share, liable to an annual charge of six dollars."

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

This library, which owes its existence to the generosity of its founder, was designed by Mr. Astor to be essentially public in its character, and is destined to become one of the largest and most useful institutions of the kind in our country. For some statistics, I am indebted to the last annual report.

From an "extract of the third Codicil to the will of John Jacob Astor," who died on the 29th day of March, 1848, I quote the following:

"I, John Jacob Astor, do make this additional codicil to my last will, bearing date the fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundeed and thirty-six.

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"Desiring to render a public benefit to the city of New-York, and to contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge and the general good of society, I do, by this codicil, appropriate *four hundred thousand dollars* out of my residuary estate to the *establishment of a public library in the city of New-York.*"

"The said sum shall be payable, one third in the year after my decease, one third in the year following, and the residue in equal sums, in the fourth and fifth years after my decease.

"The said library is to be accessible at all reasonable hours and times, for general use, free of expense to persons resorting thereto, subject only to such control and regulations as the trustees may from time to time exercise and establish for general convenience."

Of the above liberal sum $75,000 was to be appropriated to the building of a suitable edifice, $25,000 to the purchase of a lot, $120,000 for the purchase of books and other objects for the establishing of the library, and the balance, $180,000, was to be invested in such manner as the giver directed, as a fund *for sustaining and increasing the library, the annual interest of which sum at* 6 *per cent. is* $10,800. "And in case the income of the fund shall at any time exceed the amounts which the trustees may find useful to expend for the purposes above named and particularized, they may expend such surplus in procuring public lectures, to be delivered in connection with the library, upon useful subjects of literature, philosophy, science, history and the fine arts, or in pro-

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moting, in any other mode, the objects of the institution as above expressed."

The library edifice, which stands on the east side of Lafayette Place, is a beautiful and substantial brick building 65 feet front by 120 in depth, and is about 70 in height, from the foundation to the roof. This building is to be completed in the spring of 1852, and the library will probably be open to the public in the following summer.

The present number of volumes in the library is 28,364. The enterprising superintendent of this institution, Mr. Cogswell, is now in Europe for the purpose of obtaining such rare and valuable works as an eye of vigilance can discover, and as money can buy, and in due time an important addition may be expected.

Now, who can estimate the value of such an institution in our midst, accessible to all, no matter how poor? This is another of our bright spots, which needs no polishing or praising.

It may now be proper for us to turn our attention to other sources and plans of benevolence for which our city is somewhat famous, though a little more reputation still, would be no disparagement, nor cause of regret.

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ASYLUMS.

ORPHAN ASYLUM.

This humane institution was incorporated April 7, 1807. Like most benevolent institutions, its beginning was on a small scale. The society first commenced their labor of love in a hired house. Since that time the location has been twice changed. The present edifice and home of the Orphan, was completed in 1840, and stands a little back, but in full view of the beautiful Hudson, and on that portion of the island which is called Bloomingdale, being four or five miles from the City Hall.

The lot on which the building stands, embraces nine acres and three-fourths. The edifice is four stories high, including the basement, which is all occupied. The location is pleasant, healthful, and retired. The present number of children is one hundred and fifty-nine.

To see such a company of little ones, without father or mother, well-fed, clothed, sheltered, instructed, and every way cared for, is a sight well calculated to affect the heart. What a blessed work to take up these forsaken, homeless children, and furnish them with a better home and better every thing, than many of their parents ever provided for them. Truly this institution commends itself to the sympathy and aid of the community.

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"Orphans are admitted into the Asylum until they attain the age of ten years, if the Board be satisfied that they are proper subjects for this institution. Their guardians or connexions must relinquish all claim to their future disposal." "No child shall leave the Asylum until he has been at least one year under the care of the society, and until he can read, write, cipher," &c.—(*By Laws, Page* 8.)

The boys and girls, when they arrive at suitable age, are bound (on trial) to such persons as the Board shall approve, the former, until they attain the age of twenty-one years, the latter, eighteen years. The friends of the Orphans are permitted to visit them on the first Monday of every month. The total number of children which have been received by this society, since its beginning, is 1293, that is, up to the time of the last report, for which I am indebted to the institution.

HALF ORPHAN ASYLUM.

"The society for the relief of HALF ORPHAN and *destitute children*" was established December 16, 1835. Since then, it has steadily and uninterruptedly extended its field of usefulness, a work which none but those who are familiar with its ceaseless labor of love, can fully appreciate. To have one glimpse of these well cared-for children, at the dinner table, in the school-room, or in the sanctuary, is or ought to be enough to satisfy any one, and every one, that here is an institution which at once commends itself to all the wise, rich, and good; and the tender-hearted, liberal-minded well wisher of little helpless ones,

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cannot fail to heartily approve of such disinterested benevolence.

True the children of this institution are but *half* orphans, yet who does not know that many children who have both father and mother, are worse off than if they had neither; while others who have one parent, are often wretchedly provided for, or what is worse, subjected to an influence ruinously pernicious.

"The requisite conditions for admission are,

"1st. The death of one parent.

"2d. Freedom from all contagious disease.

"3d. A promise from the parents to pay fifty cents weekly for the board of the child, unless satisfactory reasons can be given to the managers why they should be exempted.

"4th. That the child be not under two nor over ten years of age."—(*Annual Report.*)

The total number of children which have enjoyed the benefits of this humane institution during its fifteen years of usefulness, is 1,223. The present number is 186.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

The "*American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless,*" has been some sixteen years carrying forward a good work, and is entitled to the co-operation of all those who have silver and sympathy for that class to which this institution is daily extending important aid. The number of inmates received since 1847 to May, 1850, is, adults, 1,074, children, 744—total 1,818.

Now, if the reader should doubt for a moment the

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utility or humanity of this institution, let him just go up to the "Home" on east 30th street, near Madison Avenue, and see what kind friends, clean beds, airy rooms, and well-spread tables are there for those unprotected females whose only crime is want of shelter, work, and bread, and if he is not then thoroughly convinced, he must be marvelously incredulous. To say that the writer was exceedingly gratified to have the privilege of a brief introduction to such a *Home*, is not saying enough, and yet it is saying about as much as he has time to say. But one word from the "*Rules*."

"Adult females, *of good moral character*, destitute of funds, friends, or home, shall be received into this institution by order of any two of the managers, *until their case can be examined*, after which, if approved as worthy applicants, they shall be boarded and employed till suitable places can be found for them; with the understanding, that, in all cases they shall conform strictly to the rules of the house, accept cheerfully such situations, or service-places as may be deemed suitable, and endeavor to acquit themselves creditably. All inmates of the institution of sufficient age, shall be expected" "to appropriate a suitable portion of their time to manual labor while they may remain, and to be under the control and direction of the Matron."

"Children for whom admission to the Home is desired, should have a permit, signed by a member of the Committee or Board."

"Friendless or destitute girls, under the age of sixteen, and over three years of age, and boys under

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six and over three years old, either orphans, half-orphans, or abandoned by their parents, may be received and provided for until permanent homes in Christian families can be secured for them by adoption or otherwise.

"Hours of rising and retiring, for adults, shall be at five o'clock, A. M., and at ten o'clock, P. M., in summer, and at six o'clock, A. M., and nine o'clock, P. M., in winter. The children shall retire soon after supper, and rise in season for bathing and dressing before breakfast. The matron shall pass through the dormitories after the hour of retiring, and see that the lights are extinguished, and the lamps removed." "The *discipline* of the institution shall be strictly *parental* in its character." The receipts and disbursements during the past year amounted to $14,141 69.

ASYLUM FOR AGED INDIGENT FEMALES.

The "*Association for the relief of respectable aged Indigent Females*" has been laboring in a very important field for thirty-seven years, and the praiseworthy efforts of this institution have not been in vain. The *Asylum* was founded in 1838. The report for 1850, and for which I am indebted to the institution, presents the following statistics:—

The family of the Asylum consists of eighty-five members, and precisely the same number of aged females, termed "out-door pensioners," have also been cared for by this society. Of the inmates, during the past year, seven have died, whose united ages were 507 years. Of the out-door pensioners, nine have died. One at the advanced age of 105 years, and

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five others, at 80, 84, 86, 86, and 90 years; their united ages being 531 years—average age 88½ years. The rule of the society is to receive none but those of the character above stated, nor any under sixty years of age.

The writer visited this "*Home for Old Ladies*" about the first of February last, and though his time was limited to a short period, yet he saw enough to produce a desire and a determination to call again. The Matron kindly conducted him through the several apartments which were comfortably furnished and in good order.

It being about the dinner hour, I received an invitation to visit the dining room, the room of all others which I most desired to see, and especially at such a favorable time. Not so much, however, to see the room, or what was on the table, nor even to eat it, though it was good enough for the king, as to see the guests in such a favorable attitude for exhibiting a lively sense of their distinguished comforts. And this, for me, was feast enough, to fast the rest of the day.

The company constituted a very respectable family, though many from infirmity and other causes, took their meals in their own rooms. I counted fifty at the tables which were abundantly spread with fish, such as no man, fresh from "Cape Cod," could object to, (for they have fish once a week,) and potatoes that would have pleased the palate of "Father Mathew," and as good bread as bakers know how to make, and, to top off with, a large allowance of rice pudding. Many of them looked contented and hap-

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py, and appeared to feel as much at home as it is easy for one to feel outside of his or her own cabin.

To me, it was indeed a blessed thought that so many afflicted ones could spend the remainder of their days, the decline of life, in peace, at this quiet home, and I love to call to mind my visit to that charitable institution, for it adds much to my stock of comfortable thoughts, as often as I do so, and I doubt whether any one can visit it and not feel compelled to admit that he is well paid for his trouble.

And now, reader, whether your mother is among the number or not, if she is among the *living*, you know not how soon she may be there, and so take our advice, and furnish an apartment there, and have it ready for her, and should she never need such a provision, others will. Put a comfortable bed there, and get some good mother's blessing, and see if your own bed don't grow softer every night. The first man that will try it, and is not satisfied, we will take the bed off of his hands forthwith.

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

This excellent institution was incorporated April 17, 1831. The plot of ground on which the noble building stands, is one entire block, being 800 feet long and 200 feet wide, bounded by 33d and 34th streets and 8th and 9th avenues. The edifice is built of Sing Sing marble, and is three stories high and 175 feet in length.

I had the pleasure of visiting this institution last autumn in company with Prof. Geo. F. Root, their

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able instructor in music. I went at a particular hour, on purpose to hear them *sing*, and although there was a plenty to be *seen* which was worth seeing, yet there was more just then to be *heard*, and if I was not minus a gift, I would tell the reader what it was, although I am not bound to tell him anything but what I *saw*.

But didn't they sing? Suffice it to say, I felt much inclined to look around for Jenny Lind, knowing that she was expected there about that time. Well, let her go—they are ready for her, as I can assure the reader that they are no strangers to *nightingales*.

But as the Blind Authoress, Miss Frances Crosby, who is so well and favorably known, kindly furnished me (after conducting me through the building) with some statistics, which I know will interest the reader more than anything which I can add, I take pleasure in presenting them.

"Its location is perhaps one of the most healthy on the island; and under the direction of its excellent superintendent, James F. Chamberlain, aided by the co-operation of an efficient and highly estimable board of managers, it may be said to have reached the achme of its prosperity. The present number of pupils is 116, many of whom are children from eight to fourteen years of age.

"They are instructed in the various branches, such as reading, writing, geography, grammar, and arithmetic, together with those of a higher order—namely, moral philosophy, astronomy and rhetoric.

"Reading is taught by means of raised letters—the impression being made upon one side of the page

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thus enabling the individual to trace it with the fingers. The faculty acquired in this art is truly astonishing. Instances have not unfrequently occurred, in which those totally deprived of sight have learned the entire alphabet in a single day, and at the expiration of two months, have been able to read the Bible fluently."

"The system of educating the blind, differs in many respects from that generally pursued in a school of seeing children. It is principally oral."

"Arithmetic is taught by means of metallic plates, with apertures sufficient to admit a small type somewhat resembling that used in printing. This type or figure, is designed to represent two characters, a T and a V. The former being placed at one end, and the latter at the other. The T, placed in its natural position, represents 1. Turned to the right (⊣) 2. Inverted (⊥) 3, and to the left, (⊢) 4. The V, in its natural position, represents 5, turned to the left (>) 6. Inverted, (∧) 7, to the right (<) 8. The 9 is represented by an L, in its proper position, and inverted (⊤) it forms a 0.

"Music, both vocal and instrumental, is taught thoroughly and scientifically, and not as many suppose by ear. Those who have attended concerts given by the Blind, either at the institution or elsewhere, can give ample testimony to the correctness and precision with which they have executed some of the most difficult pieces.

"Many of them have graduated, and are employed as teachers and organists in our city, and also in various parts of the country. In the acquisition of this,

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as well as every other branch, there are many obstacles to be encountered, and many difficulties to be overcome. The deprivation under which they labor necessarily obliges them to depend wholly upon their memory. Yet with them there is no such word as fail, for they have long since learned the truth of the old adage, 'Persevere and you shall succeed.'

"While their intellectual powers are undergoing a system of the most careful cultivation, their religious instruction is by no means neglected. Many of them have become hopefully pious, and have united with different evangelical churches. There is a chapel connected with the institution in which divine service is held every Sabbath. Morning and evening worship is conducted by the Superintendent, and the strict attendance of every pupil is required.

"For the benefit of those who may be ignorant of the fact, it will be proper to remark that the institution is under the patronage of the State, and receives $130 annually for each pupil. Those who are in circumstances to pay the amount, are of course expected to do so. Those who cannot, may be admitted free of expense, if a certificate be procured to that effect, by their parents or friends, from the Supervisors of the counties to which they belong."

"We are exceedingly anxious that the reader should become more thoroughly acquainted with our establishment, and therefore, if he will do us the favor to visit us, we will promise to conduct him through our various departments, and endeavor to explain every thing to his entire satisfaction."

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Yes, she may well say that, for when the writer visited this noble and highly useful institution, she conducted him through the different apartments as well as if she had been *all eyes*, and as fluently described every thing on the way, as if she had been all *tongue*. Hence, he came to the conclusion that she could not be "*all ears*," according to the old saying, although it was quite evident that there was no deficiency in these important organs.

As there are no two classes, in whose welfare the community feels a deeper interest than in the Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb—and as I have glanced at the institution for the benefit of the former, it is very proper that I should now bring to view the Asylum for the latter; and, in so doing, brief and imperfect as may be the sketch, the writer indulges the hope that it will not be altogether unsatisfactory to the reader.

INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

I visited this noble, this greatly favored, and highly successful institution during the past winter, and received from the much esteemed and worthy President, Harvey Prindle Peet, L.L. D., much valuable information, all of which I should be glad to lay before my readers, if circumstances would permit.

This institution received its charter on the 15th of April, 1817, and went into operation the following spring. Since that time it has been steadily enlarging its operations, augmenting its usefulness, and increasing in favor with the community, and never

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was more prosperous than at the present moment, although for a short period it has had to dispense with the valuable services of its distinguished President, who, to acquire more information, if possible, touching the most perfect method of developing the intellectual powers of the Deaf Mute, left New York early the present season, for Europe. While we feel satisfied that he is not "too old to learn"—that if there is any thing valuable there to be picked up, he will not return without it—we are equally confident that he will never leave the Europeans much in their debt, for if he does not lend quite as much as he borrows, we are greatly mistaken in the man.

This was one of the first institutions in our country to commence the teaching of Deaf Mutes; and we trust that it will be one of the last to discontinue so good a work. There is probably no institution of the kind which is better conducted than this. None more eminently successful and entitled to the sympathy and hearty co-operation of the community. And I am happy to add, that there are few if any, more liberally sustained. Indeed there is but one opinion concerning its importance, so far as it is fully known.

But possibly some of my readers may have (though I hope not) as little definite knowledge of its real merits as had the writer previous to visiting it, and seeing for himself. Indeed in taking a little pains to see what there is in the city worth seeing, he will undoubtedly be more benefited than the reader.

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But a desire to interest the latter, has stimulated the former to give a simple, unvarnished notice of such institutions and places as it has been convenient for him to visit, and he can surely call the reader's attention to no institution in the city, with more pleasure than to this.

The number of pupils in the institution at the time of my visit, was 227. Of these 160 were beneficiaries of the State; 16 of the City; 13 of the State of New Jersey; 24 were supported by their friends; and 14 gratuitously by the institution; these last being mostly children. The course of instruction embraces a period of seven years.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

1. "Pupils are provided for by the institution in all respects, clothing and travelling expenses excepted, at the rate of $130 each, per annum." "Payment is required semi-annually in advance.

2. "The regular time of admission, is at the close of the vacation, which extends from the second Wednesday of July, to the first Wednesday of September."

3. "No deduction will be made from the annual charge in consequence of absence, or on any account whatever, except sickness."

4. "Pupils are at liberty to reside, during the vacation, in the institution, without charge."

5. "Applicants for admission to be educated at the public expense, should be between the ages of twelve and twenty-five years," &c. Other items in the terms I shall omit.

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BUILDINGS.

"The buildings consist of a principal edifice, work-shops—in which book-binding, shoe-making, cabinet-making, and tailoring are done by the pupils—stables, wash-house, and bathing-house. The principal edifice is a connected building, consisting of a centre, sixty by one hundred and ten feet, having five stories, divided into a kitchen, bake-room, store-room, rooms for the accommodation of the President's family; library, cabinet and office, eleven school-rooms, each twenty by twenty-five feet; a chapel, occupying the centre of the fourth and fifth stories, on each side of which are lodging rooms, capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty-five pupils; two wings, each eighty-five by thirty feet, divided into day and evening rooms, lodging-rooms, and washing-rooms, and two connecting wings each twenty by twenty feet, divided into passage ways and hospitals.

"The government is entrusted wholly to the President, advised by a Board of Directors. In the intellectual, mechanical, and domestic departments, there are eleven teachers, a book-binder, cabinet-maker, tailor, shoe-maker, gardener, and laborers; a matron and her assistant, a cook and other female domestics.

"The hour for rising, is uniformly at half-past five, in summer; in winter, half an hour later. Breakfast at six or half-past six o'clock; after which, each pupil goes to labor in the shops, the garden, or about the house. At nine o'clock the pupils assemble in

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the Chapel for prayers, after which they go to their respective class-rooms. At twelve o'clock, dinner. After dinner they play for an hour.

"At half-past one o'clock, school is again called. At ten minutes to four, prayers are again held in the Chapel. The pupils then return to their respective occupations and remain till six o'clock, when they are called to tea, after which, they are allowed a short season of relaxation, when they are called to their evening lessons. At nine, the younger portion of the pupils retire to bed; the older are permitted to sit up till ten.

"*Religious* services are held twice in the Chapel on Sunday, and the intervals of the day are spent in reading, or committing to memory a Sabbath-school lesson.

"*Bathing* is encouraged, and made imperative once a week.

"The *diet* consists of the best and greatest variety of food. The President, officers, pupils, and domestics all fare alike." —(*Annual Report.*)

The *garden* produces an abundance of vegetables, and the grounds are ample for physical exercise, embracing in all ten acres. I am happy to say, that exercise, which is so essential to health and life, as I have already said, once and again, is here greatly encouraged, and we hope that its importance will never be lost sight of.

But I must say a word about my visit to this favored spot. It was short, but sweet. My first, but not my last. Unceremonious, but not unprofitable. Unbidden but not unwelcome.

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The reader will readily perceive that I was highly entertained by being informed that I left home at an early hour in the morning intending to return at eleven, and found it no easy matter to break the spell in time to get back at one o'clock; and this was accomplished only by doing violence to my own feelings in such a manner as to remind me of some thirsty mortals being snatched away from a refreshing fountain, after taking one sup.

The Deaf and Dumb, without instruction, are unquestionably in a state of moral, social and intellectual isolation more deplorable than even the *blind.* But the benefits of education to this unfortunate class of our fellow-men, are too great to be here described.

If there are any who grope in doubt and darkness on this subject, let them compare one who has been instructed in such an institution with one in his native ignorance, and we think their incredulity will soon become as volatile as darkness before the rising sun.

One moment's reflection must convince every intelligent mind that the deaf mute *untaught,* must necessarily have a very narrow range of ideas, for where is the man, no matter how good his eyes or ears, or how great his fund of knowledge, *who knows any more than he has learned?*

The reader is aware that this class of whom we are now speaking, must be taught by signs instead of sounds. That they are very apt to learn, is beyond all controversy; and they are the last ones to believe that "ignorance is bliss."

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The first class that I visited had been but a few months in the institution, and I was greatly gratified and not a little surprised to see how much they had learned. It was to me delightful beyond description to witness their activity, teachable dispositions, and happy faces. But my time was so limited that I could hardly take more than a glimpse.

I then visited one of the higher classes, and after an introduction to the teacher, he introduced his class to as awkward a guest as ever got upon the "blackboard."

The reader may here ask how I got upon their huge slates which stood up all around the room as high as their heads.

Well, the teacher made a few playful turns of the hand, which I thought could amount to a little more than enough for one word, and as quick as thought they flew to their slates, and to let me know that they perfectly understood him, even as well as I did when he spoke to me in plain English, their nimble fingers—and they are remarkably expert in writing—had it all down in black and white—who I was, where I lived, and my object in visiting their institution, their "noble institution," as they called it, and well they might. Their penmanship was excellent, and much of their composition highly creditable; some of them showing talent much above mediocrity.

Although their thoughts neither came in through their ears, nor walked out upon their tongues, yet there was no lack of ideas or ability to express them. I was so pleased with their apt, off-hand, unpremedi-

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tated reply to their teacher as they translated what was to me unintelligible living hieroglyphics (as I knew not the first letter of the alphabet), that had the author been a little less mixed up in the paragraphs, he would gladly give the reader the benefit of them. At any rate when they said that they hoped that I would give a good report of their noble institution, I must say that I felt very much inclined to adopt the language of "Sam Slick."

As a specimen of their ability to express their thoughts in writing, the following composition will probably satisfy the reader. It is taken from the Annual Report of 1850. The pupil who wrote it, had been only four years under instruction, and we think that few children with as limited a season of instruction, and as good tongues and better *ears*, will be likely to produce a better specimen.

"AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN A FLY AND A BEE."

"One day a poor fly, while passing a bee-hive full of honey, in a beautiful garden, was perceived by a bee which proudly flew at it and insultingly said, 'Why do you come here? You design to steal my honey.'

"The fly replied, 'I do not wish to steal it, but feel a desire to learn how to make honey as you do.'

"The bee answering, said, 'You are such a dirty insect, that it is impossible for you to make it. You must not come near my hive, because you have devoured almost every bad thing; but I have always sucked sweet beautiful flowers, and I have made ho-

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ney of them.' The bee continued to say, 'Most people love bees more than flies, for they are useless, and can make nothing; they are also very troublesome to all creatures.'

"The fly was than full of anger, and said, 'You have a long sharp sting, and you cruelly sting many persons, and cause the wound to swell, very much like a noxious snake. It is very dangerous to sting. I, however, have never been cruel to any one since I was born.'

"The bee said to the fly, 'I have a strong natural propensity to sting, when any one provokes me. God gave me a sharp sting to defend myself with it; but if I am not attacked, I do not sting. If you had a sting, you would do much more harm than I. You always get into mischief, and fall into milk, molasses, butter, &c. While people are partaking of refreshments, flies rush and devour it like dogs, and interrupt the people so much that they cannot eat. You creep on their faces and make them uneasy. You are very impolite and rude.'

"The fly replied, 'You are quite as troublesome as I, for you often enter a house, creep about the window, and frighten the people so much that they endeavor to catch you with a pair of tongs, and pitch you into the fire.'

"The bee, on hearing this, was much enraged, and said, 'You are too lazy to build a house of your own, and ramble everywhere. It seems as if you were a vagabond. You will soon die when the weather begins to be cold."

"The fly replied, 'I shall become torpid and rest

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till spring. I shall live again. It is not necessary for me to work. I hate to see a bee of such great pride and boastfulness.'

"The bee replied, 'Well, you are right in thinking that I am proud. You are certainly jealous of me.'

"The fly said, 'No, I am not, but you are such a passionate creature, I do not wish to talk with you any longer.'

"The bee said, 'Never provoke me, and I will always be kind to you; but if you do provoke me, I will kill you.'

"The fly replied, 'I will continue to talk to you as I please.' So the angry bee stung the fly so much that it laid the poor insect dead. E. L."

Since writing the above, a communication from a gentleman who was recently a pupil, but who is now a teacher in this institution, has been received, containing a clear, brief and intelligible account of the present mode of instructing deaf mutes; and with pleasure we lay it before our readers, as it will serve a two-fold purpose. It not only unfolds to some extent, the present method of teaching in the institution, but it shows conclusively that the writer, although deprived of holding intercourse with the surrounding world through the medium of sound, is nevertheless better prepared to communicate his ideas, than many who are blessed with all the natural faculties.

"METHOD OF INSTRUCTING THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"Many gentlemen and ladies who come to this benevolent institution for the purpose of viewing the

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exercises of the deaf mutes, and the internal arrangements of the institution, frequently express a strong desire to know the elementary process by which this important work is commenced.

"I imagine that those who visit the institution for the deaf and dumb, ask these two questions—'How can deaf mutes learn, without the aid of hearing? How do you commence teaching them?'

"Some of the deaf and dumb are born without the faculty of hearing; and a majority of them are deprived of hearing, either in infancy, or in childhood, by almost an endless variety of diseases and accidents. They, when they are placed in common schools, are unable to learn without using the language of gesticulation. Sometimes they are educated by means of articulation; but they cannot well acquire a knowledge of spoken language.

"It is easier to communicate knowledge by pantomimic language to deaf mutes, than to teach them how to read on the lips of their master. The language of signs is so expressive and intelligible, that the deaf mutes seem to have the ability to hear through their eyes. When a pupil entering into the institution, is brought into the school-room where a class of young pupils is assembled, the teacher endeavors to establish some kind of intercourse with him by showing him some moveable objects, and questioning him concerning their uses.

"A book for instance, is presented to him, and he is asked what it is for. He answers by a look of wonder. The inquiry is varied, and the teacher asks

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him, by gestures, if the book can be eaten. He answers in the negative, by shaking his head.

"The pupil is again questioned about its use. If he catches the idea, bringing the hands together spread out with the palms upwards to represent an open book, he indicates its use by running the eyes from one side to the other, as if in the act of reading.

"A key, is represented by the act of turning the hand, in imitation of locking or unlocking; a knife, by whetting; a pen, by writing; a watch, by putting it to the ear, or imitating the hands over the dial, and a hat, by putting it on the head.

"The teacher writes on one of the large slates, the name of an object. The pupils have no conception of its meaning. A pupil is called from another class. The teacher points to the name and the pupil points to the object.

"Other words are then written down, and the objects respectively pointed out. After the pupils have obtained the ideas of them, one of them begins to point to the names and objects, when they receive ideas from this course in connection with the pantomimic signs of the teacher.

"A book entitled the 'Elementary Lessons,' prepared by the President, containing the Manual Alphabet, or an engraved representation of the different positions of the hand and fingers, denoting the letters of the alphabet; easy lesson in each of which five or six engravings of common objects are represented, and simple words, phrases, and sentences printed, is given to the pupils.

"They are taught the Manual Alphabet, the cor-

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respondence between the written and printed character, and then to form letters with a crayon. A word of three or four letters—the names of some objects, such as a hat, a dog, a goat, a horse, &c., is written on the slate. The pupils are required to spell it repeatedly on the fingers, as a hearing child repeats words in its spelling-book, till the words are retained in its mind.

The teacher, by pointing to the names of objects, or by spelling them on the fingers, calls forth the appropriate gestures from them. The pupils are summoned to the large slates, arranged around the room, and, with crayons prepared for the purpose, taught to write. The pupils observe the teacher with their eyes closely fixed on him while he expresses by signs, a *horse*, by placing the two fingers of the hand on each side of the head, and moving them in imitation of the horse's ears. They, receiving the idea of this sign, immediately write the word on the slate, and so in like manner, other words which they have learned.

"Adjectives denoting color, shape, and size, are added to substantives. Appropriate signs are made, indicating such qualities as black, white, red, long, short, thick and thin. These words in adjectives, placed before nouns, are written on the slate by the teacher, and illustrated by signs; and the pupils commit them to memory by means of the manual alphabet, and then recite them in written language.

"In this way the pupils advance step by step, from the simple to the more difficult parts of language, till they have acquired a knowledge of the proper use of language in all its variety of forms. They obtain

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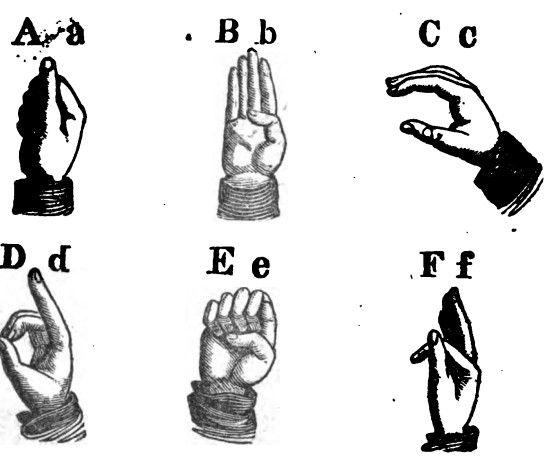
such an acquaintance with the various phrases of languages, by much practice and care in reading, that they are able to express their thoughts freely, in correct language.

"I should inform you that Messrs. Clerc, Loring, Spofford, Carlin, and other distinguished deaf mutes, have made proficiency in the acquisition of language, and can write as elegantly as many intelligent speaking people.

"The art of teaching deaf mutes through the medium of signs, leads us to admire the power and wisdom of our Almighty Maker who has placed benevolent institutions for the deaf and dumb on the earth by the influence of his word."

"I. H. B."

MANUAL ALPHABET.



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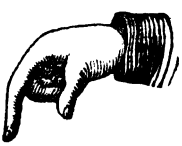

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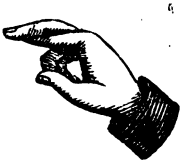

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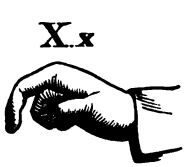

There are many other benevolent societies and institutions which are well worthy of notice in our goodly town. But to speak of them all in detail, would altogether extend the volume beyond our intended limits. Some of the principal and most important ones, together with those which I have noticed, will be found in the table below.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

Institution for the Blind.
Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane.
Magdalen Female Benevolent Asylum
New-York Orphan Asylum.
Catholic Orphan Asylum.
Do. Half-Orphan Asylum.
Mariners' Family Industrial Society.
Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum.

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Leake and Watts Orphan House.
Colored Orphan Asylum.
Colored Home.
Sailors' Home.
Asylum for Respectable, Aged, Indigent Females.
Home for Sailors' Children.
House of Industry and Home for the Friendless.
Home for Discharged Prisoners.
House and School of Industry.
Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men.
Ladies' Union Aid Society.
Mariners' Family Industrial Society.
Asylum for Friendless Boys.

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DIVERSITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

In this city may be found, as I have already intimated, almost every modification of character, condition and pursuit. Some put their best foot forward, and some their worst; for it can hardly be denied that some actually appear worse in some respects than they really are; while in that deception which is the most common the world over, the great majority are possibly largely involved. Ah, yes, many who at the first view appear to be almost without faults, are almost or altogether destitute of everything else.

But this is not all. A man's condition in town, as well as everywhere else, is greatly modified by the view he takes of it. Some are actually more happy in barracks and garrets, than others are in glittering palaces and towering mansions, surrounded by a retinue of servants, whose enjoyments are often greater than their masters', notwithstanding the latter roll in wealth, and lounge on velveted divans to inherit mania, gout, dyspepsia, and hypocondriasis.

Some in town are rich without a dollar, and others are miserably poor with gold and silver enough to crush them.

I have seen old men at thirty, and young men at seventy.

I have heard men of little sense and less virtue

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extolled for their wisdom, and praised for their good deeds, while the wise and upright were denounced as fools and bigots.

VICTIMS TO FOLLY.

I have seen men go on headlong in business as though they would drive all before them, but it was soon evident that they were *driving down hill!*

I have seen individuals who seemed to be so constituted that it made them unhappy to see any man have a larger house, a faster horse, a swifter dog, a better coat, or a brighter button. I have moreover, seen them exchange a convenient, comfortable dwelling, for a larger and possibly more splendid, and positively more *expensive* edifice, where to their great disappointment they took far less comfort than before, and where, to their shame and ruin, the *red flag*, that significant emblem, soon fluttered in the wind over their door, advertising an *auction*, and telling their creditors that they were lucky if they got fifty cents on a dollar. And I thought of Franklin's conclusion in regard to buying the *whistle*.

I have seen individuals determined to follow the *fashion*, no matter how expensive, no matter how ridiculous, no matter how pernicious to health. And, more than this, I have seen them sicken and die, victims to their own folly!

I have seen men go on increasing their dominions, spreading themselves out "like a green bay-tree," adding dollar to dollar, and lot to lot, and house to house, heaping up treasure and hoarding up wealth,

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with which to ruin their children and distract themselves. They frequently begin the world with nothing but good health and good habits, and too often leave their offspring without either, because they have sadly neglected to train them up in the way that they should go.

True, these successful citizens intend that all their prosperity shall largely contribute to their children's welfare; but the future too often discloses their mistake. When it is too late, they discover that they have exhibited more sagacity in obtaining means with which to foster pride, and encourage idleness, dissipation, and prodigality, than in inculcating right principles and habits. And without any "guessing," I hesitate not in the least to say that there are more than *ten* thus ruined in the city, to *one* in the country.

But perhaps the reader may say, "Give us an example." Well, enough could be given to fill a volume. One, however, will suffice.

A certain down-town merchant who had been greatly prospered in business, took into co-partnership with him, two sons. The older son, in addition to his share of the profits, received annually ten thousand dollars for entertaining their customers, friends and others with dinners, suppers, champagne, &c.

At length the father said to his sons, "Well, I have made money enough, and therefore I do not wish any of the profits of the concern; so take it and make as much for yourselves as you can. Here is a splendid business, long established. You have plenty of ca-

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pital; no debts to trouble you—no bank notes to pay and nothing to fear."

But, alas! it was not long before the father became sensible that *he* had something to fear! Neither was it long before he advertised the dissolution of the co-partnership, and re-entered the counting-room to discharge existing obligations, and save the reputation and retain the business of the house.

But could he as easily re-establish a good character for his sons? No, never! Money had no power to do that.

As it had been the *cause* of a sad departure from the path of safety, it could not well become the *cure*. He had unwittingly laid the foundation for a miserable superstructure; and no expostulation, warning, or tears, could now prevent the most disastrous consequences. Rum and ruin, Doctor's and *delirium tremens*, disgrace and distress were the fearful witnesses to the folly of the misguided father.

I have seen a young man, a little less than twenty-one, who was flattered and followed, both day and night, by many professed friends. He lived but a short distance from the writer, and was known to him personally. But why had he so many admirers? Was it because he was virtuous, industrious, temperate, and useful?

Far otherwise. Not one of these traits did he possess; though he might have possessed them all, had it not been for the folly of his grandfather, who left for him a large fortune, upon which he had already begun to draw. But neither did the money or the man last long. *Delirium tremens* hurried to a

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drunkard's grave, and his poor widowed mother quickly followed her ruined son!

"But no matter for this," many seem to say, and while they even stand upon the grave's mouth, cry, "Rum, rum! No matter how many tears, and groans, and broken vows, and broken hearts—no matter who lives—who dies—only give us a little more *money* and a little more *rum!*"

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DEATH-BED SCENES.

I have seen men bid adieu to the joys and sorrows of earth, under a variety of circumstances. Strangers sometimes come to town to do the business of a day, or a week, and are suddenly and unexpectedly prostrated by disease, and hurried to the tomb. Not however, because the city is prejudicial to life, so much, as because their "time is up," as the poor maniac said, in the "Tombs" after hanging himself.

Others, who live to a good old age, and hardly breathe outside the city, leave the town almost or quite, for the first time, as they fly away to the spirit-land.

Some die among strangers, yet surrounded with sympathizing friends. Others leave the world in the midst of kindred, and leave more behind to rejoice than mourn.

A greater diversity of circumstances, and a more frequent approach of the "King of terrors," was perhaps never experienced in this city than in the Cholera year 1849, when, from all diseases, the average mortality for the year was one death in every twenty-two minutes and twenty seconds, and for two weeks, *one death in every seven minutes and fourteen seconds!*

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DEATH OF A STRANGER.

I once saw a poor man suddenly cut down by disease, under circumstances somewhat trying. He was a stranger in a strange land. He had neither kindred to sympathize with him during his sufferings, nor friends to mourn for him, after his departure.

But he had one to watch for the last breath, as a hungry shark waits and watches for the lifeless corpse.

I found him in a garret, sitting up in bed, laboring under very difficult respiration, and although it was at once apparent that he was in a critical condition, yet I did not suspect his end to be so near.

Soon after my arrival, he turned his attention to the woman with whom he was boarding, and began to give directions concerning his burial, &c. She tried to persuade him that he was not going to die, and endeavored to turn his thoughts in another direction.

But he knew better than that, and steadily persevered as he was able to speak. He told her how and where he wanted to be buried—how to dispose of his watch, clothes, &c., naming certain individuals with whom he had become partially acquainted, although but a few weeks in the new world, and to whom he desired to give the articles mentioned. He then said, "Pay the doctor out of my money which you have in your possession, and keep the rest yourself," all of which she promised to do, and he laid down, and was dead in less than ten minutes!

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At that moment, a man came in, her husband perhaps, though I know not that she had any, and I hope that she had not, and she said to him, "See! this man is dead, and he told me, the last thing that he said, that I should have all his things for my trouble, and the doctor heard him;" and as she appealed to me to sanction as black a lie as was ever told, I must confess that I was so thunderstruck at her audacious robbery, that instead of disputing her over the dead body not half cold, I hurried away out of her sight, and was afterwards provoked with myself that I neglected to have her arrested.

I have also seen the rich, both old and young, sicken and die, while surrounded by friends, physicians, kindred, comforts, and every desirable agent that earth could furnish. Every thing that it was possible for man to do, was done to preserve the "brittle thread of life;" yet death was too much for all. "The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and wheel broken at the cistern," and "the mourners went about the streets."

I have seen a little one who was too young to know aught of the destiny of mortals, or the wages of sin—fade away under the withering touch of the "King of Terrors," like a tender bud nipped by a premature frost. I have heard him cry and moan with a solemn tone—have felt the unnatural beating of a struggling, fluttering heart; and as he drew nearer and still nearer to the gates of death, I have seen the father with aching heart drop a tear, and turn

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aside to roll off a portion of his burden upon Him who has an ear to hear, and is mighty to save.

I heard the stricken mother, sigh, and cry aloud in anguish of spirit, "O Savior of the World, have mercy on my child!" and she walked the room, and wrung her hands, and kissed her babe, and watched and wept, and groaned, and prayed, and said, "What shall I do?" while the little sufferer panted on, breathing shorter and shorter, and growing weaker and weaker.

The house, almost as still as the grave, except an occasional outburst of grief—a whisper from the nurse, or a stifled sigh, appeared unlike surrounding habitations, while the voice of death seemed to accompany the noiseless footsteps of every attendant, and the dim glimmering, half-extinguished flame of the gas-burner, threw over the patient, spectators, and every thing present, such lurid rays as seemed mournfully appropriate, where the lamp of life had almost ceased to burn!

The physician did all that he could do, and friends and attendants did all that they could do to keep the tender lamb a little longer in the dark, cold, perilous valley of earth; but Death, the best friend of all, opened the gate, and welcomed the little sufferer into the Paradise of God, but left the bereaved parents behind, to morn their *loss*, of which they were prone to be more sensible, than of its gain.

Although it is hard, very hard, for parents to part with their tender offspring—to cover them up in the dark, cold grave, to moulder in the dust; yet whenever I see a little one cut down, and hurried away from

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this unfriendly, sinful, selfish world, I feel almost constrained to cry out, a happy escape, and feel that it would be a sin to wish it back.

I once witnessed a death-bed scene in the city that I shall not soon forget. The sufferer was a lovely boy about six years of age, the son of a worthy physician.

It had been remarked, prior to his illness, that he was no ordinary child. He took a deep interest in Missions, and all benevolent institutions; more especially the Sabbath School enterprise. He had a sweet disposition, pure spirit, and heavenly temperament. But at no time did the heaven-born spirit within, exhibit its lovely traits in such a glorious and touching manner, as during the hours of extreme bodily suffering. I felt that the place contained the inhabitants of Heaven, even ministering spirits.

Moreover, I was conscious that it was such a scene as I might never again witness, and was, therefore, reluctant to leave the spot. Accordingly, although aware that I could be of very little service to the poor, suffering boy, I proposed to stay with him through the night, and felt that it was a privilege that my services were accepted.

That night was a night by itself. I have seen brighter nights, and darker nights—nights of greater joy, and deeper grief. But I never saw *such* a night.

Probably the reader is aware that one of the most distressing maladies with which poor mortals ever suffer, and especially the young, is the *croup*. This was the terrible disease which had been commission-

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ed to tear down the clayey tabernacle, and remove the spirit—too pure for earth to longer tarnish, to a brighter abode.

To die of croup, is to be suffocated by inches. The disease is inflammation of the windpipe, which gradually and entirely closes it, so that breathing ultimately becomes as much impossible as if the person was hung up by the neck.

But, notwithstanding his intense suffering, I scarcely ever saw a patient, old or young, so composed and uncomplaining. He was as patient as a lamb, and conducted like a man ripe for heaven. Indeed his name was already registered there, in the Book of Life. I did not, and do not doubt it.

From the nature of his disease it was very difficult for him to speak. While his father, mother, and myself were standing around his bed, in breathless anxiety, he suddenly raised his head and whispered forth a request which was, that an absent member of the family might be called in. Although we knew not the object of the request, it was quickly granted.

When the individual arrived, he kissed her and bade her good bye. Then, he deliberately called for another, and kissed, and affectionately parted with that individual in the same way. And thus he proceeded until he had given every member of the household, ten or a dozen, a parting kiss, in the most affectionate and solemn manner. All this was of his own accord, as not a word had been said to him on the subject.

After this, his father and mother retired to an adjoining room to get a little rest, and I carefully

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watched the receding tide of life, without perceiving any very marked change, for perhaps two hours. At length I thought the time of his departure had arrived, and accordingly called his parents. He made a motion to be raised up, and his father took him up in his arms, and carried him into an adjoining room, and he lifted his radiant eyes, pointing upward, and said, "*Father, see the angels.*" I thought that the dear boy was expiring in his father's arms, though he again revived.

But he is no longer within the reach or region of suffering. The little seraph is chanting heavenly anthems where the weary are at rest. Blessed little angel, sing on, for "mortality is swallowed up of life." Sing on with sweet and countless voices, the blessed angels did conduct thee home. Sing on, sing praises forever more to Him whom thou didst love in life, and trust in death, and meet in glory everlasting. For a little season, blessed boy, farewell. Happy George, farewell.

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GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

In conclusion, it may be proper to turn our thoughts, for a moment, whither we are all tending, namely, to the tomb. And no resting place for those who slumber in the dust, can be more appropriately noticed on the present occasion, than "Greenwood Cemetery," although it is not in New York, being on Long Island, about four miles from the city, and near to the suburbs of Brooklyn.

It is well, for more reasons than one, to have such a sacred spot removed from the bustling, intruding, disturbing multitude.

For those of my readers who have visited this spot, which has become so celebrated for its beauty and fitness for the purposes for which it has been set apart, I have nothing to offer that will be new. For those who have been less favored, the following brief and imperfect sketch is designed.

This lovely, consecrated spot, where the old and the young, in unbroken and unconscious silence, slumber and moulder, is highly picturesque in its appearance, and strikingly and invitingly beautiful, as it appears in nature's loveliest attire, to the admiration of all who visit it, especially in the summer season.

This city of the dead was chartered in 1838, and the grounds were opened for interments in 1842. It

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is a public Institution, unconnected with any purposes of profit or gain to any individual whatsoever. All the receipts of the Institution must be expended in improving the grounds, &c.

The grounds contain over 250 acres, composed of hills and dells, lakes and vales, lawns and groves, and cliffs and mounds, together with almost numberless labyrinthine avenues, in which it is much easier for the traveller to lose his way than to find it.

The size of an ordinary burial lot is 12 by 25 feet, with an allowance of an extra foot on the margin for the purposes of inclosure. Such a lot costs $110. Half lots can be obtained at proportionate rates. The form of the lot varies according to circumstances. Lots for single graves for adults are sold at $10, and for children under ten years of age, $5.

The ground is exempt from all taxes, and not subject to any assessment for improvements, and hence the proprietor cannot be forcibly deprived of his possession, though he has a perfect right to sell, at his pleasure.

Although this lovely spot has not yet been occupied ten years by earth's silent sleepers, yet it contains the last remains of many loved and cherished ones, and day by day receives the out-gushing memorials of affection, while others are gently borne to the bosom of the cold and insatiable grave.

In the year 1805, the city of New-York contained a population of 75,770. Since that time up to January, 1851, there have been 279,148 interments, or more inhabitants buried than the city contained as late as

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1835, and more than any other city in the Union now contains, with one exception. Such solemn and decisive proof of our mortality, seems to say, select a proper place for your dead, and "bury them out of your sight."

On this lovely spot may be seen many monuments of great beauty and appropriate design. But in looking at these works of art, one is sometimes reminded of the folly which is so frequently exhibited by living mortals who spare no time or expense in beautifying a spot for a handful of dust and ashes, while they make no provision for the immortal spirit, which, with ever-expanding and ever-enduring capacity, will forever strive in vain to fully comprehend the cost and consequences of such a fatal, woful mistake.

Among the monuments of Greenwood Cemetery there are none which attract more attention than that which points out the resting-place of Charlotte Canda.

Miss Canda was a young lady of superior attainments, and lovely disposition, as many in the city very well know, and while returning home from the festive enjoyments of a small party of friends, on the evening of her seventeenth birth-day, her sudden and unlooked-for death cast a shade of gloom over the community.

Her father left the carriage to accompany a young friend of hers into her residence, while she remained in the vehicle; but before he returned, the horses took fright and ran away, while the driver was standing on the side-walk, and as they turned the cor-

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ner of one of our streets, she either fell out, or jumped out, and was killed, almost instantly.

The principal features of Miss Canda's monument, it is said, were sketched by herself, though intended as a tribute to a friend. The expense of the Mausoleum, it is supposed, was about $25,000.

"The extent and magnificence of the work, the variety and richness of its details, its significant and symbolic sculpture, its profusion of ornament—in fine, its lavish beauty, and ungrudged expense, could not fail to make it an object of strong attraction," and "in it were seen the records of grief too vast for utterance."—(*Greenwood Directory.*)

But as I have already far exceeded the intended limits of this work, I must draw to a close. The highest points of this beautiful and sacred spot, command a magnificent view of neighboring cities, lovely islands, the noble and capacious bay, and the surrounding country; and every way it is justly entitled to the admiration of the spectator, whether citizen or stranger.

But, after all, Greenwood Cemetery is but a very feeble representation of earth's great grave-yard. Wherever we go, the dust which cleaves to our feet, settles upon our garments, or floats upon the breeze, has, for aught we can tell, formed an important part of the eye which once sparkled with lustrous beauty—or the cheek which oft received a mother's kiss; the tongue, whose eloquence charmed the ear, or the muscular arm before which, the mighty quailed. The unchangeable decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is still sweeping to the gap-

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ing tomb, generation after generation in rapid succession with irresistible power, and those who slumber in the dust, vastly outnumber the living, and ever will, until that glorious morn when all the unforgotten myriads of countless mortals shall hear the blast of the life-giving trumpet, and earth and sea at once give up their dead, both small and great, and every one of Adam's race stand forth with a living, spiritual, imperishable body. That will be a glorious day, not only to all the wise and good, who shall have stood in their lot and place on Manhattan Island, but to all such as shall have finished their day of probation in the triumphs of faith, no matter from whence their dust shall be gathered, nor in what way it shall be united to form a glorious habitation for the thrice happy spirit. O, the blessedness of that Gospel which brings life and immortality to light.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

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Headley's Women of the Bible: Historical and descriptive sketches of the Women of the Bible, as maidens, wives, and mothers; from Eve of the Old, to the Marys of the New Testament: by Rev. P. C. Headley, in one 12mo. volume, illustrated — uniform with "Headley's Sacred Mountains." $1,25.

The author of this work possesses enough traits of resemblance to the author of the Sacred Mountains, to leave no doubt of his right to the name of Headley. There is much of that spirited descriptive power, which has made the elder brother a popular favorite, and gives promise of a successful career on his own account. The sketches are brief, and embody all the historic incidents recorded of them.— *New York Evangelist.*

A younger brother of J. T. Headley is the author of this beautiful volume. It will probably have a larger circulation than the splendid work issued last fall by the Messrs. Appleton, being better adapted for the general reader, in form and price, while it is ornamental enough for the centre table. It contains nineteen descriptive biographical sketches, arranged in chronological order, including nearly all the distinguished women of the sacred annals, and forming an outline of Scripture history. The illustrations are from original designs, and are numerous and appropriate. No ordinary powers of imagination and expression are shown in the vivid and picturesque descriptions; and the fine portraitures of character rivet the interest, and set forth the Scripture delineations in a stronger light. In this respect the book has no rival, for no other is so complete, following so closely at the same time, the sacred narrative. We hope it is but an earnest of other works from the pen of its gifted author.— *Home Journal.*

We were so struck with the title of this work, and the prepossessing appearance of its typography, that we have so far departed from the usual course adopted in like cases, as to *read* carefully the work in hand, before recommending it to our readers. And we are prepared to say, that a more attractive volume has not fallen in our way for a long time. It is made up of brief historical and descriptive eulogies of the most remarkable females of a most extraordinary era in the world's history. The author has appropriated very much of the poetry and romance of the Bible, in the sketches he has given of *nineteen* women, who have come down to us through their peculiar merits, embalmed in sacred inspiration. Whoever reads the story of Sarah, the beautiful Hebrew maiden, the admiration of the Chaldean shepherds and the pride of her kindred; or of Rebecca, whom the "faithful steward of Abraham" journeyed to the land of Nahor and selected as the bride of Isaac, and who, it is said, "was *very fair to look upon;*" or of Rachel, the beautiful shepherdess who tended her father's flocks in the valley of Haran; or of Merriam, Deborah, Jeptha's Daughter, Delilah, Ruth, Queen of Sheba, the Shunamite, Esther, Elizabeth, Virgin Mary, Dorcas, and others — will read a story far more interesting and attractive than any romance or novel. Every young lady in town should read this work; and we will venture to say that they *will* do so if they but once get hold of it, for it is a book that cannot be laid aside.— *Oswego Times.*

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The Life of Gen. Zachary Taylor, 12th President of the United States, brought down to his inauguration Steel portrait, 12mo., muslin; a new edition, by H. Montgomery. $1,25.

*** 18,000 of the above work have been sold by us.

"THE LIFE OF GEN. Z. TAYLOR."—*H. Montgomery*, Esq., editor of the Auburn Daily Advertiser, has found leisure, amid the multitude of his engagements, to get up the most respectable looking and carefully prepared biography of the old General we have yet seen. It makes a neat volume, and is printed on excellent paper and new type, and bound in the very best style. It cannot fail to find a tremendous sale; a result due alike to the book itself, and the enterprise of its busy publishers.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

"LIFE OF GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR, by *H. Montgomery*," is the latest and most complete of the numerous volumes purporting to be 'Lives' of the General. The author of this work — likewise editor of the Auburn Journal — is already known as a forcible and pleasing writer, handling his subject with a masterly hand; these characteristics are fully developed in the book before us. The stirring incidents of General Taylor's life, and the recent battles on Mexican soil are well portrayed — the very fair and impartial style of narration being a rare quality in depicting battle scenes. The book will repay an attentive perusal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE LIFE OF MAJOR GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR. *By H. Montgomery.*— Another and still another "illustrated" Life of the great American, (would that he had as many lives as the publishers give him,) the American whom Carlyle would recognise as "a hero" worthy of his pen's most eloquent recognition; THE MAN OF DUTY in an age of Self. An American in everything; in valor, in strong muscular sense; in simplicity and directness and cordiality of feeling; an American in every thing, save in devotion to our new political God of Expediency.

The volume before us is put forth in Auburn, by the editor of the Auburn Daily Advertiser, whose vigorous, fluent style, and skill in compressing his materials, must make his elegant volume very generally acceptable. Many of the traits ascribed to General Taylor have been assimilated by some of his admirers to the leading military characteristics of Frederick the Great. But, unlike Frederick, Taylor is anything but a martinet in discipline; and, though his movements of small bodies of troops against vast odds, are characterized by the vigorous will and iron determination of Frederick, the arbitrary disposition of the Prussian despot is wholly alien to his tolerant and candid nature. Taylor's affectionate and almost parental relation to his soldiers, perhaps, alone first suggested the parallel, as we find it hinted in the following stanza of some verses upon one of his battles, quoted by Mr. Montgomery:

"'OLD ZACH!' 'OLD ZACH!' the war cry rattles
Among those men of iron tread,
As rung 'OLD FRITZ' in Europe's battles
When thus his host Great Frederick led."

Literary World.

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History of the War with Mexico, from the commencement of hostilities with the United States, to the ratification of Peace; embracing detailed accounts of the brilliant achievements of Generals Taylor, Scott, Worth, Wool, Twiggs, Kearney, and others; by John S. Jenkins, 8vo., 20 illustrations, morocco gilt. $2,50.

A History of the late war prepared for popular circulation The writer takes a patriotic view of his subject. His narrative of the commencement of the war would, we presume, not displease Mr. Polk. He follows the campaign throughout with industry and spirit, drawing from public documents, diplomatic correspondence, and the newspaper letter writers by the way. More facts, we believe, are brought together than in any single publication of the kind. The narratives of adventure in California, Col. Doniphan's march, and other passages, are told with interest; the writer evidently seeking to make a useful book. The portraits and illustrations of scenes are numerous; the mechanical execution of the whole work being highly creditable to the Auburn publishers.— *Literary World.*

This is a volume of over 500 pages. The publishers have brought it out in excellent style. The paper, type, printing and binding, are admirable. The book has been written with due regard to accuracy, and in a popular style. It is the most elaborate, and probably the best History of the War yet published.— *Albany Evening Journal.*

We have been unable to notice, until now, this new work from the pen of the author of " The Generals of the last War with Great Britain, etc." In this volume we have at last a complete and interesting history of the late collision between the two Republics of the Continent. To a minute and detailed account of the position and policy of Mexico, the origin and causes of War, are added soul-stirring descriptions of the brilliant and successful engagements of our army with the enemy. This narrative is written after a careful examination of the diplomatic correspondence and the various publications, of a public or private character, that have appeared from time to time, calculated to throw light on the subject. To render the work still more interesting and desirable, it has been illustrated with portraits of the most distinguished officers of our own and the Mexican army, with views of the ever memorable battle-fields of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo. The reputation of the author will insure for this history a very general circulation.—*Albany Atlas.*

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The American Fruit Culturist: By J. J. Thomas; containing directions for the propagation and culture of Fruit Trees, in the Nursery, Orchard, and Garden; with descriptions of the principal American and Foreign varieties cultivated in the United States: with 300 accurate illustrations. 1 volume, of over 400 pages, 12mo. $1,00.

A cheaper, but equally valuable book with Downing's was wanted by the great mass. Just such a work has Mr. Thomas given us. We consider it an invaluable addition to our agricultural libraries.— *Wool Grower.*

We predict for it a very rapid sale; it should be in the hands of every fruit grower and especially every nurseryman. It is a very cheap book for its price.— *Ohio Cultivator.*

It is a most valuable work to all engaged in the culture of fruit trees.— *Utica Herald.*

It is a book of great value.— *Genesee Farmer.*

Among all the writers on fruits, we do not know of one who is Mr. Thomas' superior, if his equal, in condensing important matter. He gets right at the pith of the thing — he gives you that which you wish to know at once; stripped of all useless talk and twattle. No man has a keener eye for the best ways of doing things. Hence we always look into his writings with the assurance that we shall find something new, or some improvements on the old; and we are seldom disappointed. This book is no exception. It is *full.* There is no vacant space in it. It is like a fresh egg — all good, and packed to the shell full.— *Prairie Farmer.*

In the volume before us we have the result of the author's experience and observations, continued with untiring perseverance for many years, in language at once concise and perspicuous.— *Albany Cultivator.*

We can say with confidence to our readers, that if you need a book to instruct you in the modes of growing trees, &c., from the first start, the systems of pruning, etc., etc., you will find the American Fruit Culturist an extremely valuable work. The million who purchase it, will find matter adapted to their wants, superior to any work as yet published.— *Cleveland Herald.*

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The Life of the Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon.

By P. C. Headley. 12mo., pp. 378. Derby, Miller & Co., Auburn, New York.

There are few of the female characters of modern history whose lives abound with more interesting events than that of the Empress Josephine. Her whole course was one of romantic, and also of tragic interest. If the illustrious husband was eminent, far above all other men of his time, for vast intellect and prodigious achievements, Josephine seemed, in the more lofty and majestic traits of character, to transcend the most distinguished of her female cotemporaries. Like her husband, she is a great subject for biography. Many memoirs have been written of her, possessing more or less merit, but none have been without interest. The author of the present book has, we think, been very successful. It is by far the most interesting history of Josephine that we have yet seen. He seems to have had recourse to the best sources for his materials, which he has combined and put together with skill and judgment. His style is flowing, elegant, and often eloquent. In short, it is a book well worth reading. It will not fail to attract the public attention. As to the mechanical execution of the book, it is but justice to the proprietors to say, that it will compare favorably with the productions of the press of any city in the Union. It contains a fine mezzotint portrait of Josephine, showing a beauty of person equalled only by the moral grandeur of her character.—*Washington Union.*

It is not without its sparkling gems. Occasional flashes of thought make the reader pause to contemplate their freshness and beauty, and reveal a well-stored mind in sympathy with the noblest human traits, in close communion with the glories of nature. His text, too, is happily chosen. Who has not felt a lingering, peculiar, undefinable interest in the highly extraordinary and tragic career of the Empress Josephine? Would it not extend this notice too far, we should like to touch the more prominent of the many eventful passages which marked the history of this remarkable child of superstition, to gaze for a moment upon the vascillating star of her destiny, and trace its luminous ascent from the veriest depths of agonizing gloom and despair, to the loftiest pinacle of worldly splendor and renown, where she grasped for a moment the fleeting phantom of happiness, only to sink again into the arms of misfortune, and feel still more keenly the bitter pangs of adversity. But all this will be found in a very readable form in this interesting volume, and we cheerfully commend it to notice.—*Utica Observer.*

We do not know of a biography of this important and interesting personage, so complete in its historic details, and so congenial to the spirit of her life, as this: while it has also the advantage of a popular style, and of that view of the subject which accords with the general sentiment. Mr. Headley writes in a clear, well-sustained and engaging style—evidently entertaining a warm approbation of his subject, and alive to the sublimity and purity of her life. Treating of one of the most important epochs of French history, the work is finely adapted to enlist the interest of the reader, and to supply a kind and degree of information not readily accessible elsewhere. It can hardly fail of proving a highly popular, as it is a highly creditable work.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The writer of this book is a brother of J. T. Headley, the author of "Napoleon and his Marshals".—"Washington and his Generals," &c. There is a strong family resemblance between the two. The qualities which have given such a wide celebrity to the one, seem to be fully enjoyed by the other. Both brothers are characterized by that peculiar vividness and, so to speak, *intensity* of style which always makes a book readable and interesting. The "Life of Josephine" possesses much of this peculiar charm. The author has studied his subject well and could hardly have chosen a better one to write upon. Josephine is a charmed name to many hearts. There are few who do not feel an interest in her singularly eventful career. At first the daughter of a West India planter,—then the wife of a French nobleman,—anon the consort of Gen. Bonaparte and afterwards Empress of France;—her picture presents us with a scene of constantly increasing brightness, where the dark shades never chase away the light, till we behold her ending a career of dazzling splendor as a dethroned Empress and repudiated wife. Josephine was in many respects a model of a woman.—*Amherst Express.*

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The Lives of Mary and Martha, mother and wife of Washington: by Margaret C. Conkling, with a steel portrait, 18mo, scarlet cloth.

MISS CONKLING, who is a daughter of Judge Conkling of Auburn, is favorably known as the author of Harper's translation of "Florian's History of the Moors of Spain." She also wrote "Isabel, or the Trials of the Heart." In the preparation of the pretty little volume she has done a praiseworthy deed, and we hope she will receive the reward she merits. She has taught us in the work

"how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

The mother and wife of Washington were, in many respects, model women, and the daughters of America will do well to study their character — which is finely drawn on these pages.— *Literary Messenger.*

This beautifully printed and elegantly bound little work, reflecting the highest credit upon the skill and task of the publishers, contains biographical sketches of Mary, the mother, and Martha, the wife of the Father of his country. It is a most valuable contribution to the history of the American people, embracing not only the great public events of the century during which the subjects lived, but those pictures of home life, and that exhibition of social manners and customs, which constitute the most important part of life, but which, from the fact of their apparent triviality and intangibility, the historian generally passes over. The authoress evidently sympathises earnestly with her subject, and feels that in the exhibition of those womanly virtues which characterized the heroines of her narrative, she makes the most eloquent plea in favor of the dignity of her sex. It is dedicated to Mrs. WM H. SEWARD, and contains a finely executed engraving of the wife of Washington. We cordially commend it to the public, and most especially our lady readers.— *Syracuse Journal.*

This acceptable and well written volume goes forth upon a happy mission,

"To teach us how divine a thing
A woman may be made,"

by unfolding those charms of character which belong to the mother and wife of the hero of the Land of the Free; and in the companionship of which, while they illustrated the watchful tenderness of a mother, and the confiding affections of a wife, is shown those influences which made up the moral sentiments of a man, whose moral grandeur will be felt in all that is future in government or divine in philosophy; and one whose name is adored by all nations, as the leader of man in in the progress of government, to that perfection of human rights where all enjoy liberty and equality. To say that Miss Conkling has fulfilled the task she says a "too partial friendship has assigned her" faultlessly, would perhaps be too unmeasured praise, for perfection is seldom attained; but it will not be denied but that her biographies are traced in the chaste elegances that belong to the finished periods of a refined style, which fascinates the reader with what she has thus contributed to our national literature.

The design of the volume is, to picture a *mother* fitting the "Father of his Country" in a light full of the inexhaustible nobleness of woman's nature, and yet as possessing that subdued and quiet simplicity, where Truth becomes the Hope on which Faith looks at the future with a smile. The mother of Washington was tried in a school of practice where frugal habits and active industry were combined with the proverbial excellences of those Virginia matrons, who were worthy mothers of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, and Henry. Miss C. has pictured with fidelity and elegance, her views of this remarkable woman; not less beautifully has she sketched the character of Martha, the wife; following her from her brilliant manners as the Virginia belle, through the various phases of her life, she gives a rapid but comprehensive view of those characteristics which make up the quiet refinement of manners native to her, and which ever gave her the reputation of an accomplished wife and lady. And with peculiar delicacy Miss Conkling has portrayed the thousand virtues with which she embellished a home; her amiable disposition and winning manners made the happiest to the purest and best of all. een fame has chosen for its noblest achievments.— *Syracuse Star.*

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The Odd Fellows' Amulet: or the principles of Odd Fellowship defined; the objections to the order answered; and its advantages maintained; with an address to the public, the ladies, and the order. By Rev. D. W. Bristol, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osco Lodge, No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

The Rev. Mr. Bristol, the author of the above work, is a popular clergyman of the Methodist church. He appears to have written the work not merely for Odd Fellows, but to disabuse the public mind, if possible, of prejudices formed against the Order. A spirit and design of apparent sincerity appears to pervade the entire work, and the writer discusses his themes and meets the objections urged against Odd Fellows, with a great deal of candor and respect. No person, we think, can read it, whatever may have been his prejudices hitherto, without having those prejudices at least, considerably softened, if not wholly taken away. The style of the writer is captivating, while the arrangement and classification of his subjects adds interest to the volume. We have no hesitancy in recommending the Amulet as a book that may be read by the public.—*Genesee Evangelist.*

We have wiled away several hours pleasantly and profitably in its perusal, and can recommend it as a work deserving of a large circulation. The principles of the Order are set forth by its author, the Rev. D. W. Bristol, a distinguished Methodist clergyman, in a masterly manner, objections instituted by many to the Order, are fairly tested, and answered in a mild and satisfactory way. It is a cheap and useful work, and we cheerfully recommend it to public favor.—*Mirror of the Times.*

Able and exceedingly interesting articles, that we would most cordially commend to the attention of every reader, while we are gratified at being able to bring them under the notice of members of the great Order. The work contains also Addresses by Rev. D. W. Bristol, and is embellished with several fine Steel Engravings. Fully and correctly defining the principles of O. F., it should fill a niche in the library of every Odd Fellow, where it will furnish a mine of valuable matter whence he can draw at all times for the facts illustrative of the great principles of the noble institution of Odd Fellowship.—*Golden Rule.*

It is an excellent work, and worthy of the patronage of the Order. The objections often urged against our institution, are most thoroughly examined, and ably answered. The book is got up in good style, and is offered at a low price.—*The Ark.*

We should think that every lover of the Order which this book upholds would adorn his library with it; and every person that is opposed to it should also have one so that they could see their objections answered. We would say to every lover of the poor and afflicted, buy one and peruse it for yourselves and see what the Odd Fellows do for them. Its motto is "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you."—*The Bee.*

This is a clear, forcible, and well written exposition of the subjects above named, and a book that every Odd Fellow in the country should be in possession of. The work is well got up, and embellished with several fine engravings appropriate to the subject of which it treats. It is sold at the low price of *one dollar*, and can be mailed to any part of the United States.—*Banner of the Union.*

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The Young Man's Book: or Lectures for the Times

By WILLIAM W. PATTON. One 12mo. vol.

The lectures contained in this volume are not made up of merely common place remarks. They are elevated in sentiment, chaste in style, and impressive in manner. No person who reads the volume can fail to profit by it, or to admire the evangelical views and elegant language of the author. The work deserves to be a favorite with young men.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

It is a genial, earnest, manly book. The author is himself a remarkable example of independent thinking and philanthropic feeling. The bugle note which he sounds to young men is no uncertain sound. He goes with his whole soul for bettering the world, where he thinks it bad, and few of the young men who heard his lectures or shall read his book, will not be strongly inclined to go with him. We cordially advise all young men who are anxious to *do* and *be* something in this universe, to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Patton or his book.—*Boston Chronotype.*

There are seven lectures in this volume devoted to subjects rather unusual in a work of this kind, and having the impress of earnest feeling and reflection. That some of the points are overstated does not detract from the exceeding value and importance of most of the views presented—all the more important because so infrequently attended to in the pulpit, or in works designed for the young. The book is written in a perspicuous and forcible style, and both from its matter and spirit is likely to become popular and useful.—*New York Evangelist.*

This is an excellent book—excellent in its purpose, in its execution, and in its adaptation to the present day. In some respects this book differs from all kindred works that we have seen. As a writer Mr. Patton is lucid, earnest, and direct, never obscure and seldom other than forcible. Regarded merely as a literary performance we must pronounce these lectures highly creditable. Their timely and important moral inculcations should commend them more especially to the friends of religion and entitle them to a place in every christian household.—*Charter Oak.*

These are able and earnest lectures to young men, delivered to the author's congregation in Hartford, and contain many valuable considerations and glowing appeals to rouse the youth to diligence, courage, and faith in the struggle of life.—*New York Observer.*

The counsels, warnings, and encouragements, to the young, contained in this volume, are, as designed, adapted to the times. It is interesting in its style as well as matter, and cannot fail to profit that class to whom it is addressed.—*The (Boston) Puritan.*

The author of these lectures is himself a young man. He has addressed those of his own age, not with the stern reproof or grave counsel of a father, but with the affectionate entreaty, kind, yet faithful warning of a brother. The subjects of the lectures are judiciously selected and cannot fail of doing good to those who are soon to bear the burdens and responsibilities of society.—*Boston Recorder.*

A volume of lectures, seven in number, on subjects of vast importance, and written with much force. The book will profit those who read it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The lectures were delivered on Sabbath evenings to densely crowded audiences, and were spoken of in terms of high praise at the time. At the request of many who heard them they are now published. The lectures are valuable, containing a vast amount of good advice and information for that class of persons for whom they were originally designed, and in a time like the present, when pernicious literature appears to be the order of the day, they are still more acceptable.—(*Hartford*) *Christian Secretary.*

We can positively say that the object of the work is most praiseworthy, the subjects treated of are important, the counsels it contains are weighty, and are enforced in a happy style with a spirit well calculated to gain the attention of those who are addressed.—*Hartford (Ct.) Courant.*

In design and execution it is worthy to go side by side with the late popular and widely circulated work known as Beacher's Lectures to Young Men. The fifth lecture is well suited to our columns and we hope to give it a place ere long.—*N. Y Advocate and Family Guardian.*

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The American Lady's System of Cookery, comprising every variety of information for ordinary and Holiday occasions. By Mrs. T. J. CROWEN.

The "American System of Cookery" is a capital book of its class, and for which we bespeak the good word of all thrifty housekeepers. It introduces us into a wilderness of sweets, where no rude surfeit reigns! The almost innumerable variety of good things, clearly and orderly set forth, is most apetizing for the hungry reader, just before dinner.

Here is an American housewife, sensible and thrifty, who has laid down directions for making all sorts of dishes, baking all kinds of cakes and pies, manufacturing every variety of confectionery, preserving, pickling, &c., so plainly that a housekeeper of a week's standing can easily act upon her directions, and yet taken so comprehensive a scope, that the very best and most skilful will find something new. We take for granted, that as the latest, it is the best book of its class.

The writer of this volume has previously published a similar work, on a smaller scale—"Every Lady's Book"—of which more than two hundred thousand copies are said to have been sold. If this is not popularity, we know not what is.—*Literary World.*

The "American System of Cookery," is the title of a goodly sized duodecimo, published in New York. The authoress of this work has obtained considerable celebrity, by a work which she entitled "Every Lady's Book," and we believe she will add to her deserved credit by the present volume, which comes home to the stomach of every man. The receipts are abundant and practical.—*North American.*

Of all the reforms, none is more loudly called for than one in American Cookery—that being one in which everybody is interested. That the national health would be better, if the national kitchen were more philosophically and phyorologically managed, there seems to be no doubt anywhere. Even morals suffer, beyond question, through the influence of crude, ill-selected aliment. Who knows but the Mexican war may be traced to an ill-cooked, ill-assorted, contradictory, and irritating cabinet dinner?

A Lady of New York tells us how to make a great many nice, wholesome things, and we beg our readers not to imagine we speak rashly, or even theoretically, upon this all-important subject—we have tasted, and we testify without a misgiving. "The proof of the pudding," etc.—*Union Magazine.*

Thus *our* wife settles the question. The same author's "Every Lady's Book," she said, might be useful for some folks, but the real simon pure, Yankee, American Cook Book, was the thing exactly, just such a book as she should have made, if she had cooked it up herself. She says it is made on common sense principles; the rules are exactly such as sensible folks follow in this democratic land, who regard taste, health, and economy. Our wife says, that, with some Cook Books, one has to deduct half the spice, shortning and sugar. Our book, however, as our wife declares, is practicable, and is to be followed to the letter.—*Central Washingtonian News.*

This book is compiled by a person of practical knowledge of the subject, who, as stated in the preface, has been for the last eight years employed in collecting information on the subject of the work, and in reducing to practice the receipts obtained. —*Evening Post.*

By the spiciness of the preface, and by the very funny epistle with which the authoress of this book sends us a copy, we cannot doubt her to be a woman of talent; and as Mrs. Child has applied her genius to the making of such a book, we can believe even a Cooking Book may be better for genius in the writer.—*Home Journal.*

This appears to be the most complete and satisfactory collection of receipts in the culinary art, which the skill and enterprise of American ladies, devoted to the subject, have produced. It contains a large amount of matter in a volume of very good size, as a manual, and we have confidence, from the decided testimony of those who have tested its merits, in recommending it to house-keepers.—*Protestant Churchman.*

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Golden Steps to Respectability, Usefulness and Happiness; being a series of Lectures to the youth of both sexes on Character, Principles, Associates, Amusements, Religion, and Marriage. By JOHN MATHER AUSTIN. Derby, Miller & Co., Auburn, 1850. 243 pp.

The author of this book is a writer of superior attraction, and has here selected a subject of deep interest. Could the youth of the country be induced to exchange the Buntline, Lippard, and Ingraham literature of the day, for such reading as this, the benefits to themselves and society would be incalculable.—*Lockport Courier.*

We honor the heart of the writer of this volume as well as his head. He has here addressed an earnest and manly appeal to the young, every page of which proves his sincerity and his desire for their welfare. The subjects treated of in the different lectures are those indicated on the title page. Integrity and virtue, usefulness, truth and honor, are the "Golden Steps" by which the young may ascend to respectability, usefulness, and happiness. We trust the seed thus sown will not be without its fruit, and that his readers will imbibe the spirit of the motto he has chosen—

"Onward! onward! toils despising,
Upward! upward! turn thine eyes,
Only be content when rising,
Fix thy goal amid the skies."

—*Albany State Register.*

The work of Mr. Austin, written in a pleasing style, and nervous and pointed in its argumentation, will hold a prominent position among the fortunate endeavors by which the rising generation are to be influenced. The volume before us is beautiful in its exterior, and this, combined with the aim of the author, in which he has admirably succeeded, will give it a wide range, and secure for it, we hope, an invaluable influence.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

A plain, familiar, forcible exposition of the duties and responsibilities of Youth, which can hardly be read without exerting a salutary and lasting influence. Judging from the popularity of Mr. Austin's former works, we predict for it a wide circulation.—*New York Tribune.*

If the precepts eloquently and forcibly urged in these pages could be brought home and impressed upon the minds of the mass of youth in our land, they would confer lasting and incalculable benefits upon the rising generation. We cordially commend this work to the attention of the young and all who have charge of them.

The publishers have executed their work admirable, and have brought out an elegant and beautiful book. Their work will compare favorably with any of the New York houses.—*Troy Post.*

The following extract has reference to the "golden steps" of the President of the United States, Millard Fillmore:—(See page 69.)

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